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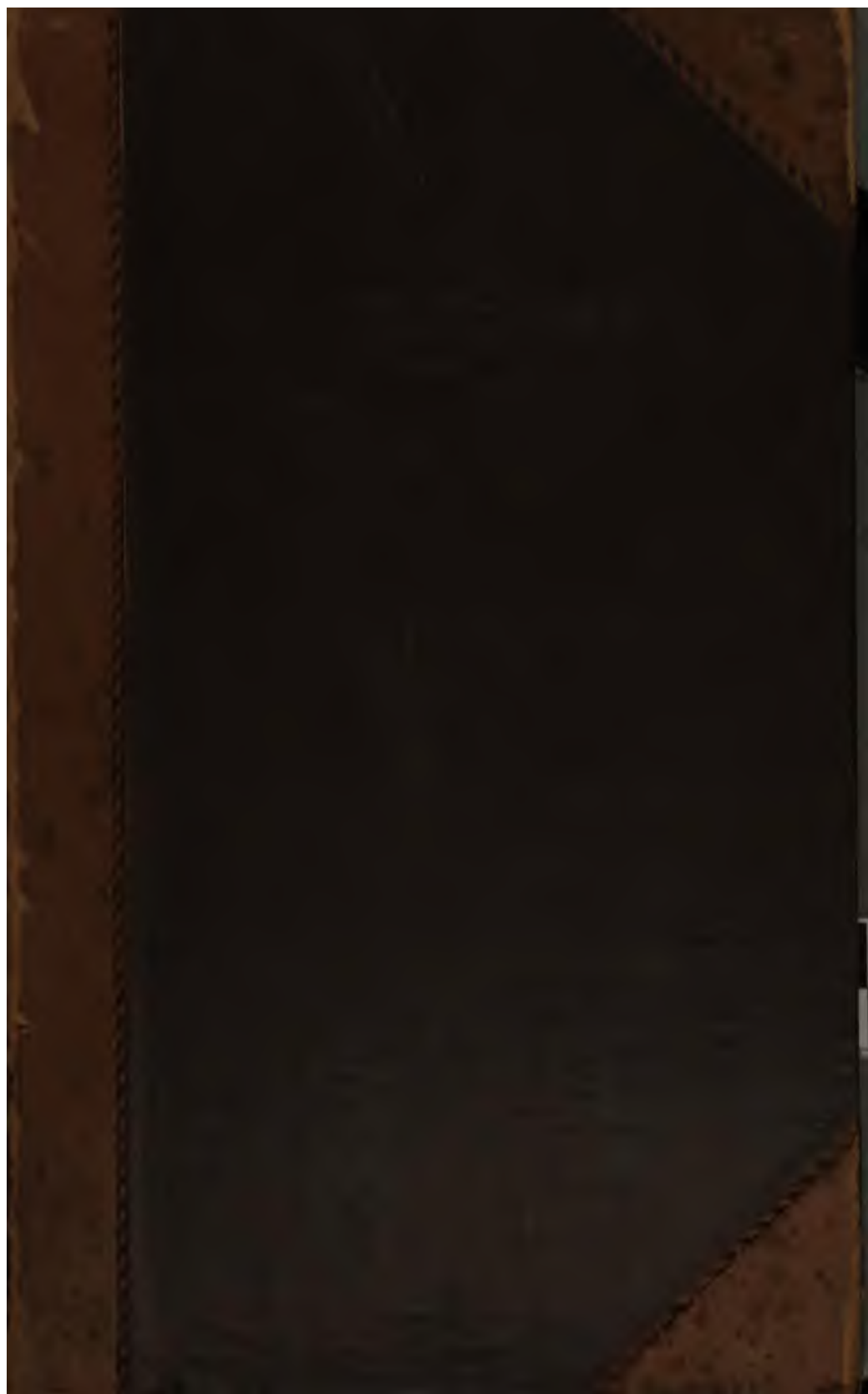
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*Presented to the
Boston Library by the
Rev. Mr. 1854*

MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is tó myself so like,
Ánd there 's so féw myself who like,
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will like.
Íf I had cáred to páint less like
Únadmored Náture, ánd more like
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such like
Cáricatúrists, móre would like
Mé and my Bóok, fewer dislike.

MY BÓOK is a bazáar
In which my poems áre
Each óne a separate shóp;
If in this one you don't find
What 's exáctly to your mind,
Intó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,

JUNE 2. 1853.

280. p. 32

BOOKSELLER.

Búy this bóok, it is a good one,
Fúll of sénse and wit and léarning.
Think of thé poor áuthor pining,
Hálf fed, hálf clad, in a gárret.

Hé has máde me his recéiver,
Fáithfullý with him I 'll réckon.
Búy his bóok, it is a chéap one,
Fór three shillings yóu shall háve it.

Thánk you, Sír; of thése three shillings
Thréé pence cléar goes tó the áuthor,
Óut of which he 'll páy the printer;
Í 've the bálance fór my tróuble.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

cc. 2/ .025

POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Réistry presérves the dâte,
Thirtéenth Decémber, Ninety éight,
When first the spindle óf my fáte
Bégán to twirl, and át Fiftéen
Of Hóggín ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,
In the Írish cápital óf our Quéen,
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,
A chúbby, hándsome, héalthy bóy,
My fáther's pride, my móther's jóy.
At ~~two~~ years óld I 'd léarned to wálk
Ánd my half-nátive lánguage tálk;
Fórty months ólder wént to schóol,
Whére I was fórced to live by rúle,
To spéll, make figures, ánd to hámmer
Hárd at the quirks and quérks of grámmar.
My Máster wás one Jóseph Húttón,
Black brówed, black dréssed, black évery búttón;
Grim, féruled týrant! skilled to rúle
By féar, not lóve, his ill-taught schóol;
Who cóuld of Christian chárity préach,
Yet kénéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.
At tén I first begán to dánce;
At twélve I 'd written a románce
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and cálioh Ómar.
At fourteen, sént tó grópe for knówledge
Amóng the mónks of Trinity Cóllege,
I léarned each hád an income cléar
Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;
For ~~whí~~ch he tóok an óath to préach
Staunch ~~orthodóxy~~ orthodóxy, ánd to téach
Saint Pátrick's rising génération
To knów, by cértain cáculátiön,
How mány times four póps make éight,
And whý a cúrved line is not stráight.
Fiftéen and hálf yéars óld, one dáy —
'Twas in this flówery mónth of Máy —
A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me
So sóftly, swéetty, ténderly,
I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,
And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;
All váníshed, like dissólving views,
Fróm my young bráin, or, if ye chóose,
Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce
Came áirs angélic, fórms of gráce,
Visions of cónstancy and trúth,
Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.
I gázéd, I wished, I hóped, I sighed;
She smiled, looked sád, and droóped and díed;
Ánd I had wépt, ere quáite sixtéén,
Upón the chùrchyard hillock gréen,
That ánswered cóldly tó my sighs:—
For éver clósed those bright, blue eýes;
Corróption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;
Áwáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,
Médicine 's a glórious thíng, I wéen:

How néar a Gód is hé who cán
 Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,
 Smóoth the sick pillow, ánd, with bálm
 Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,
 Wóo to the áching lids coy Sléep,
 And plúnge the sénse in Léthe déep.
 Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd
 Éarly and láte the póor man's béd,
 Lived midst contágion, filth and gróans,
 Póred over déad men's móldering bónes,
 Or with the anátomiser's knife
 And microscópe tracked súbtle Life
 Fróm her outwórks through nérve and véin
 Ínto her dónjon in the bráin,
 And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,
 Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,
 O'er áll th' enchanted cástle's gróund —
 In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —
 She hás been hére, she hás been thére;
 Her fótprints théy are évery whére;
 Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knife —
 Thou séek'st thysélf, thysélf art Life.

A Dóctor léarnéd at twénty twó,
 Gréat is my wónder Í 've so féw
 Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé
 Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?
 There 's Dóctor Lán cet — cúnníng féllow! —
 Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;
 I dóubt if hé could diagnóse
 'Twixt Scárlatina ánd the Róse,
 Yét his door knócker 's ídle néver,
 Ánd abóut he 's gálloping éver,
 Paying minute visits tó the sick,

And writing récipés so quick
 His pills and pówders, draughts and dróps,
 Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.
 I knów five times as múch as hé,
 Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;
 What is — what cán the réason bé?
 I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wéll?
 Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?
 I 'll try. Betide the wórst that will,
 Small wáy is máde by sitting still.
 Knock knock, knock knock:— "Doctor at hóme?"
 "Yés sir, step in." "Doctor, I 'm cóme
 To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,
 How 'tis you gét so mány fées,
 So kéepe in ápple-pie condition,
 While Í, no léss a góod physician,
 Pérish, almóst, of inanition."
 The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—
 "I think I knów your cáse," he sáid;
 "Yóu study sickness ánd deséase;
 Théy have no móney, páy no fées.
 Í study mén, and mén to pléase;
 Mén have the móney, páy the fées."
 "But if the pátient chánce to díe?" —
 "Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not Í;
 Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —
 Áll that recóver Í have cúred."
 I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar
 Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,
 Fame, liveries and yéllow cóach,
 Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;
 And wéeping Hónor ón the right
 With óutspread wings ready for flight:—
 "Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Together through the world we 'll go:
Fold up thy wings —" and, ás I spóke,
Vánished into thin áir, like smóke,
Coach, liveries, and income cleár
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty éight my déstiný
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —
My páper 's blótted — 'tis a téar:
Four yéars two mónths agó this dáy
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.
Wreathed róund with líly ánd with róse
In yónder márble vâse repóse
The rélics óf her fúneral pýre,
The cinders thát survived the fire.
Still twénty yéars the lót be míne,
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twine
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;
Then cóme, my child — my Kátharine, cóme —
That úrn is mý long-chósen hóme;
There láy my cinders, ánd each yéar
Hónor thy párents with a téar
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, when at lást
Thou too through life's long déath hast pást,
Rejóin thy párents in their úrn,
And thére with thém to dúst retúrn,
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar
Dróp on that úrn the fólloving yéar,
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemary,
And sigh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,
You 'll nót refúse
 To síng a sóng,
A vèrse or twó
Of sómething nów,
 And nót too lóng.

Síng ít yourself,
Poétic élf,
 It 's yóu 're ínspired;
You 've drágged me thróugh
Both óld and nów,
 Till Í am tíred,

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's'a knóck at the dóor, there 's a púll at the béll,
There 's a stép on the stáir, and she knóws the step wéll;
The work dróps from her hánd, and she bóunds cross the flóor,
And the sáme arms enclásp her, that clásped her of yóre —
That clásped her at pártng, when ó'er the wide séa
To the wárs Edward wént, from his fáir Rosalie:—
“Now, Édward, my Édward, thou lóok'st thin and pále;
What 's befállen thee, my lóved one? What cán Edward áil?
Hast been sick, or a prisoner? or trávelled too fár
And too fást home agáin from the lóng Turkish wár?”
“I háve not been prisoner, I háve not been sick;
And whó to his bride home e'er trávelled too quick?
No, Rósalie, Rósalie — Bút I 'll not spéak
The fátal word óut — rather lét my heart bréak.”
“Speak it óut, renegáde — for the Créscent I sée
Glitterng hére on thy bréast, where the Cróss used to bé —
Speak it óut, renegáde — then for éver farewéll —
From this hóur I 'm the clóister's — thou héarest the béll.”
“One móment, one móment, my Rósalie, stáy —
I 'm no lónger poor Édward; I 'm rich Osman Báy;
The stéed 's at the dóor, and not fár off the séa
Where the ship rocking lies that shall this night with mé
Far awáy from the Christian's land béar Rosalie.”

"I know thee not, recreant — ah, black, dismal day! —
Poor Édward my troth has, not rich Osman Béy.
Away o'er the waters without Rosalie —
I give thee thy troth back — away — thou art free."
He 's gone down to the ship, he 's away o'er the sea,
And the cloister gate 's closed upon fair Rosalie;
True lover 's for ever from true lover parted,
He in sorrow to live, she to die broken hearted.

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WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

DING DONG.

"Ding dong, Ding dong,
Póosting alóng
Through the mórning áir,
Stop thére, stop thére."
"What wóuld'st thou sáy?
Be brief I práy,
The minutes flý,
Short time have Í
In chát to spénd;
Make háste, good friend."
"Few wóords will dó;
Just téll me true,
When Í am déad
And ón my héad
By séxton's spáde
The gréensward 's láid,
Under the sháde

Of yón grey birch
Behind the church,
What wilt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong dǐng, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —
And if, befóre
The séxton's spáde
The swárd has láid
Upón my héad,
I chánce to wéd,
And léad a bride
In beauty's pride
Úp the church áisle,
Méeting the smile
Of friends, and shówers
Of bright spring flówers,
What wilt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong dǐng, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bride
Lies bý my side
Únder the swárd
Of thát churchyard,
And séxton's spáde
Has éven máde
Her sód with míne,
And children twíne
Sweet églantine
And jéssamine

Round that grey birch
Behind the church,
Or sit and weep
By the new raised heap,
Oft wondering why
Up to the sky
Mother should go
That loved them so —
Upon that day
What wilt thou say?"
"Ding dong, Ding dong,
Dong ding, Ding dong."

"Begone, Ding dong;
Thou 'st staid too long.
Through the morning air
Whitherso'er,
Or quick or slow,
Thou lik'st to go,
Begone, Ding dong,
And sing thy song.
Whether thou guide
To th' altars' side
Bridegroom and bride,
Or to the tomb
Bride and bridegroom,
I care not, so
From hence thou go,
Sad voice of woe.

GOOD NIGHT.

Sweet, good night;
Till morning light
In slumber lie,
Then come and stay
By me all day
And I 'll not sigh.

Sweet, good night;
Till morning light
Dream but of me,
Who dream always
Both night and day
Only of thee.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, Sweet;
Pleasant to meet
Thee and the light;
Dark without thee
Were day to me,
Dark as midnight.

Good morrow, Sweet;
Pleasant to meet
Thee and the light;
Stay but with me,
And I 'll not see
Darkness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.
Dann komm, bleib hier
Den Tag bei mir,
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
Träum' nur von mir,
Der schlafend und wach
Bei Nacht und Tag
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

“Prétty máid, tell mé the réason
Whý you blúsh when Í come néar you?
Whý you trémbles, cást your eýes down,
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, sílly yóung man,
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?
Whý I néver cán alóne be,
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

“Prétty máid, it is so pléasant
Tó be álwáys lóoking át you;
Í wóuld like to bé your bróther,
Ór your sister, tó be néar you.”

“Silly yóung man, Í ’m no picture
Tó be idly stáred and gázed at;
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;
Húnt or fish — or knít as Í do.”

“Cóme with mé and wé ’ll go húnting,
Ór with mé come tó the river,
Ór I ’ll sit down hére beside you,
Ánd assist you with your knitting.”

“Ídle yóung man, Í ’ll emplóy you.
Hére ’s a létter fór my Trúelove;
Gó and find him, gíve it tó him,
Ánd bring báck the ánsver quickly.”

“Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?
Ín the city, ór the cóuntry?
Whát ’s his náme? there ’s nó addréss here,
Nót one wórd of súperscription.”

“Gíve ’t me báck — I ’m só forgétful —
Lét me sée — what is ’t they cáll him? —
Thére — write yóu the súperscription;
Í ’m too búsy with my knitting.”

“Prétty máid, I ’ve fóund your Trúelove;
Ánd he séndz you báck this ánsver.
Ón your finger éver wéar it.
Dróp your knitting; cóme with mé, Love.”

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.

POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

Through the wide world go where~~ver~~ will,
Two shádowny fórms go with me still:
One táll and hándsome, frésh and bright,
And gáily clád, keeps ón my right;
To lóok on him from mórn till night,
And night till mórn, is mý delight.
A stúnted dwárf in shábbý clóthes
The óther ón my léft hand góes,
Ódious to lóok on ór be néar.
Whó these fórms áre I 'd like to héar,
Or why with mé for éver só
Róund and róund the wórl'd they gó.

FRIEND.

Though yóu 're no Sphínx, no Oédipus Í,
To réad your riddle Í will trý.
Those fórms are shádowns óf yourself;
Hé on the léft — that stúnted élf —
Your véry ímage, áll decláre,
Sir póet's likeness tó a háir.
The right hand figure, Í conféss,
Is fár less like you, yét, I guéss,
Is stíll your sílhouette; páinted bright,
Ás you appéár in yóur ówn sight.
By twó such shápes, one ón each síde,
Each trávellér 's accómpánied
Alóng life's róad. I 'll láy my héad
Agáinst a pin, your riddle 's réad.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 28. 1853.

HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It happened, ór by chance or fate,
One évening próménáding láte
Upón the máll, Humbúg and Í
Fell into each óther's cómpany:—
“Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me why
So mány yéars in váin I trý
Úp in this wórld one stép to rise;
Though riches, hónors, dignities
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,
Gláddening this thirsty éarth of óurs,
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,
I néver come in for a dróp at áll.
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu
If hálf men sáy of yóu be trúe.”
Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—
“There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:
Here 's Cúnníng smáll, and Hónor fúll —
A fátal cómbinátion thát —
And Wórldly-míndednéss quite flát;
And this bump, like an órange, hére
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar
It 's Póetry, not Cálculátion;
And thén I find no Ádulátion,
And nót a gráin of Vénerátion,
But húge Philósophý instéad —
I néver félt a wórse shaped héad.”

**

I dréw a déep and héartfelt sigh:—
 “Shów me but hów, I ’ll gládly try
 To ~~ex~~chánge my héad, Húmbúg,” said Í,
 “For óne of á more módern cút —”
 “You táke me quíte too sérious; tút! ʔ
 I was ónly jóking, héads are bút
 Of sécondáry cónsequénce,
 Unléss they ’re quíte weighed dówn with sénse.”
 “Then whát ’s the máin throw, Húmbug, práy?
 The chíef point óf impórtance, sáy?
 The first great thing which Í must dó
 To gét on in the wórld like yóu?”
 “Accórding tó their várioús views,
 Sómé men the hát praise, sómé the shóes,
 Sómé say kidglóves are thé main thing,
 Óthers that yóu must léarn to sing
 Not first, but sécond; sómé insist,
 A mítre hás been gót by whist:
 You múst believe in héaven and héll
 So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;
 But, gó to Gérmaný, they ’ll stáre
 And flý perháps intó your háir,
 Íf you but hint it póssible
 A góod God éver máde a héll —”
 “Stop thére,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;
 “Your rigmaróle is lóng enóugh;
 I ásked you hów best tó succéed
 In éarthly things, not fór a créed.”
 “And só, young mán, you think you ’re wiser
 Than hé you ’ve chósen for yóur adviser?
 Gó, rise to hónors and dignities
 Whatéver shórtér wáy you pléase;
 I ’ve dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbug, stáy —
 Forgíve me — léave me nótt this wáy;

Command me, bid me, Í obéy."
 "I 'll take your wórd," Húmbúg replíed,
 And cáme up kíndly bý my síde,
 And tóok my árm, and in my éar
 Close whíspered, thát none élse míght héar:—
 "The sécret líes neíthér in hát,
 Créed, nor kídgloves, but in a cát."
 "A cát?" said Í, cockíng my éar:
 "A cát? or díd I ríghtly héar?"
 "A cát," said hé, close whíspering báck,
 "Whéther gray, tórtóiseshéll, or bláck,
 Or whíte, you 've ónly tó take cáre
 To stróke her cánny wíth the háir:
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáínst your cháír,
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáír,
 Púrríng her félíne grátítúde;
 But shóuld you chánce wíth áctíon rúde
 To rúb her ónce agáínst the háir,
 Bewáre her fángs. The wórl'd 's a cát —"
 "Enóugh!" said Í, and thríce my hát
 Pítched ínto the áír, "I háve ít pát:
 Stróke wíth the háir the húmán cát,
 Íf you 'd not fáre wóse thán a rát.
 The húmán cát stroke wíth the háir,
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáínst your cháír,
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáír.
 Ah, Húmbúg, búť trúe wísdom 's ráre!
 And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you ríght,
 And gót your sécret — só, good níght."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —

By this light and áir —

By héaven abóve —

Thou árt my Lóve —

For thée I sigh —

For thée I die —

Stáy, Mary, stáy —

Ah, dismal dáy!

And cánst thou gó?

And léave me só?

Then fáre thee wéll!

How hándsome 's Néll!

Her eýes how bright!

Her skin how white!

What rúby lips!

How light she tríps —

MARY.

I dón't believe.

You bút deceíve.

It is not trúe.

I lóve not yóu.

In váin, in váin.

'Twill cúre your páin.

Good býe, good býe.

How háppy í!

Gone, góne for éver.

To cóme back néver.

What díd you sáy?

Who 's Néll, I práy?

You dó but jést.

You plágue, you pést!

Édward, I sáy —

I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fáwn —
 Acróss the láwn!
 When Néll is nigh —
 I néver sigh.
 Her silver vóice —
 Makes my héart rejoyce.
 And thén her mind —
 As sóft as kind!
 There lives but óne —
 One, ónly óne —
 Whom Í prefér —
 To Néll prefér —
 And thóu art shé —
 Máry, thou 'rt shé —
 Máry, thou 'rt mine —
 And Í am thine —
 Then góod bye, Néll —
 Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.
 I 'm Édward's ówn.
 I 'm in despair.
 I 'll téar her háir.
 Discórdant screám!
 Do I wáke or dréam?
 I 'll frét her yét.
 The pért Grisétte!
 How rásh was Í!
 I die, I die.
 Stay, lét me héar —
 I féar, I féar —
 What díd you sáy?
 Blest dáy, blest dáy!
 Yes, Édward, yés.
 O háppínéss!
 And góod bye, sórrow —
 Are óne tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE. DRESDEN. May 20. 1853.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as usual alóing the same stréet
Todáy and Tomórrrow once háppened to méet:—
“Now, good cóusin Tomórrrow,” thus sáid sad Todáy,
“How cómes it you ’re álwáys so mérry and gáy?
Not a clóud shades your brów, not a téar dims your eýe,
All súnshine and róses and bright, sapphire ský.”
“Don’t móck me, dear Yésterday,” ánswered Tomórrrow;
“I am héavy and sád, my heart bréaking with sórrrow.
It ’s *yóu* have the súnshine and bright, sapphire ský,
A brów éver clóudless, a téar undimmed eýe.
From mórning till níght *I* do nóthing but sigh —
Sigh for Yésterday’s háppiness, Yésterday’s jóys;
It ’s Yésterday ónly no tróuble annóys.”
“Alás! dear Tomórrrow, and dó you say só?
And that smíle on your fáce only hides your heart’s wóe?
I could néver have thóught you wore súch a false shów.”
“Your unfórtunate cóusin you ’d nótt so upbráid,
If you knéw with what gríefs to the gróund he is wéighed.”
“Forgíve me, dear Cóz; from the dépth of my héart
I píty your cáse. Could I cómfort impárt —”
“Nay, náy, that ’s impóssible — Cóusin, good býe;
Enjóy your good fórtune, and léave me to sigh.”
So sáid, he went ón, and no wórd added móre,
And Todáy slowly fóllowed, more sád than befóre.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

RECOVERY.

Húsh, ye rúde ones, stir not, bréathe not —
Slúmbér 's fálling ón his eýclids;
Fróm the févér's héat and tússing
Thé tired fráme at lást is résting.

Sóftly dráw the window cúrtains —
Shút out thé intrúsive dáylight —
Stáy; stay: lét one little ráy in,
Júst to shów how cálm he 's sléeping.

Pále and súnk althóugh his chéek is,
Yét it 's sóft, and cóol, and plácid;
Ánd he dráws his bréathing éven;
Ánd there 's déw upón his fórehead.

Richly nów how yé 're rewárded,
Áll my nights and dáy's of wáatching!
Móre than páyment this one móment
Fór a húndred yéars of sórrow.

Dówn my chéeks the téars are stéaling,
Ón his blánched hand nóiseless drópping;
Bléssed, bléssed Sléep, I thánk thee —
Théy 're a wífe's téars, nó't a wídow's.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.
Íf thou wilt not, lét it háng there —
Whát care í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, sing me thé new bállad;
Fróm thy lips I lóng to héar it.
Íf thou wilt not, little cáre I
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.
Íf thou wilt not, í will stáy here —
Lét who will, stroll in the méadow.

Máry, sit down hére beside me,
Till we chát a while togéther.
Íf thou wilt not, í 'll be silent —
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me
Hére alóne to píne in sórrow? —
Áh, she 's góne! and little cáre I
Íf I néver sée tomórrów.

BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tis a sunny mórning,
Ánd the lárks are singing gáily;
Gét your bônnet, láy your bóok down --
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks --
With the déw they 're wét and héavy --
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,
Thére 's a mórning sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,
Lét no twó stalks lie togéther,
Till the whóle field wé have cóvered
With a light, soft, springy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking --
Máking fód for hónest Pieball --
Ín the bright, sunshiny mórning,
With the lárks abóut us singing!

Bút it 's néither hónest Pieball,
Nór the lárks abóut me singing,
Nór the frésh, sunshiny mórning
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, Béssie,
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,
Í 'd scarce knów the lárks were singing,
Ór sun shining ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out
Tó the hót sun ánd the dry áir;
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

Ónce it háppened ón a Friday —
Fridays álwáys wére unlúcky —
Ín the dóubtfúl mónth of Ápril,
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thin shóes and stóckings,
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thinking óf my Trúelove,
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling
Twó miles dístant ás the bird flies —
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quárter,
Éver thinking óf my Trúelove,
Whén the ráin begán to pátter,
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.

Túsh! said Í, it is no máttér —
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dryíng —
Í 'll not disappoint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin wept,
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck
Tó my skín like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps fell thick and thicker,
Ánd the ród grew déep and splashy,
Ánd my shóes let in the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran
Dówn behind upón my shóuldérs,
Wóuld have túrned a little mill-wheel
Hád there béen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leánder
Tó his Héro nightly swimming,
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,
Nóah's árk was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thinking óf me,
Lóoking óut upón the weáther;
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,
Wéll she knóws there is no shéltér.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the ród grew éver déeper;
Wéll! said Í, it is small máttér —
Cóme what will, I 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,
Dówn into the ditch my fót slipped.

Ín the strúggle Í fell óver;
'Twas the friendly brámbles sáved me,
Else I 'd spráined my wrist or áncle,
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twas the friendly brámbles sáved me —
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her
Wáiting, wáatching át the window?
“Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?
Trúelove néver minded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in view alréady;
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —
Spíte of trówsers, spíte of wétting,
Í 'll be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smiles on cóurage:
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —
Táilored in a trice my trówsers,
Júst enóugh to kéep my shirt in.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly
Twice round héad and éars and témples,
With extémporáneos túrban
Lóss of béaver hát repláces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,
Í despise you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the window stánding;
Tó the dóor she flies to méet me —
Néver in sunshiny wéather
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

Fírst she láughed, and thén she máde me
Tén times óver téll my stóry,
Ás she héaped the fire with billets,
Ánd set dówn tea, wine, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kindly ón me,
Ánd so cálléd me hér Leándér,
Ás she chíd me fór persisting
Tó come ón despite the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére beside her,
Drýing mý wet clóthes, and sipping
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self
Máde, poured óut, and hándéd tó me,

Í could nótt but práy in sécret
Í might álways gét a drénching,
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN. June 9. 1853.

WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a sùmmèr mórning éarly
Frésh, and swéet, and míld is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a sùmmèr nóonday 's William,
Rádiant, bríght, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélanchóly
Lúcy 's líke a sùmmèr évening.

LUCY.

William, whén he 's sád, is líke a
Sùmmèr's níght when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke a gólden wíllow
Bénding ó'er a gárden fóuntain.

LUCY.

William 's líke a státely cédar
Whén it 's ín full léaf ín Júlý.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the áutumn móonlight
Ón the yéllow córnshéaves sléeping.

LUCY.

William 's líke the críimson súnbeams
Ón the nów-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the glássy, cléar lake
Whén no bréath íts bósom wrínkles.

LUCY.

William 's líke the déep, full river
Ónward rólling tóward the ócean.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like Acánthus vólute
Bý the hánd of Phídias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's like the pórfyry píllar
Thé entáblature sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the nũns' chant stéaling
Thróugh the cloíster bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

William 's like the ánthem péaling
Thróugh the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the tímíd ríngdove
Cóoing in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's like the gállant góshawk
Sóaring thróugh the ský at mídday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the máid I dréamt once
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's like the yóuth I twice dreamt
Pút the ríng upón my finger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like — aye, bý this ríng, Love —
Lúcy 's like the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's like — by this same ríng and
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's brídegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

Ín the fields or ón the róadsíde
Néar a little cóuntry village,
Múttéríng tó hímsélf and líltíng,
Áll day lóng a yóúng man sáunters.

Múttéríng, líltíng, ás he sáunters,
Chíldrén póínt the fínger át híim,
Ánd wíse párents cáll híim ídle,
Crázy, góód for nóthing póet.

Thát yóúng mán sees nót the víllage;
Gréat thóughts ín híis sóul are bármíng —
Héroes, Césars, fáme ímínórtal —
Thát yóúng mán ís Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

Where wás I ére there wás ány Whére?
Ére there wás ány Whát, what wás I?
When wás I ére there wás ány Whén?
And hów or whý made Í míysélf
Ére there wás ány Í or Hów,
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Whý?

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



S U P R E M E L Y B L E S T.

“Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,
Áll by óne kind bill caréssed,
Áre ye nó supré mely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,
Wé are nó supré mely bléssed.
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,
Wé will léave the párent nést,
And gó of nóvelty in quést,
And thén we’ll bé supré mely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO
10. 1852.

L I T T L E F L Y.

Sip on fréely, little fly;
Í’ll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;
And in the párent’s équal éye,
Mán ’s the bróther óf the fly.

Síp on fréely, little flý;
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.
Fórmed like mé for jóy and páin,
Wármed by súnshine, wét by ráin,
Bórn like mé, like mé to díe,
Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;
Síp on fréely, little flý,
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE-WEST to WESTPORT.
May. 11. 1852.

CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and white
Páinted bright,
Stóut of limb,
Of bódy light,
Fierce in báttle,
Swift in flíght,
Cálléd by birds
The róbber knight.

Kéen of sight,
It 's mý delight
From the áiry héight
Of áspen bóugh,
Or rócky brów,
To spý aróund
Where ón the gróund
For cháttering pýe
Fít próg may líe
Of crúst or bóne,

There cáreless thrówn
 By fárm-yard Jóan;
 Or jóyful márk
 Where éggs of lárk
 In méadow gréen,
 Half híd, half séen,
 Or cállow thrúsh
 In háwthorn búsh,
 Meg's áppetite
 Daintý invite.
 But Még, not rásh
 To máke a dás
 Like háwk or kite,
 Stays áppetite,
 And hóps abóut,
 And mákes no róut;
 And wáatching slý
 With pérking eýe,
 Steals tó the búsh
 And dines on thrúsh;
 Then súcks lark's égg,
 Hardhéarted Még!
 And óff to nést
 Flies with the bést
 Old crúst or bóne
 Of thriftless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,
 Blithe cháattering pýe,
 Oft wóndering whý
 Man só should sigh,
 And kéepp such cóil,
 And cárk and móil
 Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáre to sáve
Dig déep his gráva.

I énvý nóť
Pálace or cóť;
The life I léad
On hill and méad
Is life indéed;
Ánd, while I ránge
Round field and gránge,
I wóuld not chángé
For mán's high státe
Meg's háppier fáte.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1

FALSEHEARTED JOAN.

In móuntain déll,
Besíde a wéll
And móssy stóne,
Únder a thórn
I sát forlórn,
And máde my móan: —
“This wórld and Í
Cannót agrée,
No chárm hath nów
This wórld for mé.
She has bróke her tróth,
Falsehéarted Jóan,
And léft me héré
To die alóne.

Hére in this wild,
Untródden déll,
Únder this thórn,
Beside this wéll,
I'll strétch me ón
This móss-grown stóne,
And wéep, and cry: —
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',
I'll wéep and cry
'I lived for thée,
For thée I'll die';
Write on my tómb: —
'He died alóne,
Forsáken bý
Falsehéarted Jóan.
Ye fáithful swáins,
His déath deplóre,
And néver trúst
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,
And máde my móan,
Strétched on that gréy
And móss-grown stóne,
I héard a light,
Small fóotstep néar;
A kindly vóice
Fell ón my éar,
That swéetly said: —
"Why dóst thou móan,
And whó is this
Falsehéarted Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan hersélf —
My téars were stáyed;
I thréw my árms
Abóut the máid:
I cánnót téll
What wórds we sáid;
But thére in thát
Untródden déll,
Únder that thórñ,
Beside that wéll,
As Í wept ón
That móss-grown stóne,
I fóund my ówn
Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GAL-
WAY. May 13. 1852.

B E T H A N K F U L.

“Be thánkful”; — tó a silly lámb
I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —
“Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,
And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,
And évery dáy supplied with fód
So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod.”

“Sáfe in this párk” — thus tó its dám
I héard reply that silly lámb —
“Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;
To yíeld man fód, and máke him wárm.
Todáy I léad an éasy life,
Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knife.”

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to
DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

TRUE LOVE.

As árm in árm upón the shóre
We listened tó the bréakers' róar,
She picked and put into my hánd
The fairest pébbles from the stránd.

As through the méadow gréen we wálked,
Ánd of our háppy fúture tálked,
She culled the flówers I lóved the bést,
And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,
Set róund with péarl and rúby ráre,
Ánd a cornélian signet stóne,
Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,
For mé she léft sistér and bróther,
Hóuse, home, and friends she léft for mé,
With mé to live and míne to bé:
She léft them áll to hé mine ówn,
And éver live with mé alóne.

She hád no jóy when Í was sád,
No grief had shé when Í was glád;
To máke me glád was hér delight,
Her thought by dáy, her dréam by níght;
When Í was glád her eýe grew bríght.

To chárm my spirít's glóom awáy,
She 'd sing me sóng or roundeláy,
As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,
Or téll me táles the livelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the díamond tówer,
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,
Of vizier, pácha, dérvish, priest,
Of mósque, kíòsk, and müsselman,
Of Ál-Raschid and Kúblí Khán;
But still her lást and swéetest tále
Wás of the róse and nightingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pléased and gáy
She 'd dánce as ón her bridal dáy,
Or wréathe her fingers in my háir,
And lílt to hér guitár this áir: —

“Let misers in their hóards take pléasure,
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,
Néver énding cáre and sádness:
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she sickened, and she died;
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —
“Write on my tómb no wórd of sádness,
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

LOWER CLAPTON. LONDON. May 29. 1852.

T O M S H O E B L A C K .

Your shóes, good Sir; your shóes to cléan;
Such dirty shóes were néver séen.
With dirty shóes upón his féet
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,
Whén he might háve them bright and cléan
For júst two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?
A pénny, Sir, you'll nót refúse;
One pénny, Sir, for cléan bright shóes.

Here, Sir; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,
You sóon shall háve a cléan bright shóe;
The right foot first; yes, thát will dó;
A lóvely thing 's a cléan bright shóe,
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:
Stay, Sir; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;
A cléan bright shoe 's a lóvely thing;
A cléan bright shóe sets óff a king.

There, Sir, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:
A brighter shóe was néver séen,
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wing;
A wéll-blacked shóe 's a lóvely thing;
A wéll-blacked shóe sets óff a king.

The léft foot, Sir; fie, whát a shóe!
One scárce can sée the léather thróugh
This miry, slímy, múddy glúe.
Now dó your wórk, my bristles trúe,
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thing;
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

These bristles, Sir — a better set
Never in one black-box met —
Are neither quite worn-out, nor new;
And every hair 's a bristle true;
You soon shall have a shining shoe;
See there 's the polish coming through.
A shining shoe 's a lovely thing;
A shining shoe sets off a king.

My "Davy and Martin" 's fresh and new,
As black as ink, as bright as dew,
Fit polish for a gentleman's shoe.
Rub rub-a-rub, my bristles true,
And let us have a shining shoe;
A shining shoe 's a lovely thing;
A shining shoe sets off a king.

Rub rub-a-rub, my work is done:
My penny fee is fairly won:
No brighter shoe the sun shines on.
Let wiser folk say what they will,
I'm of the one opinion still,
Barefoot or shod, a man 's a man,
But blacking makes the gentleman.
I mean no slur to smart cravat,
Or jemmy white, or glossy hat,
Or small-clothes smooth; but all won't do,
Unless you have a well-blacked shoe.
A well-blacked shoe 's a lovely thing;
A well-blacked shoe sets off a king.

And now I 've kept my promise true,
Each foot has got its clean bright shoe,
And poor Tom Shoeblack bids adieu:

Adieu, kind Sir, and don't complain,
If dirty footways, dust, and rain
Soon bring you to poor Tom again:
It's an ill wind blows no one good,
And dust and rain are poor Tom's food.

EPHING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

THE CRYSA LIS.

In long loose drawers, and stockings without feet,
Wide flannel vest, grey shirt, and nightcap neat,
Wearied mine eyes of sights, of sounds mine ears,
Mine anxious fluttering heart of hopes and fears,
The light put out, and locked my chamber door,
I laid me down upon my bed once more,
To rest, to sleep, to dream, perhaps to snore;
My left cheek heavy on the pillow pressed,
My right arm crossed obliquely on my breast,
Blanket and counterpane tucked tightly in
Round by the shoulder quite to the ear and chin.
If you had seen me in the park that day
Or at the levee or subscription play,
All bright with diamonds, all alert and gay,
And then been shown that shapeless heap of clothes
With scarce an air hole left for mouth and nose,
And told it was essentially the same,
The same in spirit, substance, even in name,
How you 'd have stared, and rubbed your eyes, and vowed
That freakish nature had at last allowed
To man the privilege of the butterfly,
To cast his figure off, and yet not die,
To flaunt a gaudy insect all the day,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the night awáy!
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chángé
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and stránge?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admire thee móre
Than éver mán admired a máid befóre;
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy vírtues ráre,
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,
Has máde a prisoner óf thine Édward's sóul.
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórds expéss
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght
He dréams of thée alóne the livelong níght!
Hów the whole dáy of thée alóne he thinks,
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!
Hów he cries stíll! — “Ah! wére but Dóris míne
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;
Nót as I nów do, in the dísmal glóom
Of city cóffee-house or díning-róom,
Mídst stífing smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,
Bút in the álcove of some páradise!”
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,
One kíndly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Die of the misery of this bachelor's life,
 More slów, but quite as sùre as córd or knife.
 Dear lóvely Dóris, mine 's no idle móan;
 Nó sentimentál sórrow makes mé gróan;
 Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel
 At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.
 At hóme, I sit in dúsky, dingy róom,
 Where néver wóman's smile dispéls the glóom,
 And wáitch the children pláying in the láne,
 Or cóunt the flies, that créep along the páne;
 Or cróuch beside the fire and pénsive éye
 The curling wréaths that úp the chimney flý;
 Or páce impátient úp and dówn the flóor,
 Betwéen the window and the clóset dóor,
 Oft stópping, to inscribe my Dóris' náme
 On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,
 Ór in the thick dust of the táble tráce
 With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;
 Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begin;
 Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pin;
 Ánd in the sófa-cóver prick all shápes
 Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, cócks and ápes;
 Ór, pleased with nóthing, ring and ásk Janétte,
 Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;
 For milk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —
 Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,
 And déep in the churchyárd, than live to sée
 One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.
 Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;
 Góds themselves listen whén poor mórtals práy;
 Pity 's a gráce divíne, even héathens sáy.
 Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt
 Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;
 Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My new shirt-ruffle 's gót this ugly téar,
 And unmatched stóckings wédded folk invíte
 To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wíght.
 Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —
 "He wáiks a sólo!" bút the úrchin lied;
 That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thée
 Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,
 And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle
 Thou sáid'st: — "Dear Sí, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle."
 Yés Dóris, it 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:
 I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;
 And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,
 Till gréat-grandchildren tóddele róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June
 12. and 13. 1852.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín kníght,
 So fúll of vénom and pure spíte,
 That dóing hárm was his delíght,
 Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and níght.
 In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wíght,
 To whóm no thíng on éarth seemed ríght.
 But míldew, rót, decáy, and blíght;
 He strípped the bráñch of flówer and frúit;
 And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,
 Ínto the íron áte with rúst,
 And gróund the márble rók to dúst.
 Stíll móre he lóved on líving thíng
 Mísery and pain and déath to bríng:
 Bírð, béast, and físh he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágony;
But néver wás his héart so glád,
As whén he máde man sick and sád,
Wóunded him sóre, or sèt him mád,
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and friénd,
And bróught him tó a wrétched énd,
To díe in páin and misery
Not áll at ónce and súddenly
(For thát were dównright chárity)
Bút by sure stép and slów degré;
He púlléd his téeth out, óne by óne,
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóne;
With a thick fláil-staff cúdgelled him,
Till évery sinew, jóint, and limb
Was bláck and blúe, and stiff and sóre;
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his éyes,
And cút him dówn to hálf his size;
Then pitched him, gásping hárd for bréath,
Ínto the gúping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng.
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.
Invisible as móuntain wind,
The cáitiff cáme his préy behínd,
And kicked and cúffed him hárd and sóre;
Then cáme, and stóod his préy befóre,
And kicked and cúffed him móre and móre.
Poor mán laménted, ánd in váin
Cúrsed the foul áuthor óf his páin,
And wátched by dáy, and wátched by níght,
To cách of his fell fóe a síght.

At lást with páin and wáatching wórñ,
And of his féll foe láughed to scórñ:—
“A háppy thóught” (’twas thús he sáid)
“Has cóme at ónce into my héad;
Let ’s sée, if Í can ’t máke a béll,
That sháll my éñemy’s cóming téll.”
So sáid, so dóne; a smith by tráde,
Has sóon a páir of slíppers máde,
And ón each slípper fástened wéll
A stróng steel clásp and silver béll.
The slíppers láid upón the flóor,
The smith ’s to béd and bárréd the dóor;—
“Íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,
“The slípper bélls will wáken mé.”
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.
How lóng he slépt I cánnót téll,
When tinkle tinkle wént the béll;
The smith awóke, and cried:— “What hó!
A light, a light — I ’ve cáught the fée.”
“Not quíte so fást, good smith”, quoth hé;
“You ’ve lóst your slíppers, nót caught mè;
I ’ll wálk hencefóρθ with slíppers néat
And silver bélls upón my féet,
That fóolish mán may súdey knów,
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,
And whéther Í move fást or slów.”
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,
As máde the smith cry:— “Wóe! more wóe!”
“More wóe indéed”, the knight replíed,
And strúck him ón the óther síde:
“Think’st thou. becáuse thy dóor is bárréd,
My stálwart árm will strike less hárd?
What thóugh thy tinkling sílver béll

An ényemy's appróach may téll,
And whéther hé move swift or slów,
Think'st thou 'twill sérvé to wárd the blów,
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fóe?"
No wórd the élfín knight said móre,
But, viewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor
Passed óut as hé passed in befóre,
And dówn the stáir into the stréet,
The silver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,
Since the green túrf closed ó'er the héad
Óf the brave smith, that máde the bélls
Of which my trúthful stóry télls;
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by night
I héar the tréad of the élfín knight,
And trémble át his slippers' sóund,
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.
In váin like thé brave smith of yóre
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,
The élfín fóot is ón the stáir,
The élfín knight, viewless as áir,
Pásses thróugh bárréd and bólted dóor,
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,
And grípes me hárd, and hits me sóre.
"Tórment me nó" in váin I crý;
"Tormént me nó, but lét me die."
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre
Pinches and cúffs me thán befóre.
My tále's truth lét these gáshes spéak,
These zigzags ón my ónce smooth chéek,
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,
This súnken eýe, these témples báre
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

Íf, in the pride of stréngth and yóuth,
Thou dóubtest still my stóry's trúth,
And likenést the élfín kníght
To sóme unréal and áiry spríte,
Engéndered in the bráin at níght,
When Sénse lies déad and Réason sléeps,
And nó more wáitch o'er Fáncy kéeps;
Lísten! "It is the stéeple béli",
Lísten! "It is the fúneral knéll",
Lísten! what sáys that stéeple béli?
Lísten! what sáys that fúneral knéll?
"He has tóld his stóry trúe and wéll."

Begun Júné 14th. 1852 when walking from LOUVAIN :
TIRLEMONT. Finished at WEMS Júné 21st.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When Í was a bóy, how mérrily
I spórted abóut benéath the great trée,
That óversháded my fáther's cót!
Since thén I 've not séen so cózy a' spót.

Oh, hów my heart bóunded, and dánced with jóy!
My fáther has bróught me a brán-new tóy,
A lóng ashen stíck with a hórse's héad;
Milk-white is the máne, and the bridle is réd.

I stráddled my stéed, and with críck crack and shóut,
And whoop-whóop and hurráh I cántered abóut,
Úpstairs and dównstáirs, and índoors and óut;
No Quéén's-Own dragóon ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since the réd bridle bróke, and the hórse lay déad;
My thín sandy háir has grown thick and brówn,
And my úpper lip 's hid by a sóft velvet dówn.

"I 'll buý me a réal, living hórse", I cried,
"And cánter and gállop the cóuntry wide" —
I bóught me a réal horse, and gálloped abóut;
Was néver a Nínrod that máde such a róut.

Abóut as I gálloped the cóuntry wide,
By the side of a wéll a young máiden I spied;
Her chéeks were like róses, her skin soft and fáir,
Light blúe were her eýes, long and fláxen her háir.

"Come with me, sweet máiden" I stópped and cried;
"Come with me, sweet máiden, and bé my bríde;
Leave dówn thy pail thére, and get úp beside mé;
And a kind, loving húsband I 'll bé to thée."

She léft down her páil, and sprang úp by my síde; —
"I 'll go with thee, young mán, and I 'll bé thy bríde;
A kind, loving húsband thou 'lt bé to mé,
And Í 'll be for éver a trúe wife to thée."

"I néver was háppy till nów", I cried,
As I kissed the soft chéek of my blóoming bríde;
And awáy we cántered, and gálloped abóut;
No new Dúrby and Jóan ever ináde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since the trúest of áll true wíves lay déad,
And a widower lóne I wánder abóut,
Never móre in this wórld to máke such a róut.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;
Black and dámp falls the night on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,
And the light tripping fóotsteps’ elástic rebóund,
I think to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet
Will soon lie stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier light,
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bríght,
I think, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o’er the déad;
Time, that ’s áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,
Begins from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smíle, without thinking of *Hér*;
I can héar a bride sing, yet not féel my heart stír;
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;
To all jóy if I ’m déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;
Sweet Oblívion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,
And clóse my tired eýelids, and lúll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to
LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18th to June 22nd 1852.

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

“Mighty Slr Wind,
Pray, bé so kind,
Pass civilly,
And hárm not mé,
Who néver yét
Did hárm to thée.”

“Stúrdy Sir Trée,
Lécture not mé;
I fáin would bé
Civil to thée,
But in my wáy
I find thee stíll,
Stópping my páth
Acróss this hill.”

“This hill is míne,
As Í opine;
For mány a yéar
My fáthers lived
Free búrghers hére;
Í am their héir,
And will not sháre
My birthright fáir
With són of éarth,
Or són of áir;
So máke no róut,
But gó abóut,
And tóuch not mé,
An indépendant
Fórest trée.”

“Of sòn of éarth
Or sòn of áir,
I little knów,
And little cáre;
But this I knów,
I ’ll háve my will,
And gó the shórt way
Cróss the hìll.”

“Not só, not só,
Unrúly Wínd;
Some óther pássage
Pléase to find;
Thére on the léft
The páth stands cléar;
No bússiness hást thou
Tó pass hére.
Stróng though thou árt
I ’m fáin to expéct
Thou ’lt shéw the láw
Its dúe respéct.”

“I wére indéed
A sílly wíght,
To wáit upón
The láw for right,
When in this árm
I háve the Míght,
That mákes alóne
Both Láv and Ríght.”

No móre words pássed;
Sir Trée stood fást;
On cáme Sir Blást,

Like páynim knight,
Fúrious in fight,
With piish and crúsh
And héadlong rúsh;
Or like the gúsh
Of flóod let lóose
Through milldam sluice.
Stóut though he bé,
What cán Sir Trée
Agáinst a shóck,
Would máke a róck
Or cástle wáll
Tóttér and fáll?

Yíeld he will nó,
Or fróm the spót
Retréát one inch,
Or báckward flínch;
Or stép aside,
The híll though wíde,
One síngle stríde,
To lét Sir Blást
Rúsh hármless pást.

Leónidás
In Pýlae's páss,
As stóries téll,
Firm agáinst Míght
Stóod for the Ríght,
And nóbly féll:
And só fell hé,
Stúrdy Sir Trée;
And só wíll áll
Those wórtgies fáll,

Whoé'er they bé,
That fór the Right
Strive against Might
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,
All bróthers, and abóut one size,
Not óne has éither éars or eyés,
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,
More réady théy than mány a knight
With pérfect limbs, héaring, and sight.
Each óne to hélp him hás a bánd
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.
Sixtéén subálterns, léaders fóur,
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,
When history was stíll a fáble,
Togéther mét aróund one táble.
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,
A bélt some wéar abóut the wáist,
Of góld, studded with súch bright géms
As shine in Éastern diadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;
To atténd upón him dáy and night,
Itself their jóy is ánd delight.

So soon as in the mórning réd
 His róyal Highness léaves his béd,
 Two chief knights and subálterns éight
 With clóthes and bréakfast ón him wáit;
 His fáce they wásh, and cómb his héad,
 Féed him with bútter, éggs, and bréad,
 Cárry his téa-cup tó his líps,
 And hóld it stéady while he sips.
 Two chiefs and éight subálterns móre
 Crouch róund his fóotstool ón the flóor,
 Réady his Mightiness to béar
 Upón their shóuldérs ány whére,
 Índoors or óut, or high or lów,
 Báckward or fórward, quick or slów;
 Like stéam-engines obédient still
 Tó the driver's sóvereign will.

If sád their Lórd, these knights divide
 Ínto two bánds, ten ón each side;
 And while one bánd a mérry túne
 On fiddle pláys or lóud bassóon,
 The óther béats time tó the méasure,
 Ór, to affórd him livelier pléasure,
 Tákes him, and tó the músic's sóund
 Whirls him the chálked floor róund and róund.

Néver fróm their Sóvereign's síde,
 In life or déath, these knights dívide;
 Through ill, through wéal, with him they gó;
 His jóy 's their jóy, his wóe 's their wóe;
 Ínto the wórld with him they cáme
 Ón the same dáy, and ón the sáme
 Dáy that he dies have wówed to díe,
 And with him in the sáme tomb líe.

Say ye, that wiser are than I,
Where under all our Western sky,
On Heathen or on Christian ground,
Such twenty knights are to be found?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

S W E E T A I R.

A cripple slow,
On festered toe
Limping I go,
And cry "Woe! woe!"

The Grecian so,
As schoolboys know,
In Lémnos' isle,
Shouted erewhile
To rock and sea
His misery.

Like him to thee,
Kind, gentle Séa,
For help I fly,
And shout and cry: —
"Woe! woe is mé!
Ah misery!
Woe! woe is mé!
Ah misery!"

Kind, gentle Séa,
Ah! pity mé;

Quick with thy bální,
My páins to cálm.
Benéath thy wáves,
In córal cáves,
Gróws there no wéed,
Whose pótent séed,
These pángs may hll,
These fires may dull?
Nø ánodýne,
Of pówer divine
The sénse to stéep
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,
Thou héar'st not mé;
Ah misery!
Woe, woe, is mé!
Ah misery!

Soft, ténder Stóne,
Hear thóu my móan;
Thy véins explóre
For sóme fine óre;
Some Ámmonite's
Or Crýsolite's
Benignant spár,
Glittering afár
With pówer to cùre
Spéedy and súre.
Ín thy deep mínes,
Where néver shines
Day's chéerful light,
But bróoding Night
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,
Séarch till thou find
Some lóadstone kind,
Some précious jét
For ámulét,
By mýstic láw
Empówered to dráw
Pain's viper fángs,
And éase these pángs.
From cléar, cold spring,
Elixir bring,
Or ámber dróp,
Of pówer to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This búrning glów.

Vain, váin, my móan;
Ídle, my gróan;
Thou héar'st me nót,
Hardhéarted stóne;
Fíxed to the spót,
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,
And hástenest nót
From déep, cold spring,
Or míne, to bring
Elixir cléar,
Or ámber dróp,
Or ámulét
Of précious jét,
Pótent to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This fiery glów;
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, gentle Wind;
 Be thóu more kind;
 Blow, sóftly blów,
 And cóol this glów.
 Of Prócris' spóuse
 Thou héard'st the vóws,
 When át high nóon,
 Alás, too sóon!
 (Ye Góds, why hád
 That mórn a nóon?)
 Ín the deep sháde
 Of mýrtles láid,
 His lónging árms
 Exténder wide
 On éither side,
 Gásping, he cried:—
 'Aúra, sweet Aúra,
 Híther hie,
 For thée I pánt,
 For thée I die!'
 Thou héard'st his práyer;
 Hear míne, sweet Air;
 Híther repáir,
 And sóftly blów,
 And cóol this glów,
 This héat assúáge,
 This fiery ráge.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!
 Woe! wóe! more wóe!
 A déeper, rédder,
 Fiercer glów!
 Whose bréath is thát
 Fánning the fire?

Whose hánd heaps fúel
Hlgh and higher?
Sirócco hót,
I cálléd thee nót;
Plágue - spot and déath
Are in thy bréath;
Fróm thy crisp háir
Red méteors fláre;
Shrivelled and dry
Thy blóodshot éye,
And néver yét
By kind tear wét.
Hénce to thine ówn
Dry sándy zóne,
Where crócodile
Infésts the Nile,
And ráttlesnáke
Lúrks in the bráke;
Hénce with thy bréath
Of plágue and déath;
And thóu, sweet Air,
Híther repáir;
Air, Air, sweet Air,
Híther repáir.

Nymph débonnaíre,
And frésh and fáir,
Elástic, gáy,
And yóung alwáy,
Air, Air, sweet Air,
Híther repáir.

Free móuntain - child,
Búoyant and wild,

Yet méek and mild,
Air, Air, sweet Air,
Hither repáir.

From bréezy hill
Where, néver still,
Whirs táll windmill;
From whispering sháde
Of cólonnade
Or fórest gláde;
From rippling side
Of river wide,
From wáving sedge
On blúe lake's édge,
Air, Air, sweet Air,
Hither repáir.

Cóme with perfúme
Of ápple blóom,
And mignonétte
With frésh showers wét,
And bláckeyed béan,
Sweet ódours' Quéén,
And lily white,
Lóver's delight,
And háwthorn gáy
In éarly Máy,
And háy new-mówn,
And róse just blówn;
Come, cóme, sweet Áir,
Hither repáir,
Sweet Air, sweet Air.

With músic cóme
Of wild bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill s'ong,
Néver too lóng;
Or líquid nóte
From toad's smooth throát,
Or évening pláint
Of nightingále,
Or chúck-chuck fáint
Of ámorous quáil;
Or swéeter s'ound
Of hárp or flúte,
Or óf thine ówn
Eólian lúte,
Or rústling léaves,
Or wáterfáll;
Or mán's deep vóice
Swéetest of áll;
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;
Hither repáir,
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,
I féel thee thére,
An ángel méek,
Kíssing my chéek,
And in my háir
Wéaving thy déwy
Fingers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,
Thou héar'st my práyer,
And hóverest thére,
Chármíng my cáre,
Stílling this thróe,
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I cry,
“Woe! woe! ah, woe!”

Pain-sóothing Air,
All dáy stay thére;
Stay thére all dáy,
The livelong dáy,
And spórt and pláy,
Angélic méek,
Kiss my flushed chéek,
And in my háir
Wéave thy lank fingers
Cóol and báre;
And whén at night
Thou ták'st thy flight,
To móuntain héight,
Or whispering sháde
Of cólonnade
Or fórest gláde,
Or rippling side
Of river wide,
Or wáving sédge
On blúe lake's édge,
Léave in thy stéad
To wáitch my héad,
And guárdian stánd
Abóut my béd,
Thy pláymate mild,
Health's plácid child,
Delicious Sléep;
Till át first péep
Of mórning light
Thou cóm'st agáin,
Blithe-héarted sprite,

And bring'st me frésh,
New-bórn delight;
An úrn of ódours
Shák'st aróund,
And stéep'st mine éars
In thé full sóund
Óf the harmónious
Mátn sóng,
With which all Náture's
Créatures thróng
Befóre the fóotstool
Óf their Quéén,
Who háas anóther
Súnrise séén.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the
BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

THE POET.

A Póet is a spíder, and his líne,
As ány cóbweb's délicate and fíne,
Spún into stánzas, in a córner líes,
And gáthers dúst and blúemold, móths and flíes.

A Póet is a máker of fíne láce,
Brússels, Valenciéennes, or Páys de Wáes:
Upon the cúshion of his bráin all dáy
And hálf the níght, the twirling bóbbins pláy;
From pín to pín in éndless dánce they gó,
Cross-hánds and Quéue-de-chát, and Dós-a-dó

Turn at the sides, and set, and down the middle,
In as good time as if they heard the fiddle.

A Póet is a pástry-cook, and bakes
In his brain's óven, púddings, tóurts and cákes;
Fáncy 's his miller, thóught his bólted flóur,
Góod nature is his swéet, and ill his sóur;
Wit his fine sált, húmour his ratafie;
Fór his short-cáke he must have ironý.
Plain trúth 's his báttér, which he 's fórced to thín
With mány a wéll-meant lie — forgive the sín —
Élse the weak stómach it were sùre to clóy,
Ánd with fierce cólic páins the bówels annóy.

Your Póet's tárts of épigrams are máde,
Of élegies his órange mármaláde,
Sónnets and sóngs his bárnbracks are and búns,
And pónderous épics are his sállélóns.
Wide o'er the wórl'd the réputátion flíes
Of his romántic cúrrant and rhúbarb píes;
None skilled like him to béat up húman vice
And húman fólly into páncake nice
Which he calls sátyr, délicatest tréat
Where whólesome bitter 's hid in lúscious swéet.
Táught by expérience dire how wéary slów
Works bréwer's bárm to ráise a Póet's dóugh,
When préssed for time he úses ránt instéad,
And finds it ánsWER wóndrous wéll, 'tis sáid.
Where vúlgar cóoks throw bits of cássia ín, ★
Or láurel léaves, or órange-páring thín,
Or pinch of gráted nutmeg, ór a squéeze
Of lémon juice, men's várioús tástes to pléase,
Our Póet úses for the sélfsame énd
The nóbler gifts the liberal Múses sénd:

Figures of spéech and trópes and similés,
 He knóws, are síre the léarned táste to pléase;
 But simpler héarts by simpler árts are wón,
 Bróad innuendo, fárcé, and jólly pún.
 So évery time he sêts abóut to báke,
 Whéther it púdding bé or píe or cáke,
 The séasoning is the thing that first demánds
 The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórmíng hánds;
 An érror hère and áll his lábour 's lóst;
 Time, fire and swéat, and the matérials' cóst;
 This lást, some sáy howéver, is but smáll
 Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.
 But bé that ás it will, one thing is síre,
 His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cùre:
 Not áll the stréams of Hélicón's sácred hìll,
 Not áll the déws Parnássus' tóps distil,
 Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténch,
 Of Býron's píes the sùlphurous ódour quénch:
 Not éven Apólló's sélf with áll his Níne,
 Góds though they bé, and évery háir divíne,
 Could gíve to wishy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh
 One smáck, by which the uninfórméd might knów
 Thát 'twas real piecrust báked in póet's bráin,
 And nót shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.
 Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd
 The pártíng cóunsel óf your cómmon fríend,
 In cóoking póetry and cóoking píes,
 The rúle 's the sáme and ín smáll cómpass líes;
 * Névér on gráins and hálf gráins péddlíng stánd,
 Throw lárgely ín, God lóves a líberál hánd.
 Let nó bold spírít tó the práíse aspire
 Of mástership of púdding-pan or lýre,
 So lóng as ín his héart's core lúrks one spíce
 Of pársimony's méan and ódíous více.

Cursed be the cóok, that first with frúgal cáre
 Cut ráisins into sixths, good frúit to spáre,
 And in his dóugh one sixth here drópped, one thére;
 Of Milestone Púdding whénce the sóubriquet
 To him and tó his héirs down tó this dáy;
 And cursed the póet, whó with óne poor thóught
 Cút into sixths, the first dull Sónnet wróught,
 Let dróp a sixth in évery sécond line,
 Then clápped his hánds and cálléd his wórk divine.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

D I R G E

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÓNE.
 Anóther hóur its wórk has dóné,
 And flówn awáy viewless as áir,
 Whére to be fóund agáin? Ah! whére?
 Six times nine yéars have rólled awáy,
 Since at this hóur, on this same dáy,
 A hélpless nów-born bábe I láy,
 Ín a fond móther's árms caréssed,
 Lúlléd by a móther's vóice to rést,
 And nóurished át a móther's bréast.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Twó.
 How swift life's sánds an hóur run thróugh!
 Five times five yéars have ó'er me spéd,
 Since in my árms my child lay déad,
 Júst at this hóur reléased from páin,
 My firstborn child, my Máry Jáne;

A páinful bréath fóur mónth's she dréw;
'Twas áll of this sad wórld she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — **THREÉ.**
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:
A púlse, a sóund, a móment's chime,
A ripple ón the flóod of time.'

It thrills me tó the bósom's córe
To héar that áwful vóice cry — **FÓUR.**
The sáme its crý when Báilitóre
Échoed alóng its hillside hóar
My sécond infant's fúneral knéll,
And sád and slów my téardrops féll
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabel.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — **FÍVE.**
Ah, héartless són! that cóuldst survive
The clósing in etérnal night
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their light,
Néver bút with néw delight,
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,
Her fírstborn child, her bést loved bóy.
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,
Since I behéld her bréathe her lást;
Since in the róom her fáther died,
Her wéeping children át her síde,
She méekly whispered: — "Ít is déath" —
And bléssed us with her pártng bréath.
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,
Yet whó had cálléd my móther óld?
So cléar her vóice, so bright her eýe,
Her stép so fúll of dignítý,
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And tóward her lóved ones áltered néver.
 We láid her cased in pitch beside
 Him, that in yóuth called Káte his bride,
 The móther óf his children five,
 Queen-bée of óur doméstitic hive.
 Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,
 Ye sháred each óther's hópés and féars,
 Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.
 Your hópés, féars, jóys, and téars all pást,
 Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,
 Ín your bléssing children blést,
 Side by side for éver rést.

SÍx — is the túrret's áwful crý,
 Wárning all mén that áll must die,
 Léave the sweet air and life and light,
 And lie down in etérnal night;
 But mé more thán the rést that crý
 Wárns that áll who live must die,
 For súch the crý I héard that night
 From Árcó tówer, when mý delight,
 My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,
 And wént the róad whence nóne retúrn.
 Nine dáy's and nights I wáched her béd,
 Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—
 "I díe, dear Jámés, and ám contént;
 Twénty three yéars with thee I've spént,
 A háppy bride, mothér, and wífe,
 The háppiest óf my yéars of life:
 Live, and be háppy, ánd sometimes
 Think, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chimes,
 Of hér, who with thee héars them nów
 Fór the last time, and Óh! may'st thóu,
 Whén they ring fórth thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resigned as Í.”
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidlý
Her eýes uplifting, gázed at mé
A móment's spáce; then droóped her héad,
Ánd in a trémulous whisper sáid:—
“And if thou éver chánce to wéd,
All bléssings fáll upón the héad
Óf thy new bríde, and máy'st thou bé
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.
And nów all 's dóne, but tó resign
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne
This ring, to kéept while thóu hast bréath,
And gíve, when stríkes thine hóur of déath,
Tó our dear child, our Kátharine,
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne.”
Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,
While she continued yét to spéak,
While from her hánd the ring she dréw,
Séttled death's pále and áshy hue,
Ánd her extéended hánd fell cóld,
The ring upón the pávément rólled,
And Ánn Jane is — a tále that 's tóld.
Where Álmonds scátter théir perfúme,
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,
Withín the sóund of Sárca's wáve
We láid her in her lónely gráve,
Till bigotrý should céase to ráve;
For Árcó's bigots, tó the sháme
Of áll who béar the Christian's náme,
Agáinst her clósed their chúrchyard gáte;
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,
And hów no córpse should búried bé
In fáithful córpse's' cómpány,

That hād not, ére it died, conféssed
 Tó the same crédençe ás the rést.
 Twice thirty dāys we visitéd
 On Sárca's side her lónely béd,
 And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,
 And wépt the móurnful hóurs awáy;
 But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,
 And Ápril's látest dāys were spéd,
 And pétty Árcó's bigotry
 Began to rámp less furiously,
 We cóme with spādes at déad of night,
 And with the lāntern's flickering light,
 And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy
 Raise silently, and béar awáy
 To whére on lónely Céole's hill
 Gápéd the tile búrner's blāzing kiln.
 Two hóurs befóre the rising sún,
 The héat inténse its wórk has dóné,
 Ánd with the relics in an úrn,
 Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrn.
 Spéedy and shórt our lást adieu
 To Árcó ánd its zéalot créw.
 Forgíve them héaven; and if their créed
 The ónly true one bé indéed,
 Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve
 By déeds, not óf ill will, but lóve.

SÉVEN — is the túrret's áwful cry;
 Lónely widower why not die?
 Why live where óthers smíle to sigh,
 And móurn thy dāys of jóy gone bý?
 A widower, bút not lónely, Í,
 So pléasant is my cómpány:
 A bróther ánd dear sisters thrée

Péople this wildernéss for mé,
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,
If é'er to sádness Í incline,
Bids me fór her déar sake chéer,
And kisses fróm my lids the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÉIGHT.
Eárlý lét it cóme or láte,
Cálm and conténted Í awáit,
The arríval óf the appóinted dáte,
Last limit óf my hópés and féars,
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

NÍNE — is the túrret's áwful cry:
Kátharine, my child, thou too must díe;
And Óh! when Í think ón 't I sigh,
Perháps withóut one kind hand nigh,
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.
Éven while thy púlse of life beats high,
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,
Kátharine, my child, let nótt thine eýe
Too fónldy rést on váníty;
Lóve not too múch this wórld of strife;
At bést a dóubtful bóon is life:
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nigh,
Héir of thy móther's énergý,
Áwáy from life thy clósing eýe
Túrn, and withóut a single sigh,
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse
Nótt of joys ónly, bútt of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — TÉN.
Whó would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Agáin the unéqual cóntest wáge
With páin and sickness, grief and áge;
See, óne by óne, his pléasures flý,
See, óne by óne, his lóved ones díe,
See Vice triumphant, Virtue póor,
The próud man's scóffs and scórns endure,
Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,
Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;
Writhe under wróngs unmérited,
Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;
Ór for sórrows nó't his ówn
Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,
Ánd for griefs he cánnót héal
Únaváilling ánguish féel;
Whó is hé, so fón'd of páin,
Thát would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

ELÉVEN — 's the túrret's áwful crý:
To cóunt my sórrows lét me trý;
False friends, vain hópes, declining áge;
O! láy me in some hérmitáge,
Fár from the wórld's discórdant járs,
Beyónd its énvies, feúds, and wárs;
Beyónd the bigot séctaries' réach,
Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.
Thére on the díal I'll fíx mine eýe,
And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;
One, twó, three, fóur, five, six, and séven;
Fóllowed by éight, nine, té'n, éléven;
The hóurs shall bé my hómílies,
On évery hóur I'll móralíse,
Ánd to the héart a lés'son réad
Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

TWÉLVE — is the túrret's áwful crý:
The midnight móon is riding high,
I héar the fitful night-breeze sigh,
I héar the móping ówlet crý;
Visions óf the dáys gone bý
Flit befóre my hálf-closed eýe;
With my nów-betróthed I róve,
Ín the whispering áспен gróve,
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;
My right arm 's clásped abóut her wáist,
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;
But whénce that shriek, that súdden stárt?
Whý that convúlsive béat of héart?
My lóve, my life, what dóst thou féar?
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?
A winding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;
And thén I stúmbles ón tomb-stónes;
And fáll into a nów-made gráve;
Chinless skúlls its bóttom páve;
Strings of téeth festóon its sides;
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guides
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?
"Make háste, my Jámes, why dóst thou stáy?
Tomórrów is our wédding dáy;
Héar'st not the túrret clóck strike Óne?
Pút this ring thy finger ón;
Hást forgót '*Auf éwig dein*,'
Thine I ám and thóu art mine;
Cóme, my Jámes, and lét us síng
The scróll upón our wédding ring;
Thine I ám, and thóu art mine;
Cóme let's síng '*Auf éwig dein*.'

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's-awáy,
 Tomórrrow is our wédding dáy."
 I wóke, and í was áll alóne;
 The móon in át the window shóne;
 I réad the scróll upón the ring,
 But nóne was thére the scróll to síng;
 And ás I sát there áll alóne,
 The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN
 from Sept. 22nd to Oct. 1st 1852.

Trauerlied für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Englischen des

Dr. James Henry

in's Deutsche übertragen von

B. Carneri.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!
 Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht
 Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Luft;
 Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?
 Sechsmal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,
 Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,
 Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,
 Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,
 In Ruh' gelullt von einer Mutter Stimme,
 An einer Mutter Brust genährt.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Zwei!
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebensfand!
Fünfmal fünf Jahr' sind über mich gegangen,
Seit todt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,
Ach, Mary Jane¹, mein erstes Kind, befreit;
Vier Monde peinlich athmen, dieß war alles,
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Drei!
"Von mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwin-
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Vier!
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!
Es war derselbe Ruf, als Ballitore
Das Bügenglädchen meines zweiten Kindes
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken
Auf meine todt' Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Fünf!
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest's überleben,
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,
Daß erstgebor'ne Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,
Sie milb gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —

Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.
 Sieben und ftezig Jahre waren über
 Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch
 Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!
 So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,
 So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,
 Und, oh, ihr Herz so warm als je
 Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!
 Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem
 Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend
 Kate² seine Braut genannt,
 Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,
 Die Königin in unserm Immenhaus.
 Robert und Kate², sechsmal sechs Jahr'
 Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hossen,
 Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;
 Doch Furcht und Hossen, Lust und Schmerz entchwanden,
 Ruh't endlich, Kate² und Robert, ruhet,
 Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,
 Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!
 Und mahnet All, daß Alle müssen sterben
 Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,
 Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen
 In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern
 Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,
 Die leben, sterben müssen;
 Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht
 Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,
 Als meine Ann Jane¹ mich der Trauer überließ,
 Gingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.
 Wenn Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfahl bewacht;
 Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

“Ich sterbe, theurer James³, und bin's zufrieden;
“Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,
“Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —
“Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.
“Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,
“Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,
“Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört
“Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,
“Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,
“So glücklich und ergeben sehn, als ich!“ —
Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick
Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilschen an;
Dann senkte sie das Haupt und küßte mit Beben:
“Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,
“Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen
“Hernieberträufeln auf die neue Braut,
“Und mögest Du mit ihr
“So glücklich sehn, wie einst mit mir.
“Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,
“Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst
“Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,
“Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,
“Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,
“Du unserm theuern Kinde,
“Du unsrer Katharine⁴ ihn gebst,
“Ein Andenken Dein und meiner Liebe.“ —
Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie
Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,
Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe
Auf ihren Wangen;
Erfaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,
Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder
Und Ann Jane¹ ist — ein Sang, der ausgefunen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelbäum' ergießen,
 Des Lenzes Rah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet
 Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,
 Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,
 Bis Frömmerei zu wüthen aufgehört;
 Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmeler,
 Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,
 Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.
 Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört
 Von Reheret und Glaube faseln,
 Und wie man Keinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben
 Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,
 Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —
 Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir
 An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,
 Und vor dem Grabeshügel,
 Gelagert auf dem Rasen,
 Verweilten wir die trauervollen Stunden.
 Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,
 April zu Ende war, die Frömmerei
 Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig rast'e,
 Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,
 Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille
 Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen
 Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,
 Wo von des stillen Geole Hügel
 Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.
 Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte
 Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne
 Die Ueberreste, langten ungefährdet wir
 Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig
 Arco und seiner Frömmlerschaar Fahrwohl.
 Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich
 Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern
Bewohnern diese Wildniß mir;
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,
Dann bittet meine Katharine,
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,
Und küßt von meinem Augenlieb die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Acht!
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft
Der festgesetzten Stunde,
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Aengsten,
All' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!
O Katharine⁴, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe sehn,
Die Deine Lippen neße, Deine Augen schließe!
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,
Laß, Katharine⁴, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht
Zu glühend auf dem Eiteln ruhen;

Lieh' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterben sahst,
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,
Nein, auch der Leiden Abschluß seh.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Behn!
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,
Und Laster im Triumph
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;
Des Stolzigen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen
Und in der Antichambre harren,
Der Großen Hofstaat zu vergrößern;
Sich krümmen unter unverbientem Unrecht,
Das Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,
Des Mitleids Nechzen wieder ächzen,
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Eil!
Laß mich versuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:
Treulose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine
Einsiebeleie mich, ferne von der Welt
Mistödnender Entzweiung, ferne
Von ihres Reibes Fehd' und Krieg,
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Elfs,
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,
Welt wahrer, als der Glaubenszünfiler Trebo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;
Die Nachtlust seufzt und seufzt,
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,
Und Bilder aus vergang'nen Tagen schweben
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.
Mit meiner Neuverlobten wandle ich
Durch einen Hain von Bitterpappeln;
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.
Doch woher dieser Schrei,
Dies plöthliche Zusammensahren?
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhast?
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre
 Gebeine!
 Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich
 Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;
 Sinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund
 Und angereichte Bänke kränzen seine Wände.
 Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet
 Durch dieses Weinhaus meinen Weg?
 "Elle, mein James", was zauberst Du?
 "'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!
 "Horch! Hoch vom Thurne schlägt es Eins.
 "An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.
 "Hast Du vergessen das 'Auf ewig Dein?' —
 "Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!
 "Oh komm, mein James", und laß uns singen
 "Die Inschrift un'sres Eherings;
 "Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!
 "Komm, singen wir 'Auf ewig Dein!'
 "Elle, mein James", und laß uns fort,
 "'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag." —
 Ich wachte auf und war allein,
 Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.
 Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;
 Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,
 Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,
 Rief's hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Wien, November 1852.

- (1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL
MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;
Whatéver things have máde a róut,
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéen;
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;
In Scótlánd Í 've seen Hólyróod,
And cút a stick in Bírnám Wóod,
And cárried it to Dúnsináne
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod
Of Scótlánd's king, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,
Ánd admired the city cléan,
Strólled in its párk and álleys gréen,
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;
And ón the mónument óf the bráve
Who died their fátherlánd to sáve,
Ánd lie móuldering in one gráve,
The náme of évery héro réad,
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,
Éach has éarned his wréath of fáme,
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,
If áll, like mé, had time to réad,
And trávelled with so little spéed.

Óut of Bèlgium into Fránce;
 Nót to stáy, but táke a glánce
 Át the éver réstless nàtion,
 That lóves to spréad such cónsternátiön
 Ámongst Éurope's lórd's despótic,
 Yét by áll its pránks Quixótic
 Hás but gót a strónger máster,
 And rivetéð its fétters fáster.
 Lóuis Náp, I thóught thee éver,
 Éven when óthers did not, cléver;
 And thóugh I wish thou hadst béeen more lóth
 To bréak the sánction óf an óath,
 I thánk thee fór thy cástigátiön
 Of pópulár représentátiön,
 That quintessénce, by súblimátiön,
 Óf the worst fóllies óf a nàtion;
 And thát thou hást a-pácking sént
 The jób they cáll a párliamént;
 That vást club óf etérnal prátters,
 That Pándemónjum óf debátters,
 That séll their véry sóuls for pláces,
 And chéat like jóckies át the ráces.

In Switzerlánd I 've séen Mont Blánc
 Hiding his héad the clóuds amóng;
 Dined on cóld Mont Ánvert's tóp,
 And purchased knick-knacks át the shóp
 Just ópened ón the shivering síde
 Óf the mighty glácier wide
 By trávellers cálléd the Mér de Gláce,
 And thére they gót me ón an áss,
 That bróught me, úp the dizzy páss
 Of Cól de Bálme, to thé Valáís,
 Where snúg in Gémni's báths I láy

And stéwed mysélf the lívelong dáy,
And dined on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;
Then óver Simplon máde my wáy,
Like Hállnibál, to Ítalý,
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and fréé.
And thére I sáw the fámous rópe-
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta
In which he rówed his Guicciolétta,
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,
Thé Cathédral's Cámpanile,
A wónderfúl tall bélfry réally;
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,
The mighty búried déad amóng,
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti
And Michel Ángelo Búonarótti;
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of sháde,
Ánd why Cimabúe máde
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Pisa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;
Its véry gáteway hálf dívine;
But whý its tówer should só inclíne
Out óf the pérpendicular líne,
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

Áfter pains-taking tó discóver,
And endless béating óf my bráin
Some thrée long súnmer-dáys in váin,
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,
To púzzle architéctural ságes
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begin to téll of Róme
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:
Besides I have given to Róme befóre
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,
Ín that gáthering óf Windfálls,
Which évery grúbbling wit so máuls,
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver
With his crów-foot, tó discóver
Some cráck or fláw to péck and bite at,
Ánd, to éarn a pénny, write at.
Só if a skétch of Róme contént ye,
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;
And óff acröss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples Í
Scarce tóok my éyes off thé blue ský.
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar
The Néapólitán átmosp hére,
Ye cánnót háve a nótion hére,
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,
Chárged with fógs and místs and shówers,
This ártic hémisp hére of óurs.
Thrice lóvely Náples, wén I díe,
Lét me, benéath thy violet ský,

Sómevhere néar the Mántuan lie,
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde
Clóse by the fisher hút be láid,
Beside the simple fishermáid,
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme
That Gául takes príde in, tó her sháme.

Had Milan nóthing bút her Dóme,
Milan were sécond scárce to Róme;
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow
Tínging the clústered cólumn's yéllow,
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnade
Flíng their déep and sólemn sháde,
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In Gérmány, as áll agrée,
Are mány cúrious thíngs to sée:
Lét us óur beginning máke
At dirty Hámbug, fór the sáke
Of éase and pérspicuity,
For thére my ill fate lánded mé
Óut of clean Éngland; gríevously
Thróugh my nérvés olfáctóry
Hámbug's dirt offénded mé;

Nó'r less shócked mine eýes to sée
 The inky flóods that dówn the stréet
 Rán in the driest súnner héat,
 When sólstice sún's baked mé alive
 And Réaumur stóod at thirty five.
 Escáped from Hámburg's filth and smóke,
 Ánd its kéen comméercial fólk,
 Tó the Hártz I táke my wáy,
 To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy
 Abóut me fréé, and blów áway
 Fróm my frésh-washed skin and shírt
 The ódour óf the Hámburg dirt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,
 Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre
 Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,
 That wére I nó't a Christian bórn,
 Í wóuld endúre the Christian's scórn
 For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,
 And Ísrael's únbélieving créed,
 To win the privilége to wéar,
 Ón my own chin, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék
 Ánd still gránder Pinacothék
 Bég you 'll nó't one fáult discóver
 In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:
 And gréat Bavária, géant táll,
 Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,
 In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's pride,
 With the grim Lion át her side,
 Hólds the wréath of hónor fórt
 Tó rewárd the highest wórt.

In Cónstance Í 've seen Húss's céll,
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wéll,
Fór his cónscience ánd his lífe,
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knife.

In Drésden Í 've the híghly prízéd
Sístine Madónna criticized,
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trúe,
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,
Ánd the two líttle ímps belów
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,
With their duck's wíngs, and fóolish grín,
And élbows própping úp their chin.
The réason whý I só admíre
The Drésdenérs, if yóu ínquire,
It is not thát they 're óver cívil,
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,
Ór thát their hóuses dó not stínk
Like ány chárnel-váult or sínk;
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke
Óf their right róyal Bíbliothék,
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,
To úse as íf it wére my ówn,
And 'rével thére, the whóle dáy lóng,
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,
Till, tíred, I túrn for récréation
To Klémm, and tálk of Cívilisátion,*
Óft wóndering how sáusage-fúll
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8^{vo}. his Cultur-Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prágue I 've séen the Clémentinum,
 Laurénzibérg and Cárolinum,
 And Dálibórka's dónjon táll,
 And Ládisláus' gothic háll,
 Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,
 That high up in the Hrádschin 's húng,
 In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,
 That silent tóngue ~~was~~ quondám posséssor,
 Whó in the Móldau's midnight tide,
 Thé conféssional's mártyr, died.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have séen
 The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wien;
 With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so high,
 And Práter lów, and gáy Bastei,
 And Eisenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;
 And hád my tóe by á Fiácre
 Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh
 Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.
 So clóse and nárrow — whát a pítý! —
 The crówded stréets of thát great city,
 Such jóstling in them, crúshing, striving,
 Such cárting, whéelbarro'ing and driving,
 You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;
 But wíll-ye, n'íll-ye, in must póp
 Ínto pórté-cochère or shóp,
 In óne street's léngth ten times at léast,
 If yóu 'd not give work tó the priest
 And nótary and úndertáker,
 And lóng farewéll bid tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,
 Áll these cúrious things to téll,

Thére 's a thing more cúrious stíll,
 Which, if I cán describe, I wíll;
 Tóo many wórds mar sénse, 'tis sáid,
 So whát I méan 's a Gérman béd.
 A wóol-stuffed píncushión, I wéen,
 Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;
 Quadrángulár, wood ón each síde,
 And twice as lóng as it is wíde.
 Sét this píncushión ón four féet,
 And, ón its óne end, píllows néat
 Some hálf a dózen togéther píle —
 Náý, gentlest réader, dó not smíle;
 True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,
 But *síts*, and léans his wéary héad
 Báckwards agáinst such stéep inclíne
 As gíves exáctly éíghty níne
 For the ángle's méasure which his spíne
 Mákes with the hórízóntal líne.
 With his one shéet benéath him spréad
 Thus síts the Gérman in his béd,
 And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight
 Suppórts his *Féderdéckbet*'s wéíght,
 That léaves his féet and ánkles báre
 To shíver ín the míd-níght áír:
 Yet nót one wórd wíll hé compláin,
 Intó whose métaphýsic bráín,
 Of bláñket ór of cóunterpáne,
 With áll his tóíl and áll his swéat,
 No cléar *Begriff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súnq or ráther sáid,
 Agáinst the Glácís óf his béd
 The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,
 While on each side a préecipice
 Four féet down pérpenculár,
 Forbids one wéary jóint to stir
 Éither to léft side ór to right,
 Thróugh the whole livelong winter night;
 And thréatens évery déviátion
 From réctilíneal ré~~ct~~ínation
 Alóng the middle óf the crib,
 With bróken héad or bróken rib.
 Your Gérman, whó admirer wárm is
 Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dormis*"
 Ís the true réading, ánd your "*ibis*"
 The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,
 Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,
 Good fáther Sól had in his héad,
 Whén he admónished his rash són,
 Fidgetty, réstless Phæton,
 Right in the middle tó keep stráight,
 Íf he disliked a bróken páte.
 The góod advice did bút annóy
 The silly, sélf-concéited bóy,
 Who, tired of thé exáct stráight líne,
 Fidgeted to the side of thé inclíne,
 And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,
 Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,
 Wás by his wéeping sisters móurned
 Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd
 Thy stéps to Gérmany, a friend
 Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld
 Persúade thee, if he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thee, not óne poor páir
 Of blánkets, fróm the midnight áir
 Thy hips, sides, shóuldérs tó defénd;
 But bring with thee, so sáys thy friénd,
 Bédstead and bédдинг áll compléte,
 Six féet in léngth and wide five féet;
 So sháll the astónished *Kéllnerin*,
 Whén at daybréak shé brings thee in
 Thy cúp of cóffee, find thee wárm,
 And sáfe escáped all nightly hárm
 Of dámp or fróst or súdden fáll;
 And wónder hów it cómes at áll,
 There shóuld be in the wórld a rúg,
 So fléecy sóft, so cózy snúg,
 Yét of the vást, unhéard-of size,
 A mán to cóver ás he lies
 Strétched at full léngth, and háng down wide
 Belów the béd on éither side.

Réader, farewéll; and párdon mé,
 Some winter's night in Gérmány
 If scánty cóverlet, stéep high béd,
 And frózen tóes or bróken héad
 Máke thee remémber whát I 've sáid.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHÉ
 in the PUSTERHAL, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN
HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO
INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh washed, and cravat néat,
And worsted socks upon my féet,
And shoes half worn and newly sóled,
And double póckets lined with góld,
And ón my héad brown Wide-awáke
Cocked on one side for fáshion's sáke,
And gráy Alpácha light and wárm
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,
And sílk umbrélla in my hánd,
Behóld me in a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,
Bring rúmbling with them, if they pléase,
Valise and trúnk and équipáge,
Ánd, at Boulógne, courier engáge,
To sit upón coach-bóx in státe,
And fór Milórd inside transláte;
Or, fóward sént, annóunce the appróach
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy
Ín the impátient tráveller's wáy
Pást every óbject wóorth the viéw
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:
But Í proféss anóther créed,
And different fár my ráte of spéed,
And féw and smáll the hélpes I néed;

Trunk, bók, or équipáge, I 've nóne;
 And ás for cóurier — 'I 'm my ówn:
 And yét I gó not áll alóne,
 For át my side is álwáys óne
 Whose swéet compánionship more swéet
 Makes évery óbject which I méet;
 More sóft the áir, the ský more blúe,
 Each field and flówer more bright of húa,
 The mórn more frésh, less gráve the éven;
 And whére she bréathes there is my héaven.

An hóur befóre the mátin chime,
 I héar a vóice:— "To rise it 's time;"
 And thén I féel a dáughter's kiss —
 "The mórning hóur we múst not miss;
 No móre of sléep; the ský is bright;
 We 've twéntry míles to máke ere night;
 Make háste, Papá." And thén she brings
 Those ítems which the séx call things,
 And mén their clóthes; cravat and vést,
 Coat, shirt and stóckings — ánd the rést;
 And whíle, with éver ánd anón
 Her hélping hánd, I pút them ón,
 Remínds me hów the mínutes páss,
 And mákes brief tóilette át the gláss.
 Dréssing áchieved, we húrry dówn
 Tó the *Gast-Stúbe*; múddy brówn
 Whose náked tábles, wálls and flóor,
 Cúshionless séats and óft-turned dóor;
 Our cóffee in all háste despátch,
 Dischárge our réckoning, ráise the láтч,
 And, whíle aróund the whole hóusehold cry
 '*Glückliche Réise*,' bid good býe,
 And óut upón our róad agáin,

Alóng the v́alley, 'cróss the pláin,
Through village, hámlet, city, tówn,
Now úp the móuntain ánd then dówn.

Nów by the side of rippling láke,
Língering, slów, our wáy we táke;
And wáitch with éver nów delight
The fréaks of thé reflécted light;
Hów from wáve to wáve it glánces,
Hów it shivers, hów it dánces;
Hére spread óut so wárm and méllow
Únder some sóft cloud's mórning yéllow,
There wríngling bláck benéath the frówn
Of yón o'erhánging móuntain brówn.

Nów our wáy leads thróugh the sháde
By sýcamóre and wálnut máde;
Whére the béech spreads óverhéad,
Ánd the rówan bérries réd
Droop gráceful fróm their sléndér stálk:
Pléasant indéed it is to wálk
Únder this éver-várying scréen,
This twinkling cánopy of gréen,
And wáitch the tímíd squírrél spríng,
And héar the shý wóod thróstle síng;
Or péering dówn some dí-m-lit áisle
Of pláne or póplar, sée defile
Óut of the thicket ánd the sháde
Ínto the sún-illúmined gláde
The réd deer's státely cávalcáde;
Like tráín of mónks from thé dark dóor
Of sácrísty or clóister hóar,
Forth íssuing íntó the bríght,
Illúmináted cháncel's líght.

And nów with lightsome fóotstep frée,
We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa
With euphrasy and dáisy píed,
Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,
Whére a thóusand nibbling shéep
Súch a tinkle tinkle kéep;
And sée the shépherd ón a róck
Séated ténd his wóolly flóck;
Róund his néck his whistle 's húng,
'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;
Émblem and éngine óf commánd,
His séven-foot cróok 's in his right hánd;
In váin, bold ráin, that thréatening lóok,
Thine hínclég 's in the mérciless cróok;
Submít, proud ráin; thy strúggles váin
Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.
And nów, "whee! whée!" his whistle shrill
Commánds his dóg down fróm the hilla
To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bíte,
The stúrdy wédder, thát in spíte
Of shówers of cláy from thé crook's scóop
Has dáred to strággles fróm the tróop.

A róougher scéne salútes us nów;
Lean óver yónder róck's steep brów;
Héar what an úproar réigns belów;
Sée how the héadlong tórrént rúshes,
Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,
Hów from róck to róck it túmbles,
Héar how the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—
"Take cáre my child, come fást awáy,
Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."
"Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;
Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and hiss,
 Ás they plúnge into the abyíss,
 Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,
 Ánd with dúmpness filled the áir,
 See yónder whát a lóvely Bów
 Spáns the áwful chásm belów,
 Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,
 Ánd the violet's ténderer hùe;
 Bridge búilt for thé new-wéddeð bride
 Óf some fáiry kíng to ríde,
 Bý her róyal cónsort's síde,
 Ón her práncíng pálfrey píed,
 Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,
 -Tó the cástle néver séen
 Bý presúmtuous mórtal eýe,
 Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,
 Ánd from báttlemént and tówer
 The phántom wátch have cálléð the hóur:
 Then súdden ón the astóníshed síght
 Búrst the cástle blázing bríght
 With a thóusand tápers' líght;
 Ánd on the éar peals fróm wíthín
 The Mándolín's ríght mérry dínn,
 And sóng and dádce and révelry
 Lást till the phántom wátch cry — THRÉE;
 Whén in a tríce the líghts are out,
 Húshed in a tríce sóng, dádce and shóut,
 Ánd the enchánted cástle 's góne,
 Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,
 To márk the síte it stóod upón:
 Till at the sáme hóur thé next níght,
 With its thóusand tápers bríght,
 It búrst agáin upón the síght;
 And sóng, and dádce and jóllitý

Agáin last till the wáitch cry — THRÉE;
When áll at ónce from mórtal kén
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;
And the éarly trávellér thróugh the wóod
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The midday sún has scáled the ský;
Our páth leads úp a móuntain high;
Grádual at fírst, then stéep and shéer;
How dwindled dówn to mice appéar
The shéep, that ón yon hills belów
Grázing we léft two hóurs agó!
Our fórest friends have óne by óne
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:
Soft Willow fírst begán to wáil
And wéep that shé had léft the vále;
Then Póplar tired, and céased to clímb,
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther time,
But nów would ráther stáy with Líme:
Next stúrdy Oák stopped fár belów,
And Wálnut cóuld no fúrther gó,
And Cýpress shívered with the cóld,
And Chésnut wás too stíff and óld,
And sáid that úp the stéep inclíne
We néeded bút stout hárdy Pine
For cómpaný; for hé was lóng
Inúred to dwéll those héights amóng,
And wóuld néither tíre nor stóp
But kéeep close bý us tó the tóp.
Sweet wórds of cómfort, Chésnut blánd,
And fálse as swéet, thou hast still at hánd;
Móre than a góod half hóur agó
Stout Pine grew tired, and stáid belów,
Gásping for bréath: and sáid that hé

Was lóth to párt good cópany,
 But cóuld not béar an áltítúde
 Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.
 Só, while thou tóil'st up life's steep hill,
 Thou 'rt léaving friends behind thee stíll;
 And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,
 And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;
 And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,
 That tó thy yóuth gave cópany:
 And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,
 Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,
 Unléss, for mútual shíeld from hárm,
 Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,
 Or sóme dear síster wáiks beside,
 Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bríde
 In háppy fétters; ór a míld
 And dútiful dáughter, líke my chíld,
 Mý befoved Kátharine, hóvers néar,
 Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,
 Úp to the hígh móuntains, úp with mé;
 Belów thee léave the shéltéred glén,
 Dótted with the abódes of mén;
 Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;
 Fár belów ín the dístance díim,
 Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,
 With híis dúnn óxen ánd híis lóad
 Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;
 Fár belów leave the lást green spót
 Ánd the híghest *Sénner's* lónely cót;
 Ánd with unwéaríed límb and bréath
 Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brówn héath,
 Whose mátted fíbres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,
 Clóthes with a déeper quággier móld
 The móuntain grável wét and cóld.
 Springing from túft to túft acróss,
 Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,
 Ánd with no jót of vígour léss
 Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss
 From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,
 Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów
 Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,
 And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,
 The finer débris sánd and cláy,
 Léaving the grósser stónes behind
 Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wind,
 Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórned,
 And grádual dówn the sáme path bórne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy sight?
 "Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and right;
 Befóre, behind, stones, ónly stónes,
 Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes
 Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor."
 Look úp abóve thee; whát see'st móre?
 "The gáunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,
 By mány a tórrent rávined déep,
 Each rávine énding in a stéep
 Déлта of grável, fróm the crówn
 Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn
 Bróught by the wátters, ánd outspréad
 To bé their wáste and rúgged béd."
 Still higher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?
 "Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów
 I sée the éverlásting snów,
 Like the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin laid,
 Or outstretched on the funeral bed;
 Light on the déadcap résts the shród,
 And light upón the snów the clóud,
 Whose thick impénetráble háze
 Shields the highest pinnacles fróm the gáze,
 Ánd, by no ráy of sún pierced thróugh,
 Shuts in all róund the úpward view."

A móuntain circus cápped with snów,
 Dark mists abóve, grey stónes belów,
 No living thing, no spéck of gréen,
 No print to márk where life has béen,
 The déathlike silence ónly bróke
 Bý the torrent's róar or fálling rók —
 Háste, thou that life hast, háste awáy;
 Great Náture súffers nóth thy stáy
 In thése her óutskirts; in the wáste
 And hórrible wilderness shé has pláced
 Ón her extrémest fróntier's édge,
 Ón her vast glóbe's most prómínent lédge.
 Stárk desolátion if there 's hére,
 What is there quite beyónd the sphére?

Tó the vast glácier lét us nów
 Descénd alóng this slóping brów;
 With stéady fóotstep, súde and slów,
 Dównward in broad zigzags gó;
 Ínto the grável press hárd thy héel,
 Thy tóe the gróund must scárcely féel:
 And nów upón thine *Álpenstóck*
 Thrów thy whole wéight, and tó yon rók,
 As *Gémser-Jäger* féarlessly,
 Acróss the wíde chasm spring with mé.

Well dóné — Is 't nót a glórious sight
Th' untródden glácier's dázzing white,
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?
Look dówn this fissure, twó feet wide
And fifty déep; on éither side
Light pierces fár into the máss
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,
That fílls the móuntain rávine wide,
From tóp to bóttom, side to side;
Benéath dissólving grádually
And éver dráining tóward the séa;
Abóve repláced continually
By snówslips fróm the súmmits high,
And ón its súrface, tóward the vále,
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns
Of fálled-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,
Fánning us with the rich perfúme
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.
Cast róund thine éyes; on évery side,
Through áll the rólling chámplain wide,
Éxtend in mány a párallel líne
The póllard próppings óf the vine;
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,
That ópen láys the héart of mán,
Tó his bróther's éyes to scán,

And láic, clérgey, subjects, kíngs,
To óne and thé same lével brings;
That chéers the sick-bed ánd inspires
The póet's ánd the lóver's fires,
And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,
Round life's exháusted pilgrim thróws.
Let Céres bóast her gólden sheáves,
And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,
Let Pállas kéeep her ólive wánd,
The mýrtle still grace Vénus' hánd,
And Mórpheus róund affliction's béd
Still wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,
Déarer to mé than flówer or sheáf,
Or ólive bráñch or mýrtle léaf,
Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,
Déarer to mé and móre dívine
One téndril, BÁCchus, óf thy víne,
One spárkle óf a cúp of víne.

Abóve, the víne festóons float frée;
Belów, wide-spréading líke a séa,
Waves stáately ó'er the gólden pláin
The Kúkuritz' sun-lóving gráin,
Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,
Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót
Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,
And Millet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bids ús make háste,
And nót our précíous mínutes wáste
In tóo contéplative a gáze
On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,
Whén on níght quárters wé shóuld thínk,
And sómething gét to éat and drínk;

And hints that though his sister Di
May dó for lovers to swear bý,
She 's nót to bé depended ón
By twó who, bý themselves alóne,
Trável on fóot a lánd unknoẃn.
With Sóil I 'll nót the póint dispúte,
For Sóil 's not éasy to confúte,
And Í myself shrewdlý inclíne
To súpper ánd a pínt of wine,
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd
With thrée down píllows át the héad
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,
Thére to repóse my weáry bónes
And léave hills, válleys, rócks and stónes,
Vines, búckwheat, mílet, Túrkish córn,
To shíver in the cóld till mórn:
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,
Or típped the úpland pínes with réd,
We rise refréshed and óut agáin
'Cross móuntain, válley, híll and pláin,
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;
Léaving to óthers éase and weáld,
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héald,
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir
Of éxercíse and ópen áir;
Ánd, with discóurse varíous and frée
On áll the nóvelties we sée,
Bréaching the thíck walls óf the céll
Whére our blind ígnorance lóves to dwéll,
With her íll-fávored children thrée,
Pride, préjudíce and bigotrý,
And létting in warm ráys of líght
To illúmináte our méntal níght.

SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin bróthers in old times there wére,
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;
And thús, once in the mórning réd,
Togéther ás they láy in béd,
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,
Bút from each óther wé must párt;
Two ópposites cannót agrée,
And thóu 'rt as ópposite to mé
As wét to dry, as hót to cöld,
As high to lów, as yóung to óld:
So táke which wáy thou likest bést,
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,
And cálcúláte our lóss or gáin.”
Agréed: they kiss, shake hánds, and gó,
At first with thóughtful stép and slów,
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,
Wéstward the óther dówn the rill
That túrned the óld, patérnal mill;
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd
In múte farewéll a móment still —
And nów betwéen them lies the híll,
And éach, his childhood's hélpmate góne,
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld
These bróthers, ás the stóry 's tóld,

Hád the mill ancéstral sóld,
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,
Fifty dúcats in his púrse
Each bróther hád upón the dáy
He sét out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,
Spare tóok his púrse, and tied it tight
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it in
Betwéen his waístband ánd his skín;
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy
A quárter gróat for bréad and béer,
And fire his évening héarth to chéer.
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,
Anóther quárter páid his scót,
And Spáre that évening át his fire
Was háppy tó his héart's desire,
Ánd, as he láy down in his béd,
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—
“The fifty dúcats yéllow góld,
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,
May wéll with góod ecónomý
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,
And still three quárters bý did láy,
Augménting still his wéll saved stóre,
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,
He 'd sháre his fire and évening chéer
With sóme dear friend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pipe and crack his jóke
 Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;
 Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at light,
 And lábor till retúrning night,
 And think, as hé tied up his púrse,
 How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantime Spénd éarned his dáily gróat,
 And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nó? —
 With fifty dúcats in his púrse
 Why' shóuld Spénd his éarnings núrse?
 Abstáin from innocent récréation
 And práctise sélf-mortification?
 Whó but a miser wóuld take pléasure
 In héaping up a úseless tréasure?
 Besides to spénd, some wise men sáy,
 Ís, to be gréat, the shórttest wáy,
 And Cáto, cáreful óf his pénce,
 Múst to the vást munificénce
 Of glórious César yield the dáy,
 Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy
 For pitting ágainst mighty '*Dándo*'*
 Ánd still mightier '*Súblevándó*',
 Ánd magnétic '*Ígnoscéndó*',
 His stingy '*Níhil lárgiéndó*'.
 "And só to máke the wórld my friend
 I 'll úse my cásh," thought máster Spénd,
 "And thús at ónce two óbjects gáin.
 Pléasure and prófit bóth attain;
 And, ás philósophers récomménd,
 The *útilé* and *dúlce* blénd."

* "Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus." SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, fréé, and gáiy,
 And tó no bórrówér said náy,
 And thóught no mán did éver wórse
 Than tie a tight string róund his púrse,
 And whén at níght he wént to béd
 Self-grátuláting thús he sáid:—
 “I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,
 And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,
 Or sómething móre, I dó not féar
 Bút that I sháll withín the yéar
 Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,
 Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;
 Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:
 In ráptures éach to séc the óther:—
 “Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”
 Éach has a thóusand things to sáy,
 To éach it is his háppiest dáy:
 Éach will the óther tréat to wíne
 And dínnér át the Gólden Víne;
 Bóth order dínnér, bóth will páy:—
 “Nay”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yés”—“Náy”—
 The wórld ne'er sáw a mérríer páir
 Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;
 Good dínnér, wíne, a déar loved bróther;
 Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,
 Tóld how the whóle yéar hé had fáred,
 This, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;
 And éach grown rích a dífferent wáy:—
 “And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,
 Withóut one dúcat in thy púrse,
 Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”
 “Góld is but trásh while in púrse pént;

It gáins its wóρθ by béing spént;
And mine 's spent fór the bést of énds,
To win me pléasure, pówer, and friends:
With rich, with póor, with high, with lów
I 'm wélcome whéresoé'er I gó;
On évery side I ám caréssed;
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;
I méet no mán but is my friend,
Réady to give me, ór to lénd — ”
“Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd.”

The lándlord 's cálléd; makes óut the bill;
Spend dóubts not bút he kindly will
Óver till néxt week lét it lie;
Fór he had béen unlúckilý
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd
His lást pair dúcats tó a friend,
Who had prómised páyment thát day wéek,
Ánd by no chánce his wórd would bréak.
“Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wilt and múst;
Thóu 'rt the first mán I 've ásked for trúst,
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes in —
Dámn it! he lóoks as bláck as sín.
Spare, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;
So múch for á few dáys I 'll ówe
Tó my dear bróther. Whý, thou art slów!”
“And whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,
A chókeful púrse our bill to páy,
Bút that I' m álwáys slów to spénd,
Lóth to give, more lóth to lénd?
Áh! if thou wóuldst but léarn from mé,
What háppy bróthers wé might bé,
While éach his sávings wéll did núrse,
And nóurish in a clóse-watched púrse!”

He said, and under his waistband
 Felt for his purse; first with one hand,
 And, missing it, then with the other,
 And felt and groped; then at his brother
 Full in the face stared, and turned pale
 As candle hanging from a nail,
 Or nun just drawing on the veil,
 Or school-girl, who first time the tale
 Drinks in of hapless Léonore,
 And thinks she hears knock at the door
 That steel-cased warrior grim and gray,
 Who is, before the dawn of day,
 Behind him on his steed away
 To bear her with him, all alone,
 Full gallop over stock and stone
 Into his spectral realms unknown:—
 “They ’ve cut my purse, the thieves!” he sobbed,
 “And of my earnings I am robbed,
 My hard, hard earnings for the year,
 Beside the fifty ducats clear,
 For which my half the mill I sold,
 In all a hundred ducats gold —
 Purse, earnings, capital, in one swoop!
 Ah, faithless waistband, knot, and loop!”

Spend laughed, and rose up from his chair,
 And kindly pressed the hand of Spáre:—
 “Our cases are alike, dear brother,
 And one ’s no wiser than the other.
 Each took to wealth a different way,
 And each has failed. Some future day
 We ’ll meet upon this spot again,
 To count, perhaps, not loss, but gain.
 “May it be so!” said Spáre, and sighed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —
And púshed both óut into the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;
ned between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,
v. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter gleichen
Wolkenlosen Himmelreichen;
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,
Fühle ich der Behmuth Nähe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,
Düster wird der Himmelsbogen;
Thránen bald den Blick umhüllen,
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

H. Carneri.

BLANK LEAVES.

GESTED BY THE “UNDESCHRIEB’NE BLAETTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O’er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský
Roams únrefréshed the pilgrim’s éye;
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.
Cóme, rainbow elóuds, come báek ágáin,
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.

So ó'er my páper's spótless white
Roams únrefréshed my áching sight,
Till with her fúll pen Phántasy
Cómes, and fills the blánk for mé
With misty visions, hópes and féars,
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6, 1852.

Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,
Setz dich auf meinen Schoos.
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,
Daß wie deines, junger Knabe,
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;
Doch in Abendstunden denke
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheu nicht das müde Alter,
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

So war es einst.

Sobald es getagt,
Stürmte die Jagd
Bei Hörnerklang
Und Jubelgesang
Den Strom entlang;
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald
Hinstieß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.
So war es einst!
Haßt Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebenswart
War gesund und stark;
Das freie Feld
Unterm Himmelzelt
War meine Welt;
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübsinn nicht
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.
So war es einst!
Haßt Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinst.

Bin krank und matt,
Wie lebensfatt,
Und gehen muß
Ich den Abschiedsgruß
Dem gewohnten Genuß;
Gehemmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,
Ruß betteln um jeden Athemzug.
So war es einst?
Haßt Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

B. Carneri.

A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;
Náy, thou canst nót sit still for glée;
Then gó, my child, I sèt thee frée:
Ónce on a time I wás like thée,
And skípped and láughed and frólicked só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sit by mé;
And téll me trúly whó was shé
That árm in árm so lóvingly
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.
Náy, if thou blúshesh, téll not mé;
Ónce on a time I tóo blushed só,
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Widower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sigh;
Think no móre of the dáy's gone bý
And bónes that in the cóld earth lie.
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,
Í 'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!
There wás a time my téars flowed só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless father, weep no more;
Death 's but, to repose, the door;
Thy children are but gone before;
Over that urn no longer pore.
Nay, from it if thou wilt not sever,
I 'll not bid thee; never! never!
I to my children's urn clung só;
Ah! it is long, long long ago.

Come back, sweet child, sit on my knee;
Hold up thy head, and look at me;
If but thy life 's spared, thou shalt be,
In all things, such as thou see'st me,
And to some sweet child on thy knee
Shalt talk as now I talk to thee,
And say thou didst the old man know,
With head like thine as white as snow,
And back bent quite into a bow,
And toothless gums, and dripping nose,
And shanks too small for his wide hose,
And joints swelled with rheumatic pains,
And blotched hands ribbed with large black veins,
And, if thou wert not stiff, thou 'dst go
And his grave in the churchyard shew,
Where in thy youth they laid him low,
Ah! it was long, long long ago.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1832.

THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”
“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;
Sometimes hót, sometimes cóld, not two mínutes the sáme;
In the wórld there ’s no rést for this sénsitive fráme.
Ah! how háppy ’s my friend that the difference knows nó
Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,
To whóm ice and fire differ ónly in náme,
And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”
“Do téll me but hów to relieve thy sad cáse;
Let me think — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce ·
Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one níght —”
“That indéed is true friendship” — “There — nów we ’re all rigt

From the Sóuth-west that night came the wild hurricáne
With thúnder and líghtning and tórrents of ráin;
Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the night thróugh —
Such a sléep such a night was to him something néw —
And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,
His respécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy
With “My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel’st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,
By páinter poétic may nó be expéssed;
Such a gróan in this wide world has néver been héard
Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,
And cried:— “O Enéas, the city ’s on fire;
Awáke, save thysel’f and thy Góds and thy síre.”
Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replíed:—

"Than have pássed such a night, better fár to have died.
 Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored sire Fahrenhéit,
 That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a night,
 Thou 'dst have dáshed him to pieces the dáy of his birth,
 And scáattered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.
 Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!
 What a thrill, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!
 Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,
 And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,
 Who, when dánger appróaches, can dráw himself quíte
 Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and right;
 But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew ín,
 Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the dín,
 The stórm only fiercer shook céiling and wáll,
 And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.
 So, Barómeter déar, let us quick change agáin;
 Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, lightning and ráin,
 And *I* will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,
 And live for the fúture contént with my lót."

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:
 Only léss seem thy néighbour's, becaúse they 're unknow'n.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and
 back, Nov. 7. 1852.

"Put no trúst in this wórld," wise men téll you and sigh;
 "It 's a hóllo w delúsiún, a chéat to the éye,
 Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —"
 What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNEI

“Seh't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n,” — so sagen die Weisen und feufz:
“Hohle Täufchung nur ift fie, ein Trug für das Aug',
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”
's ift kein Wunder; die Welt ift ja erfchaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

Man looks úp to the ský, and fees plainly the sún
From the Éast to the Wést his immense journey rún:
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and fees plainly it 's s
He féels it — it 's stéady, dený it who will.

Upón his own inward self mán casts his view,
And distinctly a will sees to dó or not dó,
Distinctly a will feels unféttered and frée;
Dený it who will, a free ágent is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNEI

Himmelwärts blíck't der Mênfch und fieht wahrhaftig die Sonne
Gehen von Oft nach Wést den unermeflichen Gang;
Blíckend zur Erbe, gewahrt er diefe vollkommen in Ruhe,
Fühlt's, daß fie ftillé fieht — mag es verneinen wer will!
Und in fein Inn'reß hinab verfenkend die Blícké, ganz deutlich
Eine Willenskraft fieht er zum Laffen und Thun;
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — felbstthätig handelt der M

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.

UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólld;
In the fúture's long vista what sées my sad eýe?
Nothing súra, nothing cértain, but thát all must die:
While with visions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tired steps decóys,
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wisdom, and wéalth;
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath
To a bright world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver
We shall live reunited, to párt again néver.
For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

CERTAINTY.

Let Uncértainty flátter the tímíd and wéak,
And lure the wretch ónward until his heart bréak;
I háte the decéiver and áll she can give,
And áwáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to live.
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súra to perfórm,
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thee storm means stórm.
Thou art cándíd and téllest me whére thou hast béen,
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;
Thou art hónest and déál'st not in púff or grimáce,
And hidest no fálsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou see'st me away from the multitude turn,
To weep in despair by the cypress and urn,
Thou com'st and with strong arm away from my side
Pushes ignorance, selfishness, folly and pride;
And askest me, if I could, would I the rest
Everlasting disturb of the friends I love best,
And not rather prefer by their side to be laid,
In the broad weeping willow and cypress shade,
Sure and certain that never while time lasts, shall pain,
Trouble, sickness or sorrow, come near us again.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

I know not whether it be strength or weakness,
But oft, toward evening, when all round is still,
And when that day my mind has not been stirred
By any of the unholy gusts of passion,
I feel myself in the immediate presence
Of something awful, yet most fair and lovely,
And very dear, that, without sign, or action,
Or speech, communicating freely with me,
Infuses a sweet peace into my soul,
And fills it with a sentiment of joy
And happiness, that lasts till, from without,
Some sound alarms me, and I start, and find
The picture of my dead Love in my hand:
And they that have to do with me, those evenings,
Observe, for some hours after, in my face,
And voice, and manner, an angelic air
Of sweet content, and placid resignation.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

n that dárk, dismal night, which you áll may remémber,
 etwéen the eightéenth and ninetéenth of Novémber,
 s, the lights all put óut and her órisons sáid,
 ur lády the Quéen lay asléep in her béd,
 e árm round Prince Álbert, one únder her héad,
 háppened — “What háppened?” Nay, dón’t interrúpt —
 stóry ’s worth nóthing that ’s tóld too abrípt —
 e clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck “Twó!”
 id the clóck on the mántle-piece swórn it was trúe,
 hen the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad
 súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,
 id from únder Prince Álbert the óther arm dréw,
 ho, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw
 the grím, grisly ghóst that on púrpose that night
 ose up óut of the gráve our loved Quéen to affright.
 blue light in his hánd he threw ópen the dóor,
 id, with a field-márshal’s step cróssing the flóor,
 alked up stráight to the bédside, and:— “Mádam,” he cried,
 Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head híde
 nder blánket or quilt: you have séen me befóre,
 have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.
 xt time that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,
 a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,
 id Éngland ’s left mínus the bést of her sóns
 : the móment her néighbours are lóading their gúns,
 ’s áll the same whéther by fit epiléptic,
 ’ cáannon he ’s mówed down, or stróke apopléctic,
 remémber he ’s nót like a child to be tréated,
 nd with flipflap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,
 ith gilding, and gingerbread-núts, and paláver,
 nd móuths running óver with twáttle and sláver;

He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,
And máke living pride on dead róttleness wáit,
Then dó it in éarrest, and nót in a shám,
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal **Madáme.**”

“I protést I was quíte unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,
To receive from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúke;
But my cónsience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy
From his bést Durham’s cálving I máde stay awáy,
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów
Looked mysélf from the windóws of Búckingham Rów;
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my eýe
The téar that stood glittering there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wíen,
Mephistópheles’ picture perháps thou hast séen,
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wíre,
From ánkle and shóestring leaps fórth the blue fire;
Such fire from the Dúke’s eyes shot livid and blúe,
As with vóice that the Quéén’s bones and márrów thrille
through:—

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu
I wón, on the éighteenth of Júné, Waterlóo!
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber
The éighteenth of Júné and eightéenth of Novémber.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the light,
And léft the Queen lýing there in the dark night.
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,
And no stír to be héard but her ówn Alby’s bréath,
The Quéén twenty times in the cóurse of that night

Thought the Duke was still stánding there with his blue light,
 Twenty times quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,
 And twéntry times, Áve María! had sáid,
 Had it nó't been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry
 And Bishop of Glóster might dó in their fúry,
 When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch
 Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.
 So she láy still as might be untíl the daylight,
 Whén she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.
 He yáwned, and half sléeping said, ánd awake hálf:—
 "Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is 't a fine cálf?"

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE "SONNENAUFANG" OF B. CARNERI.

'Tis the móment of súnrise the bríght and the gáy,
 All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,
 Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dámp night awáy;
 The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunces her sóng,
 And prátling and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý?
 His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his eyé?
 With the night he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;
 The mórning to him 's come a céntury too sóon —
 Set, sét, hateful sún, and rise quick, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.

“A Busserl a-n a-g'schreckt's,
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —
Non! wann 's Läut'n vabei is,
Aft busselt 's as aus!”

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid
Sat únder the sháde
Of a wide spreading béech;
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,
And had lóng, flowing háir,
And an innocent héart,
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímíd and shý,
And, withóut knowing whý,
Would trémble and sigh
When the óther came nigh.

Had it nót been their glánce
Was downcást and askánce,
You 'd have thóught them no óther
Than sister and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,
In the wárm summer wéather,
Undernéath the deep sháde,
By that spréading beech máde.

How lónġ they sat só,
I don't cértainly knów;
But, withóut knowing why,
They grew léss and less shy,
And drew móre and more nigh,
Till, by sóme chance or slip,
They tóuched lip to lip.

Surprised and amázed,
At each óther they gázed,
And half pléased, half afraid,
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

“And if thát be a kiss,
'T wouldn't bé much amíss,
If we tried it agáin;
Doesn't give any páin.”

So they léaned their mouths óver
Till you cóuldn't discóver,
Betwéen the two fáces,
The bréadth of two áces.

But they hádn't touched quíte,
When, in súdden affright,
Both sprang báck with a stárt,
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund
You have séen from the ground
Or the side of a wáll
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;
For they 've héard through the áir
The bóom of the béll
All good Christians know wéll,

And "Háil Mary!" súnġ
By the gréat iron tóngue,
Warns to túrn thought and eýe
From the éarth to the ský.

As two sóldiers at drill
Ground their árms and stand still,
At the wórd of commánd;
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;
When, quick túrning abóut,
Says the máid to the yóuth
In all swéetness and trúth: —

"It was néver a crime
To make úp for lost tíme,
And a kiss away frightened
Isn't hárd to be righted."

So they túrned each to éach,
In the sháde of that béech,
And finished their kiss
Without ill luck or míss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

HALF AND HALF.

"Why are ángels so háppy?" said óne of the léast
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.
'They are púre, perfect spirit, my prómising bóy;
Of púre, perfect spirit perpétual the jóy."

"But béasts are all bódy, yet théy 're happy tóo;
Calves, kittens and lámbs, all decláre I speak trúe."
"Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they 're háppy and gáy,
Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they spórt all the dáy."

"But í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,
Though í am both bódy and spirit you sáy,
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast
As bódlless ángel, or spiritless béast."

"You don't wórk the sum right," with a smíle said the priest;
"To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast
You must bé both all bódy and áll spirit tóo:
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won't dó."

"One hálf of me 's spirit — yes, nów I am right —
And entitled to óne half the ángel's delight;
And one hálf of me 's bódy, and shóuld have at léast
One hálf the delight of the périshing béast:

"Two hálves make one wóhle up; and só — let me sée —
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I shóuld bé;
And yét I 'm unháppy, and crý half the dáy:
What 's the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy."

“Before you ’re as háppy as ángel or béast,
You must áll spirit bé, or all bódy at léast;
All spírit ’s the ángel, all bódy the cálf;
But yóu ’re one half spírit, and bódy one hálf.”

“Ah, why did God gíve me, unfórtunate bóy!
A béing he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?
Ah, why did he só mix me úp half and hálf,
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?”

“’Twere a fine story thát,” said the priest to the bóy,
“To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or béast;
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the priest.

“I ’ll téach you — your hánd out — one, twó, three and fóur —
Begóne now, and dróp down behind the school dóor
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,
And práy to that Gód who so góod is to áll,

“To dríve Satan’s whisperings óut of your héad,
And fill you with píous and góod thoughts instéad;
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;
You ’re well óff if you gét any dínnér todáy.”

The bóy went and drópped down behind the school dóor
On his báre knees, and práyed as he ’d óft prayed befóre :
“Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,
Some óne thing or óther, and nó half and hálf.”

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

Earth's mightiest Queen throned sits in high hall of státe,
To salute her, come crowsing, the rich and the gréat,
Her lóreds and her ládies on éither side stánd,
Peers, bishops, and cómons, the élite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,
Till you 'd sáy that for cópany thére was no móre
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant recepción; look néar or look fár,
The diamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;
Feathers wáve, satins rútle, and beauty and gráce
Condescédingly smíle on red cóats and gold láce.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen; —
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit
In the midst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; —
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,
No cáriage, no hórses, no fóotmen, she stánds
In the hóoting crow's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"

“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,
And three ládies to hólđ up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,
Let a white veil envélop her shóuldern and héad,
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéén's commands béars:—
“Clear the wáy, clear the wáy there, on lóbbý and stáirs
For the gréat foreign Princess, arráyed all in white.”
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,
A white róse in her léft hand, white lily in right,
Walks up stráight to the Quéén that veiled lády unknown,
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne: —

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé
Shall my fáther's child súe upon lów bended knée,
Rise úp, throw your véil báck, and lét all here sée
How I lóve my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéén” — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad:—
“Fear nóť, mighty Quéén, I am cóme here tonight,
To cláim with an ill-timed pétition my right;

“Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;
The wórld has decíded betwéen me and yóu;
With mé it has vówed 'twill have nóthing to dó,
And for Quéén with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.

"Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;
And remémber that 's gránted twice thát 's granted sóon: —"
"I plédge you my róyal troth, sister, befóre
All these lórd's and these ládie's; what néed I say móre?"

"Send fórth, then, your hérauld's, and lét them procláim
That to évery thing hénceforth be given its own náme,
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mad.

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;
And cówered, and shrank báck before Trúth's steadfast lóok,
And wished in the gáp'ing earth súnk were that háll,
Hersélf and her síster; lord's, ládie's and áll.

"A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?
What mákes our loved lády and mistress so pále?"
"Help! hélp!" is the cry; "Queen Truth 's sick unto déath;
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

"And whó 's this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,
With the Quéén's own white lily, and Quéén's own white róse?
Hah! Háh! it's that vágabond Fálsehood that hére
In Truth's ówn royal háll 's not ashámed to appéar.

"Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck;
We 'll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar."

So they féll upon Trúth there, lord's, ládie's, and áll;
And kicked her, and cúffed her abóut the great háll;
Under fóot trod her émbles, her dréss and hair tóre,
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog halló;
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death,
And: — "I thank you, my lords and my ladies," she cried,
"For this proof that I've not without reason relied

On your loyal attachment to me and my throne;
And that at your hearts you've Truth's interests alone.
My unfortunate sister — But no, I'll not shame
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name.

"Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight."
And now cry, "Long live Truth, and long may she reign."
And they cried, "Long live Truth", till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

Past twelve at night; upón my béd
 I láy once móre my nightcapped héad,
 Stretch óut my lázy limbs to rést,
 And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.
 The lights are óut; no búsy féet
 Distúrb the silence óf the stréet;
 Éven the late kitchenmáid to scóur
 Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.
 Ín the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóne
 Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —
 "And why don't yóu sleep, Sír, I práy?
 Háve you dozed bý the fire all dáy?
 Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?
 Or áre you máking póctry?
 Or is your cónscience sin-oppréssed,
 Thát you can't like your néighbours rést?"
 Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;
 But óne thing 's súde, two hóurs or móre
 Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,
 Now lýing alóng, and nów acróss,
 And nów diágonal, fór my héad
 Séeking a cóol place — áll in váin —
 Lívely and áctive is my bráin,
 And, will-I nill-I, stáys awáke —
 What cán I bétter dó than táke
 A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?
 'Twill hélp to while awáy the tíme.
 The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —
 My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.
 It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;
 Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole world though Býron quárelled,
He still kept friends with déar Childe Hárold;
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dull
When ón the pivot óf his skúll
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,
And bráys his bráy out, lóud and cléar.
Wórtly exámplés! thé rewárd
Tétempting they hóld out tó the bárd
To fóllow in the brilliant wáke,
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn
Náked and húngry Í was bórn,
Agáinst my will dragged óut of night,
And fórced into the nóise and light.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,
And rúbbed my éyes, and strétched and gróaned,
And shrúnk and shívered fróm the cóld
Ére I was yét one mínute óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd
Éager to póunce upón their préy,
And plágue and pinch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—
“Sée what a gréasy, dirty híde;
Gállons of wáter ón him dásh —
Anóther júg here — splásh — splash — splash.”

“Well dóne! well dóne!” the óther sáid;
“Now rúb him till he ’s ráw and réd,
Thóu with a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,
While Í with stiff pig’s bristles scrúb.”

"Don't kill him outright," said a third;
It 's mý turn nów;" and, with the wórd,
Came úp behind me bý surprise,
And slipped over my héad and eýes

A bág at bóth ends ópen wide,
And tight the úpper ópening tied
About my thróat, and láughed to sée
It réached scarce hálf way tó the knée.

"The ménding óf that fáult," with glée
Giggled anóther, "léave to mé.
Hére I 've got sómething like a Ý
Turned tópsy túrvy; cóme, Sir, trý:

Your right leg first — there — púsh it thróugh;
Your léft leg nów; yes, thát will dó.
Now stánd up stráight, till yóu are bráced
Óver both shóuldérs, tight round wáist."

"Right about fáce" then áll cried óut;
And thén all shóuted "Léft abóut";
Then thróugh the chámber tó and fró
They máde me páce three túrns or só,

And vówed that Í looked jimmy quite,
Ánd the Ý nó't a háir too tight,
And, lét me sit down whén or whére
I pléased, would néither búrst nor téar.

"But stáy — see hére —" anóther sáid;
"What is 't 's the mátter with his héad?
There 's nó't a háir but 's ón an énd;
Where did you this great móp get, friend?

“Racks, shéars and tóothcombs hére; sit do
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn
Would think of vénturing into tówn?

“There; yóu begín upón the right,
And Í 'll the léft take; whát a fright!
Was éver héad in súch a plight!
Some ców 's been licking it all night!”

“In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,
And bréak our cómb's teeth; óil here, óil;
Íf we can't máke his háir lie stráight,
We 'll gíve him at léast a frizzled páte.

“The tóng's hére; áre you súde they 're hót?
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nó't a jót
Éither to léft or right hand búdge:
Brávo! you 'd máke a cápítal júdge.

“Hóttér tongs hére; anóther twírl;
This lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —
What mákes you fidge, Sir?” “Óh! ma'am, C
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sir, nó.

“You múst wear pápers íf you wón't
A líttle héat bear —” “'Sblóod, ma'am, don't
Í 'm nó't a stóck or stóne my háir
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(sings) “The Múses thát Hypérion cúrl
Not hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,
And Dian's máids with hánds less light
Wréath the lócks of the Quéen of night.”

"Hell's Furies, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —
I 'll nó be tréated in this wáy."

"It 's dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórld
There 's nó a périwig bétter cúrled."

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,
And tóld me it was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,
To bé a láughing stóck and shów
With thát black stúbble ón my chin:—
"Submit with gráce, and lét 's begin."

They tóok a lárge white tábleclóth,
And spréad it ón me; cóvering bóth
Shóuldérs and bódy, légs and féet;
Ánd its two córners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pin
Fástened behind me; thén my chin,
And bóth cheeks quíte up tó the eýes,
Óne of them with a thick soap size

Láthered all óver, while her friend,
Cátching me bý the nóse's énd,
Héld my face stráight up tóward the light,
And féll to scráping léft and right,
And néver dréw breath till she 'd quíte
Swépt away cleán, from chéeks and chin,
Láther and bristles ánd some skin.

I knów not whéther 'twás the páin
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap into my nóse that gót,
 Ór that the rázor wás too hót,
 Ór that it wás not hót enóugh,
 But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff
 That só convúlised the húman fráme:
 Súdden and vást the explósióin cáme;
 "Schnee-itz, schnee-itz" three times I cried,
 "Schnee-itz" three times the wáalls replied.
 "What is 't 's done this?" I wóuld have sáid,
 But — "itz — schnee-itz-itz" cáme instéad;
 "Schnee-itz — a hándkerchief — schnee-itz" —
 "A hándkerchief won't stóp his fits,"
 Óne of them sáid — "Schnee-itz, schnee-itz" —
 "Sisters, you 're évery óne as crúel
 As Priessnitz' sélf. Get him some grúel —
 You 've gíven him cóld; I 'll nóit sit bý
 And sée you chill him tíll he díe —
 Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —
 How white his líps, and whát a shócking
 Bláck and blue círcle róund each eýe!
 Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,
 Óver this cháír leap, ónce — twice — thrice —
 Well dóne! his lífe 's stíll ón the díce.
 Now róund the róom run — quícker — quícker —
 Óne of you bríng a dróp of líquor —
 Some cúraqóa, or chérri brándy,
 Or lávender dróps and sùgarcándy.
 He 's grówing wárm — he 's cóming tó —
 Únder the eýes he 's fár less blúe;
 I thínk this tíme perháps he 'll dó
 Withóut a Dóctor — Sir, no fréttíng;
 Néver wás cúre yet without swéatíng."
 "Má'am, I 'm *not* fréttíng; Í 'm half déad;
 I wish you 'd lét me gó to béd."

"Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fire,
 Drink barley wáter, ánd perspire;
 Recéive no visitors; réad the néws,
 Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —
 Sléep, if you cán." And with the wórd
 She tóok the póker, thé fire stirred,
 Wheeled óver tó it the élbow cháir,
 Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

"Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme," I sáid,
 "Hóver somniferous róund my héad;
 Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,
 Éssence of nóthing, fill me fúll
 Óf thine own sélf." Scarce hád I sáid,
 Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,
 When niddy nóddy wént my héad,
 And dówn my eýelids sánk like léad,
 Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,
 As déath itsélf profóund and déep,
 Plácid and dréamless. Whén I wóke
 'Twas night; the clóck was ón the stróke
 Of nine or tén; the hóuse being still
 I dózed on óver Wórdsworth till
 The fire wént óut, and Í grew chill,
 And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;
 And só, my phántasý to kéeep
 Amúsed, and while awáy the time,
 I sét abóut to spin this rhýme.
 And nów I 've spún till dáwning light,
 Ánd a nap 's cóming — só, good night.

LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,
Took hát and stick, and wálked out stráight,
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whíther think'st thou Nóthing 's góne?
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són
Sóomething, who 's síck and líke to díe:
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, flý.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quite déad,
Sóomething turned róund his héavy héad,
Ánd, with half glázed and swimming eýe,
Lóoked:— "Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stírréd;
Hélpéd not his són with lóok or wórd;
Like stóck or stóne sat, till he díed,
And nó even thén shed téar, or síghed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,
And sóme decláre and vów 'tis trúe
That Nóthing his own óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gave him each dáy
Slówly to éat his lífe awáy,
Ánd, on the mórning Sóomething díed,
Was séen, when léaving the bedside,

The useless dóse awáy to thrów
Ínto the fire. It máy be só,
Ór it may nó, for áught I knów —
Strange things have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,
Ópened with láchkey the back gáte,
And sát up in his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tired, he wént to béd,
And slépt sound till the mórning réd;
Then róse, put ón his súrtout wárm,
And sáuntered óut to view his fárm.

AISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;
For éver hére they lie in páin —
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,
And think upón dear friends in héll.

AISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.



TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the móon in the héavens,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the díamond among péarls,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the vine among ólives,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the pine in the fórest,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the White Móunt among Álps,
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,
So art thóu among wómen;
As Érin among islands,
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,
So art thóu among wómen;
As mý love to óthers' love,
So art thóu among wómen.

LOWER BUCKINGHAM-STREET, DUBLIN, July 22. 1823.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE
PRECEDING EVENING;

composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.

· coffee it was very strong, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan,
like a subtle spirit through all my veins it ran,
ing me feel more like a god than a mortal man,
sat on the sofa beside you, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan.

· coffee it was very sweet, silken-haired Miss Sheridan,
sweeter than the famous honey that once flowed in Canaan,
he nectar quaffed of yore in celestial divan,
no wonder, for it was you made it, silken-haired Miss Sheridan.

· coffee it was very hot, linnét-voiced Miss Sheridan,
warmed the heart's cockles of a chilly old man,
ling him home to bed warmer than if he had had a
warming-pán,
unk of nothing but you all night, linnét-voiced Miss Sheridan.

· coffee was more fragrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridan,
· *Eau de Millefeurs* or *Parfém de Jasmin*,
ny perfume ever thought of since the world began,
pt the perfume of your own sweet breath, ruby-lipped
Miss Sheridan.

coffee I have this morning, lily-armed Miss Sheridan,
different from last night's as Drogheda from Japan,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,
Just because you are not here to máke it, lily-armed Miss
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cinder, rosy-fingered Miss Sheridán,
My bútter is only fit to be put into the frying-pán,
And my mílk would water the gárden, if it were póured through
the watering-cán —
Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far away from me,
rosy-fingered Miss Sheridán?

Essy* télls me it's a sunny mórning, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmín or Musselmán,
But she little dreams I am thinking of yóu and your coffee-cán —
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable
And pérfectly indigéstible;
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;
Its sméll was intólerable,
And its very lóok was hórrible.
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

* The author's maid, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,
And as úgly and sharp-córnered as the gáble
Of Mr. Pénnefather's stáble.
To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't áble;
So I told Essy to táke it off the táble.
I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,
Or any óther combústible.
You must have táken me for a cánnibal,
Or sóme such ravenous ánimal,
Or the fáther of young Hállnibal,
To whom all filling stuff is pálatable,
And who can dígest a black bóttle or a rébel
As éasy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been miserable,
With áppetite inconsiderable,
Sick, giddy, and irritable,
Shivering, quivering, and to stánd unable,
Despónding, inconsólable,
With héad-ache uncontróllable,
And stómach-ache deplótable.
My condition 's unendútable,
My life 's uninsútable,
And, what 's wórse, I 'm incútable,
For the dóctor, who you know 's infállible,
Says the cáse is most lámentable,
And the sýmptoms so fórmidable
That it 's mórally impóssible —
Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd máde my will;
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, inéxorable!
Why doesn't sómebody bring in a Bill
To put a stóp to baking cákes upon a griddle?

But then to méet my death from such a belle,
So gráceful and agréceable —
It 's utterly inconceivable,
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,
OR
THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chúrtyard where the bónes were lying báre,
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,
And as he was musing upon a héap of skulls, the thóught
occurred to him suddenly,
"It was sómewhere near this spót," says he, "they buried the
fámous Owen O'Cónnelly."*

Then taking up the skúlls one by óne, and exámining them
phrenológically,
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous
Owen O'Cónnelly;
And having contéplated it some time with an air thóughtful
and mélancholy,
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, "I 'll make a mán of you
agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Cónnelly."

* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

"Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connell." — M'GEOGREGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

the Dévil took the skull home with him, and as it hadn't a
morsel of hair,
an old brown scratch of his own on the top of it, to
give it a janty air;
stuck a face in front of it, broad, impudent, and leering,
mouth as mealy and servile, as the brow was proud
and domineering.

stuffed the skull inside with the brains of a lawyer,
it upon a pair of shoulders he had made for a sawyer;
ing balanced it below with a tail that was long and flexible,
and the creature round three times, and vowed he looked
quite respectable;
putting a pipe in his mouth, and giving him a basin of
soap and holy water,
"Counsellor O'Connell, go and blow bubbles for the
people to run after."

counsellor he blew the bubbles just as the Devil ordered him,
and white, green and yellow, thick and thin, great and
small, all sorts o' them.
And he stood by, and christened every bubble before it
left the basin,
the largest green and yellow one he called Catholic
Emancipation.
"Well," says the Dévil, "this green and yellow bubble
pleases me to my heart's content;
it the tool I've been looking for, to pull down the
Protestant Establishment;
least I can give you for it, is a perpetual seat in the
Imperial Parliament."

His succéss and the Devil's praise made Councellor O'Connelly
bólder,

- And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,
And signing it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it
THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý
apprentice cléver,
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's
made for éver;
Under mý direction and mánage ment, it will yield you an
income cléar,
After dedúcting all expénces, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Connelly,
looking innocent;

"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódy and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Connelly,
But you háven't named your price yet," says the Dévil, looking
sólemnly.

"There 's the Irish chancéllorship," says the Councellor; "it 's
in the Devil's gift —
Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,—and you ówe your friend a lift."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in
a crazy státe.

He 's a dainty bit I have been nursing ever since the day of
Emmett's trial,
And I have no compunction in taking him now, after so long
a self-denial."
"It 's a bargain," says the Counsellor, with this clear meaning
and intent,
That the moment I 'm Lord Chancellor, the Devil may take
Repeal and Rent."

Then the Dévil and the Councellor shook hands, and called each other, bróther,
Each revólving in his own mind how he bést might cheat the óther;
And then going backwards, with great politeness, that néither might see the óther's tail,
They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurra for THE REPÉAL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

**Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery
To Póor-law Guárdian Charity:—
“What if yóu and í should agrée
To rób our néighbour Índustry,
And divide his ill-gotten próperty,
Amóng our dear children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?”**

**Says Póor-law Guárdian Chárity
To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—
“I like your propósal mightily;**

I always hâd an antipathy
To that stúrdy féllow Índustry;
He 's quíte too indépendent for mé;
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,
And his góods divided among our children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—
"I cánnót expéss my jóy to sée
How réady you áre to combine with mé
Agáinst our cómmon énémy,
That stickler for the rights of próperty,
That fée to '*Géneral Community*', —
Stúbborn, uncómpromising Índustry.
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,
And his góods divided among our children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

"We had bétter próceed cáutiously,"
Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý,
"For a pówerful féllow is Índustry,
And his hóuse he 'll defend mánfully,
With the hélp of his wáitch-dog Hónesty;
Bút róbbed and plúndered hé must bé,
Or wát will becóme of our children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

"Í 've a crow-bár," says Róbbery;
"Six húndred and éight and fífty
Jóbbing smiths forged it for mé,
And I cáll it my Legálitý;
It will bréak in his dóor though stróng ít be,
And knock óut the bráins of his dog Hónesty."

“And when we are in,” says Charity,
“We ’ll bind hand and foot Master Industry,
With this rope of injustice and cruelty,
Which Public Opinion has lent to me,
And we ’ll seize upon all his property,
And divide it among our dear children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.”

Then away went the Guardians in company,
And a pleasanter sight you could not see
Than Robbery linked with Charity.
And they took the crow-bar Legality,
And the rope of injustice and cruelty,
And broke open the door of Industry,
And knocked out the brains of his dog Honesty,
And bound himself like a thief for the gallows-tree,
And blinded his eyes, that he might not see,
While they plundered his house of his property,
To divide among their dear children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1841.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Cherries fresh, and cherries fair!
Prettier cherries never were;
Great grand-daughters, every one,
Of that famous cherry-stone
By Lucullus brought, you know,
More than two thousand years ago,

Fróm its Mithridátic hóme
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,
And plánted in his villa thére,
And chérished, án exótic rare,
Till it bóre its blúshing bérries,
And Rómans éat dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon;
Ánd whispered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Juícier chérries néver wére;
Mélting swéet as ápricót,
Or citrón péar, or bérgamót,
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;
Ór the ámber déw bees sip
From flówering lindens, whén they drip
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,
And évery flóweret is alive,
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing hive.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Ríper chérries néver wére:
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?
Púlled this mórning wét with déw,
With mine ówn hand pulled for yóu,
Pácked with léaves in báskét néat,
And sént you fór your birth-day tréat.

Birth-days mány máy you sée,
As chérries ón my chérny trée,
And évery birth-day háppier bé;
Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;
Úntouched still by blight or blást,
Swéetening, ripening, till at lást,
Drópping nóiseless fróm the trée,
You 're gáthered tó etérnity.

LKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,
That lived near Ámbleside,
And múch he lónged to háve a hórse,
Which hé might éasy ride.

It chánced one dáy a hórse came bý,
Of púre Árābian bréed,
Géntle though próud, and stróng of limb:
It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóble rider bóld
This gállant stéed had bórne;
And évery óne upón his brów
The láurel wréath had wórñ.

Those nóble riders déad and góne,
And in the cóld earth láid,
The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor
Withóut an ówner stráyed.

No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;
The génerous cóurser páws and réars,
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

"He 's too high-méttled," Wórdsworth sáys,
"And shákes me in my séat;
He múst be bálled, and drénched, and bléd,
And gét much léss to éat."

So bálled, and drénched, and bléd he wás,
And pút on lówer diet;
And Wórdsworth with delight obsérved
Him grów each dáy more quiet.

And first he tóok from him his óats,
And thén he tóok his háy;
Until at lást he féd him ón
A single stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to this poor stéed
There 's nó a chıld but knóws;
Death clósed his eýes, as í my sóng,
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,
These wórds are pláin to sée: —
"Here lie the bónes of thát famed stéed,
High-méttled Póesý."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wordsworth walked once near Ámbleside,
Upón a súnner's dáy,
And, upward gázing, strúck his lýre
To this majestic láy: —

“There 's póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big” —
But júst as hé had gót so fár,
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,
As yóu might wéll excúse,
If éver yóu had scén the náils
Ín the great póet's shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it is,
As pláin as pláin can bé;
Éven in this pig's grunt Í do héar
The vóice of póetry.

“There 's póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big;
In Góody Bláke and Hárrey Gíll,
And in this grúnting pig.

“There 's póetry in évery thing
We héar, or sée, or sméll;
You háve it héré in ‘hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!’
And thére in Péter Béli.

“For póetry ’s but náatural thóught
In náatural sóunds expéssed,
And thát which háth the léast of árt
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé ’re the fírst,
Thou grúnting pig and Í;
For whére ’s the póet thát with ús
In ártlessnéss can vie?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,
And báde the pig adieú;
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,
And sáng with rápture nów:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big;
In Góody Bláke and Hárre Gill,
And in yon grúnting pig.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínute I gót
Your bít of a nóte,
Says Í to my wífe:—
“My déarest life,
Will ye or nó
To áunt Jenny gó,
To-mórrów níght,
At hér ínvíte,

To drink your téa
In her còmpany?"
Says my wife to mé:—
"I cán't but agrée;
For the óffer 's góod,
And 'twóuld be rúde
To sáy her nó,
So wé will gó;
But whát will yóu
With Kátharine* dó?"
"She 's nót forgót;
See, hére 's the nôte;
It 's Í and yóu,
And Kátharine tóo:
So sáy no móre,
For át her dóor
We 'll bé by éight,
In spite of fáte;
And yóu and shé
Will drink your téa.
And Mrs. Stanléy
Will máke coffée
For the dóctor and mé;
And we 'll láugh and chát
About this and thát,
And háppy we 'll bé,
As fórmerly;
And I 'll láy you a bét,
That óf the whole sét,
Aunt Jénny will bé
The móst merrý,
Though, betwéen you and mé,

She 's fúurscore and thrée;
 And I héar people sáy,
 Shè 'll go ón the same wáy
 Till she 's fivescóre,
 Or máy-be móre,
 And évery dáy,
 Like wine or háy,
 With áge impróving,
 More lóved and lóving
 Will be grówing;
 So lét 's be góing,
 Gáy and héarty,
 Tó her pártý,
 To-mórrów night;
 And Í will write
 To sáy we 'll knóck
 At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF
 A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce
 LIVES in these lines, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!
 These eýes how bright! how rósy réd this chéek!
 And hów these lips, half párted, álmóst spéak!
 Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir
 How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and white this éar!
 Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen
 Give Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,
WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóist thou but móck me, wén thou bíd'st me sing
The cáptive's gúshing téars for liberty?
Or dóist not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be frée?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlptor, ere he tákes
The chisel in his hánd,
Draws the ínking of his thóught
On pásteboard or in sánd:
So tó thine Album í
The sécret first impárt,
Which my trúe love burns to write
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF
THE YEAR 1846.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Vire,
And swéet the ópening óf the nów-born yéar;
Nought have ye dóné to hárm me ór displéase,
Nór in France séeK I lóvelier fields than thése.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,
With brighter tints each éven the súnset glóws.

STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nórtthern séa,
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;
A lánd of hill-and-dále slope, flówer, and trée,
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélodý.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;
Rócks rise betwéen, waves róll, and témpests swéep;
Óur spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In that far land, beyond that stormy sea,
Are friends that love me, know me, think of me;
Beneath its sod my babies twain are laid,
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head;

Waves o'er that mother's head who so oft blessed me,
And to her beating bosom so oft pressed me;
That noble mother to whose love I owe
All that I am, or hope, or feel, or know;

That wont so oft, on such an eve, to lean
Her arm on mine, and point to such a scene,
To such a glowing heaven and setting sun;
Then turn and see the night come slowly on;

And then the flush upon her furrowed cheek
Would tell the thought she ventured not to speak,
That *her* night, too, was coming, *her* day past,
And from her loved ones she must part at last.

And she is parted; in that far land laid;
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head:
Then fare ye well, sweet fields, I stay not here;
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire;

Be with those orchard walks and coppiced brakes,
Where hapless Bâsselin poured his untaught lays;
Long shall your memory to my heart be dear;
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY. MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nóth-west Wind,
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,
And beyónd the Írish Sêa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the róad,
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its síde to the róad,
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,
My síster's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt
In frónt of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

h! thát is the wicket that éach Sunday éve
So jóyfully ópened to mé,
; Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,
That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

ed hás that low cábin a window that lóoks
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,
Here the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

! thát is the window, where shé used to sit
That will né'er in that window sit móre,
láy up agáin for dear children or friend
The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

It still in that window a lády there sits,
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

! thát is her dáughter — come kiss me, dear Wind —
Ah! thát is my sister thou 'st séen.

nd did she look mérry? or did she look sád?
Or didst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

h! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,
And I thóught in her éye stood a téar;

nd thése were the wórds I héard her síng,
As I droóped my wíng by the páne:—
How lóng and slów the móments gó!
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?"

And fár within accómpañied
A piáno in sóftest stráin:—
“How lóng and slów the móments gó!
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nóρθ-west Wind,
Fly báck to that gárden agáin,
And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,
And whísper át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,
That bróther we lóve so wéll,
I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll
Upón the wicket béll.

“But wé 'll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,
For the stórmy winter 's góne;
And the wind that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,
Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the time that hangs nów with nightmare wéight
On bróther and sisters párted,
Will seem shórt as lark's sóng, or a Mídsommer Dréam
Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,
And the dáys grow dárk agáin,
We 'll retúrñ with him to this lów-roofed hóuse,
This window ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,
Bróther and sisters once móre
Will gáther, and sit, and láugh, and chát,
As on Súnday éves of yóre;

**"As óft on Súnday éve we gáthered,
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther,
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,
Children of a living móther.**

**"That móther déad we 'll lóve the móre,
We 'll lóve the móre each óther;
And, ónce we have mét, ne'er párt agáin,
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther."**

P A R I S.

**Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténding,
her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;
her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.**

**Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,
re to jóy there 's no énd, to refinement no méasure;
cáfé and théatre, sálon and báll,
the stárs' midnight-wáitch looking dówn upon áll.**

**Páris! wise Páris! staid city of léarning,
únion, and cércle, and sávant discerning,
cádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,
Mólière's calm spirit looking dówn upon áll.**

**Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her might,
crúshed with one héel-stamp earth's kings' dívine right,
ke sleeping nátions with fréedom's trump cáll,
shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.**

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;
Scarce silent the túmbril's lourd ról, and the fáll
Of the guillotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,
Of bústle, and intrigue, and pólitic strife,
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténding,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON
THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At five leave Trént,
In cóach and páir,
For Riva bént,
And cóoler áir,

My wife and Í
And dáughter táll,
And Maéstro Mónti,
Fóur in áll.

Good company
In sooth are we,
And for six hours
May well agree,

If quarrels come,
As poets teach,
From too free use
Of the parts of speech;

For we no word have
Of Italian;
No English he,
Nor cramp Germanian;

And has not even
The acquaintance made,
Of M^{rs} French,
That common jade,

That walks at ease
Wide Europe's streets,
And laughs and chats
With all she meets.

Pleasant the view is,
As our carriage
Rolls smoothly down
The Vale of Adige:

Toward southern suns
And genial skies,
Gently sloped
That valley lies.

From wintry blásts,
North, éast, and wést,
Álpine stéeps
Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand
Íce-fed rills
Wáter its fields,
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the súltry
Súmmer áir,
And pláy sweet músic
Tó the éar.

Hére the clíffs
Are bléak and báre,
With pine fórests
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious
Cárpet spréad,
Of férn and héath,
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here mica schist,
Red pórophyrý,
And gránite péaks,
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble
Wáits the hánd
That bids it into
Lífe to stánd.

Lówer dówn
The sándstone róck;
Át our féet
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vines
Stretch fár and néar,
Through fields of léntil,
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut
Státely stánd,
Flánking the róad
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow
Lénds its sháde,
And dróops and árches
Óverhéd;

And súnburnt péasants'
Hánds rapácious
Cúll the múblerry's
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,
The cárts are lóaded,
The táwny óxen
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,
With éars of pléasure,
The áxle gróan
Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,
The wórk is dóne,
The wórms are féd,
The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis killed,
Its intricate clúe
Unrávelled nice,
And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,
Tenácious líne,
Yéllow as góld,
As góssamer fine;

Párent óf
The bómbazíne,
Rústling sársnet,
Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's
Gáy brocade,
Óf the lútestring
Quilted béd;

Óf the flág
That flóats on high,
Defiance tó
The énemý;

Óf the gárter,
Óf the páll;
Wónd'rous thréad
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our right hand
Thé broad river.
Gráy and cléar,
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny
Chánnel dáshing,
Ráving, fréttling,
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though stíll
Its cóurse is fóward,
Whát though stíll
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward stíll
Althóugh its mótion,
Tóward the vást
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet
Báckward cúrls;
Sée, réversed
Each éddy swírls;

Sée, it cásts
Its lingering lóok
Tóward the scénes
It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive
Órteler móuntain,
Tóward its párent
Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só
Casts báck his view
Ón the dear scénes
His childhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,
Só is bórne
Dówn the rough ród
Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást
Intó the séa,
By finites cálléd
Etérnity.

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the góрге
Where Lägerthál
In báttle sáw
Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right
Old Cástelbárco,
And héar thy tówer,
Hóly San Márco,

Chime night's first wátech
In Róveréith,
Ás we arrive,
At hálf-past éight.

Áfter súpper,
Frésh and mérry,
Wést we turn
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twixt bánks
Of flówery rúshes,
Deep, silent, smóoth,
The river gúshes,

Cárriage and áll
Acróss we flóat
In bróad, flat-bóttomed
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,
Small féar have wé.
And Maéstro 's still
Good cópany;

And, párt by signs,
And párt by lóoks,
And párt by wórds
Picked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to lét us
 Únderstánd
He guides us thróugh
 No únknown lánd;

Guides us through Móri's
 Village rúde —
'Twere picturésque
 By dáy-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,
 With islands dótted;
Past Lóppio's rócks,
 With lichens spótted.

Whére our pássing
 Lámp-light fálls
On yónder gráy
 Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm
 The rócky stéep
Frowned, Nágo, ónce
 Thy cástled kéepe.

Our dównward cóurse
 Is fáir and fréé,
From thóse drear héights
 To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored
 In Mórpheus' árms,
Lake Gárda's bóatmen
 Dréam of stórms.

Hung on lines
 Their nets are drying,
High on the strand
 Their boats are lying.

Cross we then
 Hoarse Sárea's bridge,
And turn Mont Brion's
 Jutting ridge.

Where scantily may
 The strait road sweep,
'Twixt the deep lake
 And mountain steep,

Óverhead
 Hangs drearily
The glimmering lamp
 Of a Calvary.

From widow's cruse
 That lamp is fed,
A widow's tears
 On that slab are read: —

“Fellow-sinner,
 Bend thy knee,
Fellow-sinner,
 Pray with me

“For him that in
 The tempest's shock,
Foundering sank
 By yonder rock.

“Móther of Gód,
The.sáilor sáve,
Ón Lake Gárda's
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre
Run quíckly pást,
And Riva sáfe
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks
And clócks tell óne,
At Íl Giardino*
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti
Bíds good níght,
And áll to béd
In weáry plíght.

* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardin **o**, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

TRUTH.

FTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlöss, I wéen,
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen,
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rills
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hills,
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide
Fróm its tówers on évery síde,

* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, to the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the distance, are the parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and regularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, its innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; directly in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and noisy river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

Nóbler thán its ámples háll,
 Strónger thán its mássive wáall,
 Déarer to Gód and ángels fár
 Thán its chápél, thán its práy'r,
 Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,
 Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,
 The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,
 Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:
 Wéll might ripe áge leárn wísdóm thére.

June 11. 1849.

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal castle of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and escaped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with white cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and there covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of the bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the left the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridge and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the winding of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearing behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the last of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's residence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Ánna, téll me, práy,
How mány thóu hast séen,
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
As mány Í have séen,
As áre the léaves upón the trées
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,
Sweet Ánna, hást thou séen?"
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter hére
From Íreland Í have séen;
A párent kind, a dútcous child,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rich, they wére not gréat,
Far bétter théy, I wéen;
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"Háppy they wére, if háppiness
Éver on éarth has béen;
A ténder sire, a lóving child,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"I lóve to sit and think of thém,
To bé where théy have béen;
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,
And Weýerburg's bówers so gréen?"

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,
But nówhere Láura's picture fóund;
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chance,
Upón my inward sélf a glánce,
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —
An ángel's pórtait without náme,
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849.

THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbun write a vërse,"
Matilda sáid once tó a póet;
"But mind, no nónsense; fór I vów.
To áll the wórld I 'll súrely shów it."

He tóok the pën, and trémbling wróte
These véry wórds, or néarly:
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matilda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—
"My álbun, yóu have spóiled it,
I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,
Your pën had éver sóiled it."

"Spoiled whát? soiled whát?" the póet cried;
"Pray, Mádam, lét me finish;
The bútter 's hère, but nót the bréad —
The éggs, but nót the spinach."

He tóok the pën agáin, and wróte,
Firmly this tíme, and cléarly:
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur wóuld lóse
Of háppy báachelor life."
Matilda smiled; and ére a mónth
The póet cálléd Matilda wífe.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell lines
My héart at pártíng tó Louísa sénds;
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye síghs,
Fáithfullest cóuriers bétwixt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16. 1849.

TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our eýelids stárting,
So fást upón our páper féll,
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártíng,
To write our friend one kínd farewéll.

By tíme assuáged, our sórrów nów
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter húde,
And síghs, not téars, decláre the páin
With which we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! think sometimes
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;
Óur hearts still fónldy túrn to thee,
Thróugh the wide wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN
ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.*

* * * * *

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórtá Maggiore,
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,
And Pope Pius the Séventh demólished of láte,
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéér,
By the fúnny old báker érected hére,
To receíve the remáins of Atistia, his wife,
Befóre him depárted this tróoublesome life:—
“A véry good wife was Atistia to mé,
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words
of the first are:—

VIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length
figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS
PISTORIS REDEMPTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it
could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on
the frieze.

Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;
And the móre to expréss my deep cónjugal grief
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relief,
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her side,
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have pride;
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've displáyed
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.
The gráin you see first, then the mill, then the flóur;
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;
And thére, in the midst of the bákehouse, commánding
How the wórks shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;
And in frónt of the húge, gaping móuth of the óven,
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;
And high on the cóunter the státera stánds;
And cústomers in at the shóp-door are drópping,
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and wéighing,
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.
And nów to the óther side fóllo the frieze,
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wide,
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole léngth of its side,
A jóur, as the Fránk says, to lét the light thróugh,
For the óffside wóuld mách, were it pláced within víew;
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,
Each fresh bách from the óven is sét by to cóol;
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —
That supplíed the design of the tómb here befóre ye,
Where to cóol I 've laid bý sweet Atístia, my wífe,
Fresh and crísp from this hót, báking, óven of life;
And whére, kissing crúst to crúst, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day mysélf.
Eurýsaces, miller and báker, am í,
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý
Enjóy of the mílling and báking tráde;
And óf this panárium what móre need be sáid?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

TO MEMORY.

Wíizard, begóne! and lét me néver
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!
Thou prómisédst a róund of pléasure,
Ánd hast given me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up
The déar scenes óf depárted yéars,
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,
Át the same móment, ón my view?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho síng me
Nótes from líps of lóve that féll,
Bút it must same instant bríng me
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?

Júggling wizard, hów I háte thee,
With thy mágic ánd thy spélls,
Bý black Mélanchóly táught thee
Ín her silent, súnless célls!

Fóul enchánter, hénce! and drówn thee
Ín the dépths of Léthe's wáve!
Fáir is the wórld God spréads aróund me,
Thóu wouldst máke it bút a gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,
BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCRIBNER,
OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,
JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fire, how fást it búrns!
Ánd the stráam, how swift it rúns!
Hów night áfter night retúrns!
Hów soon sèt our brightest sún's!

The róse that blóssomed yéster-mórn,
Todáy upón the stém hangs dýing;
The bréeze that fánned us yéster-éven,
Tonight in óther lánds is síghing.

But fár more fléeting friendship's bréath,
A bréeze from héaven that máy not lást;
And éarlier withered friendship's flówer,
And friendship's stráam runs swifter pást;

And quícker friendship's fláme expires,
And friendship's dáy's are sóoner spéd:
We fáin would stír the áncient fires,
And stír but áshes cóld and déad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéet is the déath of the sóldier bráve,
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,
Histórians and póets his práises shall write,
And fáir maidens sing them, and gréy-beards recite.

For his is no lingering héctic decáy,
By slów degrees gnáwing his vitals awáy,
His vígor consúming, and blánching his chéek,
Tédious mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all níght,
No ténder wife wátches his life's waning líght,
Hóping, féaring, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,
As bríghter or dímmier the flick'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!
For vátor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for scárs;
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife búckles it ón;
One kíss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fálLEN: — abject mínions, forbéar;
'Tis a sóldier that yónder lies strétched on his bier;
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

R O M E.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,
Tó my loved friends at hóme,
This vîgil óf St. Bláse,
Whén the wild duck láys,
And the fáint primróse
Únder the báre hedge blóws,
Ánd the mezéreon blóom
Spreads widest its perfúme,
And mérry bélls are rúng,
And Cándlemás is súnng,
And dáys begin to bríghten,
And héarts begin to líghten;
Fór the winter 's pást,
Ánd Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,
And wántonlý misréprésént things,
Thát I háve héárd it sáid 'twere bétter
A trávellér néver wróte a létter;
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nótt decéive ye;
For, ás at times sweet flówers are fóund
Grówing in unpropítious gróund,
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,
Are mén of hónor in their wáy,
And nów and thén clear right 's in cávillers,
Why nótt the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfore swíne
Cást my péalrs, or póur my wíne,
I fáin wóuld máke, with yóur permissíon,
Ére I begin, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or árt,
Ye, too, perform your proper párt,
Fling far away all préconception
Obstructive of plain truth's réception;
And, like an uncorrupted child,
Listening to préceptor mild,
Méeekly your dócile éar incline
Tó the tále of Róme divine.

With invocátion to the Nine
Sháll I begin that tále divine,
And húmbly fróm Apóllo súe
Fire for myself, to impárt to yóu?
Or sháll I séek my inspirátion
Ín the old glóries of the nátion,
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tréad,
Ánd the bright ský hangs ó'er my héad?
Or ráther túrn my nóρθward lóok
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,
Fróm thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,
Toward óld Ballievey Hóuse and Mill,
Ánd the new fárm of Mútton Hill?
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;
Nów my thóughts are mélodý;
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;
Bróther and sisters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,
The véry Beau Nash of Belles Léttrés,
Says, póets whó would mérit práise
Must júp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,

Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pínning,
Tó begin with thé beginning;
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the middle,
Nót till the énd hang úp my fiddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,
Ín due órder ánd discréeetly,
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,
Í 'll eschéw the vúlgar tóne,
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;
And, singing in an únder-stráin,
And chécking mý poétic véin,
Prick on géntly ó'er the pláin,
With my Pégasus tigh in réin,
Spáring the nóble ánimál's bówels,
Kéeeping the pólish ón my rówels,
And léaving tó some gréater máster
Óf the mánege tó ride fáster.

CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her first,
That Rómulús and Rémus nürsed;
You 'll sée her in the Cápítol stánding,
Whén you 've móunted thé first lánding
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,
Ón whose site Rome's áncient glóry,*
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

* See Servius on Virgil, *En.* VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,
 That wáved abóve a cónquered wórlđ.
 In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;
 Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúlf
 On which the sáilor's lóok is cást
 When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,
 Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,
 Ánd he féels her séttlíng mótion
 Ín the míddle óf the ócean,
 Ón a stórmy níght in wínter.
 And, láying hólđ of spár or splínter,
 Gázes appálled one móment róund,
 Then cléars the táffrel wíth a bóund:
 Not blácker lóoks the ráing déep
 Ás he tákes his désperate léap,
 Heaven's bléssíng ón his Lílla práying,
 Thán that grím and gáunt Wólf báying,
 Wíle, wíth gápíng móuths upturned,
 Squát, beside her thúnder-búrned
 And rént hínd-lég, síť ón bare bréech
 The róyal cúbs, too shórt to réach,
 By góod síx ínches át the léast,
 The téats of thé íll-fávored béast,
 Túrgíd to búrstíng wíth Róme's glóry,
 Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

● CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —
 My sécond cháunt — wát sháll it bé?
 Ít shóuld have béen the Cúríátii,
 Áť déadí grips wíth thé Horátii,
 Hád ye not héárd the óther dáy

A thróistle sing that véry láy,*
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,
It wére impértinénce in mé,
A minstrel óf a róughér gráin,
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,
And Cicero spóke so lóng and wéll,
And Virgil póured his tide of sóng,
And Hórace, pláyfullý alóng
The Lésbian lýre his fingers flinging,
Ánd his Róman Sápphies singing,
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,
And tóok the stráight way tó the héart;
Whither bý some róund I 'll fóllow,
Withóut the pássport óf Apóllo.
Let thóse who will, stand bý the rúles
Of crabbed másters ánd their schóols;
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins
Ínto some winding páth that léads
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;
And thróugh Imáginátion's déll,
Midwáy 'twixt Réason's frigid céll,
And Pássion's éver-bóiling wéll,
And róunding thé heart's citadél, ●
That still in frónt 's defénded wéll,
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fòragérs go óut
And ránsack áll the cóuntry abóut,
Énter, únobserved, unknowán,
As if I wére of the gárrisón,
Secúre, once éntered thére, of living
For éver jóyous, ánd joy-giving.

CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táke the wórd
Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my third?
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'
The árchitéct's and scúltor's hóme;
Where, póised in áir, thrice fifty métres
Abóve the pávcment, hángs St. Péter's
Néver tó be équalled dóme,
Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;
So gránd, so beautiful, so bright,
So sólid, yet so áiry light,
You gáze and gáze, until your sight
Áches with thé unmixed delight,
And túrns to rést on méaner things,
Ás a bird lights to rést its wings,
Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,
And léaves belów thjs wórl'd of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?
The páinter's fóstéring, fóstéred hóme;
Where Gúido his Auróra dréw,
Of súch ethérial, róscate húe,
So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,
So fréé from táint of éarth or cáre,
You cánnót knów what ángels áre,
Unléss you 've hád a sight of hér;

Unléss you háve behéld her rún
 Befóre the cháriot óf the Sún,
 Scáttering those déw-besprinkled flówers,
 Fólloved bý those dánding Hóurs;
 Ah, háppy Sún! ah, háppy Hóurs!
 How jóyous í too, ó'er those flówers,
 Hánd-in-hánd with thóse gay Hóurs,
 Would fóllo through heaven's chám্পaign wide
 The fóotsteps óf that ángel guide!

CHAUNT FOURTH.

Wére it fór my húndredth cháunt,
 Cóuld I in Róme a súbjeet wánt?
 Pénetráte yon sánctuary;
 Ásk the márble gróups that sigh
 Óver the rélics óf the júst,
 The wárrior's bónes, the státesman's dúst;
 What ánsWER cómes from that mássy tómb,
 Dímlý séen in the cháncel glóom?
 "Hére the tenth Léo wáits the dóom."
 What sáys that gráve where, his sóns betwéen
 Éngland's third Jámes has fóund a scréen
 Agáinst the billows ánd a gále
 Áll too stróng for his véssel fráil? —
 But thére in péace let the shipwrecked lie;
 In sílence páss that mónument bý;
 "Lást of the Stúarts" their élegý;
 And cóme and sée where Manútius sléeps,
 And óver Bémbo Léarning wéeps,
 And Frá Giovánni da Fiésolé
 Lies wrápt in immortálitý,
 And Rósa's áshes sánctifý
 Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, réverent tréad
 Óver thy Tásso's láurelléd héad,
 Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle
 It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.
 Túrn, Nature's vótary, hither túrn;
 Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?
 No téar for him that blighted díed
 Ín his sùmmér's súnny prídé,
 Léaving on chùrch and pálace wáll,
 Inscribed in létters mágicál:—
 "Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir
 Thán man's dázzed sight might béar,
 And tóok me tó hersélf or ére
 Compléte my séven-and-thirtieth yéar;
 Práy that my sin may bé forgiven —
 It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó would láurels wéar
 Must bite his náil, and twirl his háir
 Betwéen his finger ánd his thúmb,
 Cóaxing the right pat thóught to cóme;
 And, whén it háth come, múst take càre
 It máke its éntree with the ~~air~~,
 As fár from fóward ás from shý,
 Of óne used tó good cómpány,
 Who, thróugh the thickest óf the bévy
 Át the dráwing-róom or lévec,
 Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,
 Then bóws polítely, ánd takes his pláce.
 "What 's áll this similé ábout?"
 Ásks your púzzled úir of dóubt;
 So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's nó enough a thóught be júst,
Grand, beautiful; it álsó múst,
Befóre it cán be póetry,
With its néighbour thóughts agrée,
Like children óf one fámily,
Like nótes of thé same mélody,
Like féathers in the sáme bird's wing,
Like diamonds sèt in thé same ring,
Like flówers into one nósegay tied,
Ór embróidered side by side,
Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,
Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and red,
Bléinding in óne harmónious whóle,
Wárm from the épíc páinter's sóul,
Some Íliad ór some Ódysey
Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé,

The náil is bít, the lóck is twirled
Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrléd;
The nów thóught 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!
And yét at bóttóm it 's good stúff;
Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;
It brightens hère; anóther rúb;
Brighter and brighter évery minute;
I knéw there ~~was~~ good métal in it;
There, sèt it in the próper light;
Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-níght;
Stay, isn't it tóo large fór the ring?
That cólor tóo 's not júst the thing;
You dó not méan to sèt a béryl
Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?
I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,
Fít for a róyal diadém,
But hère it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in the glass-cáse
 With your ámethýsts apárt,
 Till you 're sétting your córal héart;
 For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe
 Whose sáyings you knów are álwáys true,*
 Rúby and émeráld with péarl,
 Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason why
 Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý
 The thóught that stóod prépared for this,
 Or táke its ábsence hére amíss?

R O M E,

(C O N T I N U E D .)

I lóve to rise betimes
 To héar Rome's mátin` chimies,
 And sée the lústy sún
 Begin his ráce to rún,
 These first bright dáys of Márch,
 Lighting up tówer and árch,
 And pinnacle and dóme,
 Óver the expánsé of Róme,
 From Pórta Pópoló,
 And Mónte Márló,
 And Sánto Spirító,
 And frówning Ángeló,
 And immense Váticán,
 Alóng the slóping ván
 Of high Janiculíne,
 On bý the Ávéntine,
 And róyal Pálatine,
 And Árch of Cónstántine,

* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,
 And ólder Lábicán,
 Quite róund to the Ésquiline,
 And stéep Capitoline,
 And diadem'd Quirinál,
 And my own Viminál,
 Whére, from high balcóny
 O'erhánging dárk Negróni,*
 Séated in éasy cháir,
 I enjý the próspect ráre,
 And drink the bálmý áir,
 And médítáte on chángé
 As my wándering éye doth ränge,
 And from ruíned Látian Jóve,
 Long Álba's hills abóve,
 A tímíd glánce lets fáll
 On St. Péter's cróss and báll;
 Then túrn my cháir abóut,
 And shút the próspect óut,
 And rést my weáry sight,
 And colléct my wits to write
 The gréetings mý heart sénds
 To my fár-off Írish friends.

CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérrimént
 At léast this óne day sháll be spént,
 To-night at twélve begins the Lént;
 So túrne the pháæton óut, Giovánni,
 And páck betwéen the séats so mány
 Wide-mouthed bágs of súgar-plúms,
 And cómfits big as mý two thúmb's,
 Thát there may bé no róom for léet,
 Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

* Villa Negroni, formerly Villa Massimi, is over
 Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is
 by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria
 Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,
 Four, fíve, six bágs; there, dón't you sée
 Fór anóther bag there 's room yét? —
 Bléss me, hów these hórses frét!
 Postilions, cán't you kéeep them stéady
 Till the Signorina 's réady?
 There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,
 And nót come báck yet with the flówers;
 Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy
 We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;
 Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,
 And give me mine; well! it 's a túsk
 To gét so mány tráps togéther —
 What think'st, Giovánni, óf the weáther?
 I 'm sùre I 'm néither fóol nor sót,
 Yét the main thing I 'd nigh forgót —
 The móccoli, the móccoli;
 The máches ánd the móccoli;
 Less pénitential fár to mé
 Were bácon without bróccoli,
 Than múmning without móccoli.
 Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;
 And nów we 're réady áll to gó,
 For yónder Í see Ángela cóming
 With the nósegays fór our múmning:
 Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!
 Préttier nósegays néver wére;
 Why, Ángelá 's a créature rare.
 Nów, postilions, áre ye réady?
 Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —
 Crick-cráck, crick-cráck, and dówn the stréet;
 Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —
 But whát comes in yon cáraván?
 Sáve us, Christ! a whóle diván

Of únbelieving Mámelúkes,
 With their hóse-tails ánd chibóuks.
 Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;
 What bússness hére has Túrks or Jéw?
 Cómfits, cómfits, lárgé or smáll;
 Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;
 Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizier —
 "Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?"
 "Papá, they 've hít me ón the éar:" —
 "Don't mind it, child, it 's áll in fún,
 Fór the Cárnlval 's júst begún,
 Mérríest féast benéath the sún."
 "Papá, they 're géttíng úp behínd:" —
 "It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mínd."
 "Papá, they 're móúntíng úp befóre:" —
 "Kátharine, I vów you 're quáte a bóre."
 "Papá, they 're clímblng thé coach-dóor:" —
 "Dówn, sírs, dówn! why áll thís róút?
 Postílíons, whát are yé abóút?"
 "Your Hónor sées how wé are jámméd,
 And hów from síde to síde is crámméd.
 The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,
 Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians."
 "Why, Kátharine, we 're ín a shówer
 Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:
 Hóugh! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eýes are blínded;
 "Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;
 Fór the Cárnlval 's júst begún,
 Mérríest féast benéath the sún;
 And thóugh you 've gót a míller's hát,
 And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?
 'Tis bút the frólic óf the séason,
 That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And í for mý part wón't compláin,
 Íf we gét home without ráin:" —
 "Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us;
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;
 For, nó to spéak of cólds or féver,
 Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,
 Since Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,
 Háas not given us óne umbrélla,
 Ánd the first drops óf a shówer
 Would into páste turn áll this flóur.
 Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us,
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —
 Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bright?
 Postílions, hólđ the hórses tighť;
 Whý! it 's almóست as dárk as night.
 Was éver héard such a thúnder-crásh?
 And thére 's anóther brighter flásh,
 And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —
 Hów the walls sháke, and windows ráttle —
 And úp, and dówn, and éverywhére,
 Ínto café and pórté-cochère,
 Únder pórticos, into shóps,
 Flýing fróm the big rain-dróps,
 Rún the múmmers hélter-skélter,
 Ánd in the véry chúrches shélter:
 It 's néither háil, rain, fire, nor wind,
 But wind, hail, ráin, and fire combined,
 All fórms at ónce of winter wéather,
 Áll the foul élements lóosed togéther,
 As íf on this devóted tówn
 The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówn;
 Or Jóve and áll his héathen Góds
 Hád regáined their óld abódes,

And ópened ón the arch-énemý
Áll the bátteties óf the ský."

"Thóugh our clóthes are middling wét,
Déar papá, we 're nót drowned yét;
I wónder yóu 'd so fúme and fréť.
This pórticó 's a pléasant cóver,
Ánd the shówer will sóon be óver;
For yónder cómes the blúe agáin,
Ánd less héavy fálls the ráin;" —

"Mighty pléasant, tó be sùre,
And équal tó a wáter-cùre,
Dripping wét from héad to tóe,
Shivering, quivering, hére to gó
Fór somé twó good hóurs or só,
Úp and dówn this pórticó,
Sómetimes quick and sómetimes slów,
Blówing ón our finger-énds,
Wáiting till the weáther ménds,
Thinking ón the spórt we 've lóst,
Móurning ó'er our fórtune cróssed,
Cóunting úp the dámage dóne
Tó hórses, liveries, pháëtón;
Our sùgar-plúms to sýrup mélted
Ére a dózen wéll were pélted;
Our nósegays withered, tórn, and bátteted,
Clóthes, hands, fáces, áll bespátteted —
Mighty pléasant, tó be sùre,
And équal tó a wáter-cùre,
For óne who stréngth has tó endùre,
And dóes not die at ónce outright
Of sháme, vexátion, ór mere spíte."

“Cóme, papá, let 's léave our cöver,
Fór the stórm 's entirely óver,
Ánd the sunbeams bréaking óut —
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, or we 'll lóse the pláce
We have táken fór the póny-ríce;
Quick, child, quick, we must run fást,
Ór the pónies will be pást:
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,
Bláck, white, piebald, gréy, and dún,
Bút it 's the sórrel I 've bét upón;
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót
Ín good time at lást we 've gót,
Núnumber one húndred twénty-fóur,
Two pláces, bálcóný first-flóor.”

“Your tickets, sir.” — “Our tickets? whát!

By Jóve! the tickets I quíte forgót
Ín the pócket of mý wet cóat,
And hóme they 're góne in the pháëtón —
Now, Kátharine, what 's tó be dóné?”

“Come, lét 's run dówn into the stréet,
And trý if wé can't gét a séat
Ón a plátform or in a shóp.”

“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —
I 've lóst my púrse, if it 's nótt forgót
With the tickets in mý great cóat.

Stólen it is, I 'm sùre it 's stólen,
Fór my pócket thére 's no hóle in.

Thieves, sirs, thieves! I 'm róbbed, I 'm plúndered!

Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!

Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme

We 're twénty times worse hére in Róme;

For while at hómé there 's nót a máti
But is as hónest ás he cán,
In Róme there 's nót a mán but wóuld
Rób you if he dúrst and cóuld,
Or cút your thróat, no mátter which,
And thrów your bódý in a ditch."
"Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:" —
"Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?
In this curs'd tówn anóther dáy
I wóuldn't, if Í could gét awáy,
No, nót for twénthy Cárnivals, stáy.
For thóugh the póet trúly sings
That pátiénce is the bést of things —
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet
Cláttering, báattering dówn the stréet;
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —
Hów the héavenly músic télls
On évery fibre óf my héart;
Óh, that we hád but séen them stárt!
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,
Or láugh at ús when wé get hómé
For missing the finest sight in Róme.
Six lóvelier pónies néver rán
Since the ráce of time begán:
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,
One héight, one wéight, one bréadth, one léngth,
Long-máned, long-táiled, wide nóstrils fláring,
Broad-hóofed, long-pásterned, éyes red gláring:
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbary bróught;
One péarly white, in Sicily cáught;
A pieball fróm Majórca ísland;
A stóut grey shélty fróm Scotch highland;

A créamy Árah, néarer dún;
 And the bright sórrel I 've bét upón,
 That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó
 With thát great áss of an Óudinót.
 But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,
 This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?
 Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?
 Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,
 To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —
 "Papá, I héar the cánnon firing;
 Papá, the sóldiers áre retiring" —
 "'Hurráh! hurráh!' that wás a shóut:
 'Hurráh! hurráh!' what wás it abóut?
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne.'
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón.'
 The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;
 Confúsiön táke that sórrel póny,
 And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —
 But dáng it, háng it, lét it gó;
 It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,
 And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?
 It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,
 And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:
 A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,
 'Twon't máke me thínner, nór much fátter;
 But mind, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,
 From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.
 There, Kátharine, blów that táper óut.
 And light your ówn: what áre ye abóut?
 Give mé the máches: why! they 're wét;
 Run, bý a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;
 The rógue that óf my púrse beréft me
 Not éven a hálf-baióccho léft me.

What 's to be done? we must get light;
 But how? 's another question quite.
 See where they 're laughing as they pass,
 And gibing at me: — 'What an ass!
 In Rome, upon Shrove-Tuesday night
 Masquerading without light!'

I won't, I can't endure it; no:
 I'll get a light, or home I'll go:
 For never was a truer saying
 Than, 'Play what you see others playing;
 And if you'd well the world get through,
 Just do in Rome as others do;' —

For Nicholas in Russia stand;
 In Germany for Fatherland;
 In Turkey be a Musselman;
 In France a staunch Republican;
 In England a dim Puseyite,
 Waiting for the perfect light,
 Sideways to the Pope inclining,
 On Saturdays with Wiseman dining;
 Or, better still, Free-trader be,
 And cry, 'Down with Monopoly,'
 Make her discharge her ill-got pelf,
 And cram it all into yourself;
 In Ireland be a beggarmán,
 Or beggar-guardian; what you can,
 Except landlord or gentleman;
 And here in Rome, Shrove-Tuesday night,
 Robber or robbed, it's equal quite,
 Provided only you've a light —

But stay; what's this? where are we now?
 They've put out every light, I vow —
 And not a gas-lamp! — Goths and Vandals! —
 And such a stench of snuffed-out candles!"

The cǎnnon 's hóoming Shróve-tide's knéll;
 Dear, mérry Cǎrnivál, farewéll. —
 And só we jóg home, wét and wéary,
 Tó our Strózzi Villa chéery,
 Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrów,
 Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrów.
 Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:
 'Tis a strange róundabout we tréad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I viewéd
 A rócky islet, whére it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter wíght
 It wás in trúth a prétty síght,
 That islet's bóld and rócky héight,
 Whére in the évening light it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

No living thíng was séen or héard,
 Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:
 The lóvelier in its sólitúde
 That rócky islet, whére it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

The wátters fóamed and the wátters fláshed,
 And hígher stíll and hígher láshed
 The stéep sídes óf that rócky isle,

So cálm and undistúrbéd the while,
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,
And sáy, could it be únderstóod:—
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wátters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde
Gáined stíll upón thát íslet's síde;
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,
The billows, with a bróader swéep,
And héavier stíll and héavier shóck,
Búrst upón thát íslet rók.

My néver ídle phántasý
Péopled thát sólitúde for mé:
Yon íslet ís a citadél,
Bý its strong wáll deféended wéll
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;
Yon émerald billows gláncing bríght,
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,
Are wárríors in green ármour díght;
Sée how they tóss their crésts of whíte,
Sée how they rúsh with swórd and shóut
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.
What thóugh, repélled fróm thé steep wáll,
Ín dísórdér báck they fáll,
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;
They 'll díe, or wín thát citadél,
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.
Stíll frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún
Behind the dárkening séa went dówn,
And, wrápt in clóuds, the níght came ón;
The lóng bent shívered ín the blást,
The ráck acróss the ský sped fást;
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I turned me from that dreary shore,
I turned me from those billows' roar
And sought the shelter of my door,
Curtains and shutters fastened tight
Against the howling storm and night,
And, drawing my tea-table towards the hearth,
And mingling in the kitten's mirth,
Forgot the rocky isle that stood
Among the dashing waters rude.

That night, as I lay in my bed, the rain
Battered against the window-pane;
That night it blew a hurricane;
I saw the arrowy lightning's flash,
I heard the pealing thunder's crash,
And thought of the rocky isle that stood
Among the dashing waters rude.
I fear, I fear for that citadel,
Though its strong wall bestead it well.

Fléd are the clouds, and storm, and night;
The rocky isle basks in the light
Of the morning sun so fresh and bright;
Scarce tipped the emerald waves with white;
Eye hath not seen a fairer sight;
My heart flows over with delight,
And I love that rocky island more
Than ever I loved an isle before.

Man, too, may a sunny morning see
Rise on his night of adversity,
And harmless burst life's billows rude
Upon the rock of his fortitude.

VIA MARGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,
Where stárry hósts in rival spléndors glísten,
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:
Then think withín mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánsé of spáce;
And yét I hólđ withín my swélling bósom
The bóundless nótion óf Infinity,
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught
The illimitáble unívérse itsélf:
But Límitéd holds nóť Illimitáble;
And Ínfinite is fór Etérnity;
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to live for éver,
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thinking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture
Guárds her fair fáce ágáinst the winter cólđ,
An émblem, nóť unápt, of mórtal mán:
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;
Defiled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,
And ré-absórbed into Etérnity.

His lóok is sinister; I like him nó;
 Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,
 His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,
 His squinting eýes do álmóst tóuch each óther.
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him, with an áir
 Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,
 Dróp a dárk whisper in his cómrade's éar,
 Whó with a like mystérious whisper ánspered.
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him ón his cháir
 Wriggling and fidgetty, then rising súdden,
 And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking
 As thóugh his cónscience tóld him sóme one márked him,
 And dived inté his púrpose: thén, ágain,
 Stánding stock-still, withóut móre sign of life
 Than gláred in thát malignant férret eýe
 Thát, piercing ánd pursúing áll things, ránged
 Inéssánt up and dówn the gáy assémbly;
 And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the time
 To dó the déadly, méditáted déed.
 I sáw, distinctly sáw, the rápid plúnge
 Óf his right hánd inté his léft breast-pócket,
 In séarch of dirk or dágger thére conceáled,
 Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod
 Ran cóld with hórror át the ínstánt flásh
 And spárkle óf the ——— diamond-stúdded snúff-box,
 Fróm which, thrice géntly with forefínger tápped,
 And délicátely ópened, fírst his friend,
 And thén himsélf, took éach so vást a pinch,
 So púngent, rich, and ódoríferóus,
 As might have pút their nóses in good hómor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not búilding nów;
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;
Whén I obsérve a thínning, nót an incréase,
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissioners;
Grass grówing in your láw courts, ánd fell spíders
Théré láying snáres for flies, not mén for mén;
And stámped recéipts, recógnizánces, wríts,
A tále of thé old, Págan, iron time,
Nót of this cháritable, Christian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar
Thát fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,
Whát time they cringe, and bów, and lick the shóes
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,
For léave to pút a móttley lívery súit
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,
To kíl and rób and éxtirpáte, whér'er
Kílling and róbbing ánd éxtirpating
Ópens a wíder field to Brítish cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me
Your cíty bánker, ór East Índia mérchant,
Áfter his fórtý yéars of cóunting-hóuse,
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight

Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon mérchant
Contént with his full bágs, and nótt intént
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage
Some hálf a dózen, ayé, some thrée, some twó,
Some single sólitáry óne that dóes not,
Éven in the máttér óf front séat or báck,
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a window,
Exhibit his invéterate, ingrained,
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;
Ánd I 'll begin to thínk ye are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó believe in Prógress
First time I héar your little girls cry "Sháme!
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,
With hórse, and hóund, and cries of sávage jóy,
For spórt, mere spórt, and nótt to appéase his húngr,
The póor, weak, tímíd, quívering háre to déath;
And twice a cóward's ánd an idler's sháme
On him that skúlks, hours, dáys, beside a bróok,
Púttíng forth áll the tréachery and cúnníng
That lúrk withín the dárk den óf man's bráin,
To entráp the sílly tróutlíng, ánd infix
Déep in his wríthíng gills the slý, barbed hóok.

Thát ye are máking prógress Í 'll believe
The first time Í percéíve your cónscléence twínge ye,
For ánswéríng your quéstíoníng chílđ with líes,
Or chill evásíon óf the lónged-for trúth;
Denýíng him the advántage óf that knówledge
Ye púrchased fór yóursélves with mány a héartache,

And mány an ágoný and blóody swéat;
And sénding him to sáil the wide, wide wórlð,
As hélpless, ignorant, and únprotécted,
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on high,
As bý your párents yé were sént yóurséives,
To swim, if quíck to léarn; to sink, if nó.

First time I héar ye sáy that yóur devótíon
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,
And séldom is exáctly át the fúll,
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twélve on Sún-day;
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy
To gó to chúrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm
Or cóld, and dámped with wórlðly cáres and búsiness.
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,
In órder thát your children, friends, and néighbour's,
May háve the bénéfit óf your góod exámple:
That móment Í 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lónger báckward stárt with hórror
At síght of géntle Déath, and wring your hánds,
And wéep, and crý that yé will nó go with him,
Though ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some pró

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.



SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

THE HEROIC TIMES.

- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,
Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841, and, after many attempts in various measures, and several times printing and reprinting different parts of the work, completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

I.

I am the same that warbled once
On óaten réed a slénder sóng,
Then took my wáy forth fróm the wóods,
And fórced the néighbouring tillage fields
To obéy the fármér whát though griping;
A wórk that pléased the húsbándman.

But nów with trúmpet-nóte I chánt
Mars' bristling árms and thát great mán
Whom Fáte, of óld, brought réfugée
Fróm Trójan clime to Ítalý,
And ón Lavínium's séa-bord lánded.

On lánd and séa sore tóssed was hé
(Fell Júnó's lóng-remémbering ire,
The might divine against him móving);
Sórely with wár, too, hé was hárassed,
Whilst into Látium his Gods bringing,
And fóunding thére a cápítal city.
Fróm him derived our Látin ráce,
The Álbán síres and high Rome's tówers.

Téll the cause, Múse; the próvocátion;
For whát offénce against her Gódhead
The quéén of héaven fróm tóil to tóil,
Fróm wóe to wóe so dróve a mán,
Éminent for évery ténder virtue.
Is't póssible Góds can bé so ángry?

For mány a lóng year,
 Impélled by the Fátes,
 They went wándering ón.
 Such a cóil was there fóunding
 The nátion of Rómans.

Óf the Sicilian land
 Scárce had they lóst sight,
 And awáy to the high deep
 Were jóyfully sáiling,
 And with brázen bows dáshing
 The sált sea-fóam,
 When, withín her bréast núrning
 The wóund everlásting,
 Thus tó herself Júnó: —

‘Am I to desíst, then, o’ercóme
 And too wéak from Itália to túrn back
 The king of the Teúcri?
 Forbíd by the Fátes, to be síre!
 But wás the strength wánting to Pállas
 The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,
 And whélm the crews in the deep séa
 For the single offéending of Ájax,
 Oíleus’ mad són?
 Jove’s rápid devóuring flame dówn
 From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót,
 And túrned up the séa with the winds,
 And scáattered their véssels abóut,
 And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth
 The fire that had shót him was blázing,
 With míght and main húrling a róck,
 With its shárp, craggy póint pierced him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's sister and wife
Whom the Góds, as I wálk, salute quéen,
Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nátion.
Will ány one hénceforth adóre Juno's gódhead,
Or láy on her áltar the súppliant's gift?'

Déep in her fláming breast
Thése thoughts revólving,
The Góddess arrives at
The cóuntry of stórms,
Eólia, land téeming
With ráging south-wésters;
Where king Éolus rules óver,
And, with bárrier and cháins
In a vást cave restráins
The stróng-struggling winds
And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high
Sceptred Éolus sits,
And sóftens their pássion,
And témpers their íres,
Else, be sùre, they would béar,
And áwáy through the áir
In swift flight sweep with them
Lands, séas, and deep ský;
But the Fáther omnipotent,
Thís fearing, stówed them
Áwáy in dark cáverns,
And on tóp of them pláced
A máss of high móuntains,
And gáve them a king
By the térms of his cómpact

Bound to hólð the reins tígther
 Or lóoser, as órdered:
 Whom Júnó addréssed then
 In thése suppliant wórds: —

‘O Éolus, fór unto thée
 The Góds’ sire and king of mankind
 Has given the wáves, to be sóothed
 Or lifted up high with the wind;
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,
 Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.
 With áll thy winds át them, and scátter them wide,
 Or dówn in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpses;
 To rewárd thy desérvings, I’ll give unto thée
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are mine,
 Déiopéia, the lóveliest,
 To live with thee álwáys, thy wédded wife,
 And máke thee the sire of a béauteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thy task, O quéen, to détérmine thy wish’,
 It was thús replied Éolus thén,
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be míne.
 For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,
 And the fávor of Jóve I’m indébtéd to thée;
 Through thy gráce I recline at the féasts of the Góds,
 Over stórmcloud and témpést through thy gráce I réign.’

Having thús said, he púshed
 With his lévelled spear’s póint
 The móuntain’s side hólloiw,

And óut through the vént,
As it wére in battálion,
The winds rushed, and bléw
With a whirl the lands thróugh;
And dówn on the séa
Dashed at ónce and togéther
South-éast and Sirócco,
And Áfricus squállly,
And turned it all úp
From its lówest bóttom,
And rólled to the shóre the vast billows.
What shóuting of mén then!
What créaking of córdage!
From the eýes of the Téuceri
Sudden clóuds snatch awáy
Both the ský and the dáy;
Dark night on the déep broods,
Loud thúnder the póles,
Ether fást flashes lightning,
And évery thing 'róund
Threatens déath instantáneous.
Chill súdden unstrings
Enéas's límbs;
And, with hánds stretched toward héaven,
Deep gróaning, he cries:—
“Happy, thrice happy, théy
Whose lótt 'twas to die
Troy's high walls befóre
In the sight of their sires!
Ah! whý could not Í
By thý hand have fálled,
O Tydides! most bráve
Of the ráce of the Dánaí?

Ah! why could not Í
 Have poured my life out
 On the Ílian pláins,
 Where fell Héctor lies lów
 By Eácides' spéar,
 Low, mighty Sarpédon;
 And Símoïs' wáters
 Awáy in such nùmers
 Sweep hélmets, and búcklers,
 And bráve heroes' córpses?"

In the midst of his ráving,
 A whistling north-blást
 Strikes the sáil right abáck,
 And lifts the waves úp to the stárs;
 The óars smash; the prów veers,
 And túrns its side róund
 To the stéep mountain pile
 Of the billow that dówn
 On the tóp of it 's béaring;
 On the crést of the wáve
 These hére hang suspéended;
 The wide-gaping tróugh
 Shows those yónder the bóttom;
 The súrging tide, fúrious,
 Rolls with it the sánds.
 Sirócco three sáil takes
 And whirls on the rócks
 The Itálians call "Áltars,"
 That, lúrking a-midsea,
 Just ráise their huge húmmock
 To the lével of the wáter.
 Awáy from the déep

South-east drives other thrée
To shállows and Sýrtes,
A pity to sée!
And ón the banks dáshes,
And girdles with dúnes.
Befóre his own éyes
A huge séa tumbles dówn,
And strikes on the póop
The véssel that cárried
The Lýcians and faithful Oróntes;
Out prone on his héad
The cáptain is tóssed,
And the véssel itself,
Thrice róund and round whirled
By the rápid sea-éddey, and swállowed.
Here and thére in the swéll
An odd swimmer is séen;
Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,
Float wide on the wáters.
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship
The stórm now is máster;
And nów of the shíps
Of Achátes the bráve,
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthes;
Through timber-joint lóose,
And wide-gaping séam,
They let in every óne
The wátery fée.

Meantime perceives Néptune,
With nó small emótion,
The séas troubled róaring,
The témpet let lóose,

And the still under-waters
 Thrown úp from the bóttom;
 And óver the bíllow
 His héad serene raising,
 And táking the high sea
 In próspect all róund,
 Behólds o'er the whóle deep
 Enéas' fleet scátttered,
 And the Trójjans o'erpówtered
 By the might of the wáves,
 And the dówn-rushing ský;
 When, at ónce recognising
 The guile of his síster,
 The ánger of Júnó,
 He cálls to him Éurus
 And Zéphyrus stráight,
 And in thése words addrésses:—

“Cóunt ye so múch on your clán's strength, ye winds,
 That, unárméd with my sánction divine,
 Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn topsy-túrvy,
 And ráise all this húbbub and póther?
 I'll téach ye—

But thése troubled wáves I must pácify first;
 With fár other pénalty símilar déed
 Next time ye shall rue.

Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your kíng:—
 Not his lot, but mine, the domáin of the séa
 And the térrible trident;
 Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion,
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,
 And whén he has shút up the winds in their prison,
 Tyrannize as he líkes, autocrát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swollen waves,
More quick than he spoke, stilled,
The gathered clouds routed,
And brought back the sun.
At the same time Cymóthoë
And Triton the vessels
With might and main pushing,
From the sharp rock heave off;
Himself lévers with trident,
The vast Syrtes opens,
The sea surface témpers,
And on light wheels glides over
The tops of the waves.
And ás oftentimes,
When the populace musters,
A tumult arises,
And the lów, vulgar mind
Is inflamed to a rage;
Brands and stónes they are flýing,
Fury wéapons supplyíng—
Should they thén chance a mán
Of tried weighty mérit
And piety séc,
They áll stand by silent,
And with éars intent listen,
While that mán with his wórd
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.
So subsided the whóle
Crashing róar of the sea,
As sóon as the sire,
Looking óut o'er the wáters,
Gave the lásh to his cóursers,
And benéath the clear héaven

Flew carcéring alóng
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so fréé.

For the néarest shore striving
The wéary Enéadae
Toward Libya's coast túrn;
Deféended in frónt
And made into a pórt
By a shéltering islet,
On whóse seaward side
The bréaking waves rún up
In mány a créek,
Lies a cóve far retired;
On eách side vast rócks
And a cliff to heaven tówering;
Betwéen, in the glóom
Of the dárk forest-lándscape
That clóthes the steep báncs
And hangs shimmering óver,
The cóve spreads its wátér
In sáfety and sílence;
In the ópposite blúff
Hanging rócks overárch
A cáve, with fresh wáter
And náatural stone séats,
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no ánchor's
Cróoked tooth fástens,
Where nó hawser binds
The wéary véssel,
Enéas with séven ships
Óút of his whóle fleet

Collected, puts in.
 The Trójáns, enamoured
 Of lánd, disembarking,
 Take posséssion with jój
 Of the wished-for stránd,
 And ón the shore strétch
 Their brine-famished limbs.

And first strikes Achátes
 The spárk from the flint,
 In fóliage receíves it,
 Spreads nùtriment róund it,
 And rápidly into flame
 Gét's the dry kindling;
 Then, sick, sore, and sórry
 They pút into órder
 Their séa-damaged córn
 And implements Céreal,
 And prépare for the róasting,
 And crushing in quérns,
 The gráin they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,
 And óver the wide sea all róund cast his view,
 Any témpet-tossed Ántheus thére to discern
 With his Phrýgian birémes, or else Cápys,
 Or the árms of Caícus upón his high póops.

Not a shíp is in sight; on the shóre he sees stráying
 Three stágs, and behind them the whóle trooping héd
 Coming brówsing alóng through the vállies:
 He stópped, and his bów and swift árrows
 From faithful Achátes' hand snátching,

The léaders thomsélves with their high heads
 And wide-branching hórn first laid lów;
 Then the whóle vulgar créw with his shafts
 Through the léafy glades dróve in disórder;
 Nor céased till his víctory strétched
 Seven cárcases húge on the swárd,
 For éach ship a cárcase.
 Retúrned to the pórt then the préy
 Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,
 And distributing tó them the wine
 Which in wéll-plenished cásk good Acéstes
 Had on bóard their ships pút, when the héro
 Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácia,
 Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes:—

‘O yé, not fór the first time nów
 Compánions óf my wóes,
 Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,
 This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dínníng réefs
 Of rábid Scýlla yé have sáiled,
 Éven of the Cýclops’ rócks
 Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,
 Yóur sád féars dísmíss;
 Perháps even thése woes tóo
 Ye máy with sátisfáction
 Some fúture time remémber.

Through áll these chánces várious,
 These mány críticoal conjúctures

We ténd toward Látium ón,
Where tó our view the Fâtes
Hold óut a quiet hóme,
And whére to rise agáin
Troy's émpire is permitted.
Endúre, and fór good times
Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,
And with feigned look of hópe
His sóre trouble hídng,
Pressed déep in his héart down
His sórrow and cáre.
The repást to get réady
His cómrades set tó then;
From the gáme strip the skin,
And láy the flesh báre;
Then into junks cút it,
And spit it still quivering;
While sóme in brass cáuldrons,
Dispósed on the shóre,
Heat wáter for wáshng.
Alóng the grass strétched then
Their stréngth they recrúit
With a héarty regále
On the vénison rich,
And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the góod cheer
Their húngér had sáted,
And the bóard was remóved,
On their míssing friends túrns
Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sòmetimes the hópe is
 They 're living and wéll,
 And sòmetimes the féar is
 They 've súffered the wórst,
 And cánnót the cáll hear
 That bids them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief
 Of kindly Enéas himsélf,
 As inly he móurns the misfórtune
 Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,
 And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,
 Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking
 From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,
 And cóasts, and wide péoples, and ship-traversed séas—
 As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,
 With his eýes on the Líbyan realms stéadfastly fixed,
 And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,
 Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,
 And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal swáy
 Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,
 And wieldst the thúnder's térrors,
 So grievously agáinst thee hów
 Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,
 That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered
 The whòle wide wórld agáinst them stíll
 On Ítalý's accóunt is clósed?
 'Twas thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars
 The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revive in thém,

And from them come the Romans, come those chiefs
 That should rule paramount o'er land and sea;
 What change of sentiment is this? O sire!
 For the sad ruin and downfall of Tróy
 I found my consolation in thy promise,
 And the one fate repaid me for the other;
 But now the same ill-fortune follows still
 Men who so long by fortune have been harassed.
 What end, great king, appointest of our toils?
 Escaped out of the midst of the Achivi
 Antenor could his Teucrian colony
 And city of Patávium found
 Far up th' Illyrian gulf explored in safety,
 Beyond the utmost realms of the Liburni,
 Beyond where through Timávus' fountains nine
 The sea outbursting makes the mountain rumble,
 And with a roaring deluge whelms the fields;
 The arms of Tróy withal he there hung up,
 The name of Tróy gave to the state, and there
 Reposes now in settled peace and quiet;
 But we, thine offspring, unto whom thou grantest
 Heaven's royal palaces, are victimised
 To gratify an individual's ire;
 Have lost, O horrible! have lost our ships,
 And from Itália's coasts are wide dissévered.
 Is this the guerdon thou award'st the duteous?
 Is 't thus to throne and sceptre thou restor'st us?"

The sower of Gods and men, with that aspect
 Which stills the storms and smoothes the ruffled skies,
 Touched with his lips his daughter's lips and smiled: —
 "Spare thy fear, Cýtheréa," then he said;
 "Thy Trójan fates stand stéadfast;

Lavinium's promised towers thou shalt behold,
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft
 Magnánimous Enéas;
 Nor knows my sentiment change.
 But since this anxious care so gnaws thee
 The secrets of the future I'll declare,
 And, further on, the fates unroll before thee.

"In Italy a great war he shall wage,
 Crush tribes ferocious, found a capital city,
 And teach his people civilization's arts,
 Till the Rutulians, for three winters' space,
 Have called him conqueror, and the third summer
 Beheld him reigning paramount o'er Látium.
 But he that Ílus was while Ílium stood,
 The boy Ascánus, now Íulus surnamed,
 Thirty great years through all their rolling months
 Shall with his reign complete, and from Lavinium
 To Lóna Álba, made a fortress strong,
 Transfer the governmental residence.
 The dynasty Hectórean here shall rule
 Three hundred years, until queen-priestess Ília,
 Pregnant by Márs, shall bring twain burthen forth.
 Then wolf-nursed Rómulus, delighted wearing
 His tawny wolfskin, shall receive the nation,
 Found the strong-fortified Mavórtian city,
 And from his own name call the people Rómans.
 To them I set no bounds of time or space,
 Boundless the sway I have bestowed on them;
 Even she, harsh Júnó's self, that with her fears
 Now in a ferment keeps earth, sea and sky,
 Shall better counsel take, and with me cherish
 The togaed Rómans, masters of the world.

Súch my decreé, and só to mé seems fit.
 Elápsing *lústra* sháll bring ón a time
 Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae
 Assáracus' hóuse shall fix the victor's cháin,
 And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.
 Of Tróy's fair stóck shall César thén be bórñ;
 Whose émpire, ócean, whose high fáme, the stárs
 Alóne shall limit; César, Július cálléd
 From thine Iúlus, his great áncestor.
 Him too, with óriéntal spóils all láden,
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált receíve,
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.
 The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórld
 Shall thén grow méllow, and lay wárs asíde;
 Vésta and hóary Faith shall législáte,
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirinus.
 Fást shall be clósed those gátes of iron díre,
 Those stróng-clamped *Bélli Pórtæ*; and withín,
 Unpítying Fúry, with his hánds behind him
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,
 On ístruments of hávoc shall sit, prisoner,
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ignorance óf the Fátés
 Dido might from her bóunds warn óff the Téucrí,
 Sénds from on high the són of Máia dówn,
 To ópen to them hóspitáblý wide
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flight
 Toward Libya's cónfines, and, there quick alighted,
 Procéeds forthwith to éxecute his bídding.
 The Póení at the Gód's will lay asíde
 All bítterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit
Of géntleness and góodwill tóward the Teücri.

But, áll night thróugh, afféctionáte Enéas,
Much póndering, resóives to issue fórth
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,
And, for he sées untíll'd the chámplain lie,
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;
And to his cómrades with repórt retúrñ.
Within a wóoded bight he hídes his fléet
Under a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádwes róund
On áll sides clóse it ín: then ín his hánd
Grásping two jávelins with broad bládes of íron,
Walks fórth, atténded ónly by Achátes.

To him full ín his páth his móther
Amidst the wóod présents hersélf,
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,
Ánd as Spártan máid accóuted,
Or líke Harpálycé of Thráce
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,
And whóse swift flíght outstrips swift Hébrus;
Fór from her shóuld'ers she had húng
The húntréss' úsual hándy bów,
And fréely her long trésses gíven
Tó the bréezes to díshével;
Náked her knée, and ín a knót
Her gárment's fúllness at the bréast,
Tíed, and confíned from flówing:—

"What, hó! young mén"; she prior thús;
 "Sáy, have ye chanced a sister míne,
 With spótted línx-hide girt and quíver,
 This way tó have séen a-stráying,
 Ór with whoop-whóop-hallóo the cháce
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing."

So Vénus; and thus ánswered Vénus' són:—
 "No sister thine have Í or héard or séen,
 O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo's sister?
 Ór of the nýmphs' blood? ón us lóok propitious,
 Ánd our toils lighten, whósoé'er thou árt;
 And 'néath what ský we 're tóssed abóut at lást,
 In whát world-dístrict, téach us: óf the pláce
 And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,
 Híther by winds compélled and vásty wáves.
 Mány the víctim which, in thánks to thée,
 By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar."

"Of súch high hónor", Vénus thén,
 "I déem me áll unwóorthy.
 'Tis the Týrian máidens' úse
 To béar the quiver ánd to láce
 The midleg high with púrple búskin.
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,
 A city of Agénor's sóns,
 A Týrian cóloný amidst
 Líbya's indómitáble tribes;
 Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther
 And Týrus city híther fléd.
 'Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:

The principal points alóne I'll tóuch.

“A spóuse was hérs, by náme Sicháeus,
 Richest of Phóenicia's lándlords,
 And déarly did the póor soul lóve him;
 To whóm her sire had given her spótless,
 And in á first wédlock joined.
 Bút Tyre's autócrát, Pygmálion,
 Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;
 Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd
 That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,
 Th' unnátural bróther, blind with góld-lust,
 Ánd of his sister's lóves regárdless,
 Came stéalthily upón, and sléw
 Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;
 And lóng time thé deed hiding, mócked
 With mány a wicked glózing lie
 And émpy hópe the lóving bride's heartsickness.
 Bút in a dréam the véry image
 Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,
 And, visage wóndrous pále uplifting,
 Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;
 Her kin's dark críme, the crúel áltars;
 Then spéedily to flée advises,
 And léave behind her fátherlánd;
 And, fúrtherance of her wáy, disclóses
 An áncient hóard, hid in the éarth,
 A wéight unknowón of góld and silver.
 In déep emótion Dído flight
 And pártners of her flight preparés;
 Who bitterly the týrant háte,
 Or shárpely féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand seize, and load with gold;
 Gripping Pygmalion's strength and substance
 Away beyond the deep are borne;
 A woman heads the enterprise.
 Yonder arrived, where now the huge
 Strong-bulwarked towers and citadel
 Of new Carthage thou see'st rising,
 They buy — and from the circumstance
 Call the place Byrsa — as much land
 As with a bull's hide they may compass —
 But ye, who are ye after all?
 Hither from whence come, whither bound?"

With voice drawn from his bosom's depths,
 He answers her inquiry sighing: —
 "O Goddess, hadst thou listening leisure,
 And were I from the first beginning
 The annals of our toils to trace,
 The day would close before my story,
 And Vesper shut Olympus up.
 From ancient Troy, if on thine ears
 Troy's name perhaps hath ever sounded,
 Through many a far sea voyaging,
 A tempest's chance hath here at last
 Upon the coast of Libya thrown us.
 My name 's Enéas, ether high
 Famous for deeds of charity;
 Across the sea I carry with me,
 Saved from the foe-midst, my Penates,
 In search of fatherland Italia,
 And my kin sprung from Jove supreme.
 Pursuing pre-appointed fates,
 My Goddess-mother the way showing,

With twice ten véssels Í embarked
 Upón the Phrygian séa-plain;
 Shattered by Éurus and the wáves,
 Scarce séven are nów surviving;
 From Éúrope and from Ásia driven,
 Mysélf unknowán and néedy hére
 The Libyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permitting,
 Thús interrupts him midst his grief: —
 "Not whólly únaccéptable
 Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,
 Bréath'st thou the vital air,
 O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hére
 Drawest nigh the Týrian city;
 Ónly procéed, and hóld thee ón
 Hénce to the précincts of the Quéen.
 For, if the árt of áugury
 Not vainly my fond párents táught me,
 Í am the hérauld of the néws
 Thát thy véssels with their créws
 Bý the vécring róund north-éaster
 Háve been brought báck, and lódged in sáfty.
 Yon tróop of twice six swáns behóld
 Which but just nów the bírd of Jóve,
 From tráct ethéreal swóoping dówn,
 Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;
 How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy
 Nów on the gróund alighting,
 And nów upón the wing agáin,
 Alréady séeming to look dówn
 With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:
 Júst as those swáns on whírring wings

Áfter their sáfe retúrn are spórtíng,
 And whéel their círcles róund the ský,
 And síng their sóng of júbilée,
 Thy ships and créws are sáfe in pórt,
 Or énter in full sáil the róad.
 Ónly procéed and lét thy stéps
 FólloW the guídance of the páth."

She sáid: and as she túrned awáy,
 Her néck shone rósy bríght,
 Fróm her long háir and crówn of her héad
 Bréathed a dívine ambrósial ódour,
 Dówn to her fóot-sole flówed her róbe,
 Ánd her gait túld the Góddess.

He récognised, and with these wórd's
 His móther, as she fléd, pursúed: —
 "Ah crúel thóu too! whý thy són
 Móck'st thou so óft with shápes illúsiVe?
 Why nót to jóin right hánds permítted,
 And cónverse hóld in terms unféigned?"
 With súch wórd's of repróach he túrns
 His fóotsteps tóward the cíty.

But Vénus róund them, as they gó,
 Thróws a thíck fénce of múrky áir,
 Ánd in an ámple clóudy clóak
 The Góddess wráps them úp;
 That nó one sée or tóuch them máy,
 Or wórk them stóp or wórk them stáy,
 Or whý they cóme ínquíre;
 Awáy for Páphus thén she sóars,
 Ánd the séats revísits jóyful,

Whére of fresh wréaths
 Her témples bréathes,
 Ánd her húndred áltars glów
 With fránkincénse Sabáean.

Meanwhile, where the páth points the wáy,
 They have hástily bóuned them alóng,
 And alréady the gréat hill are climbing,
 That, óver the city immédiately rising,
 Looks dówn on the citadel's ópposite tówers.
 Enéas with wónder the vást fabric viéws
 Which ónce was no móre than an Áfrican kráal,
 With wónder the gátes views, and lóud noisy stréets;
 The Týrians, they úrge their work árdently ón;
 The wálls some are réaring, or rólling up stónes,
 And búilding the cástle; selécting sites sóme,
 Or with a plough-fúrrow the wóhle round enclósing.
 They are búsy with láwsgiving tóo, and eléct
 The sácred sénate and mágistrátes;
 Here sóme dig the hárbour, while óthers thére
 The théatre's déep foundátions are láying,
 And the húge columns quárry that shall the stáge
 So lóftily órnamént hereáfter.

Só, through the flówery chámplain wide,
 Toil busy bées benéath young súnmer's sún,
 The nátion's fúll grown prógeny bringing óut;
 Or pácking in the célls, until they búlge,
 The hóney's líquid ánd nectáreous swéets;
 Or líghtening the arrivers of their lóads;
 Or márshalling battálions, ánd awáy
 Dríving the lázy dróne-crew from the stálls;

Wárm glows the wórk, and frágrant smélls of thýme
The sávory hóney.

“Háppy, whose tówers alréady rise!”
Enéas sáys, the city súmmits
Eýeing with úpward glánce;
Thén, in his clóudy mántle wrápped,
Énters, and mixes with the crówd,
Wóndrous to téll! unséen of ány.

Amidst the city stóod a gróve
Of móst delightful sháde;
Where érst the wind- and- wáve-tossed Póeni
The méttled cóurser's héad exhúmed,
Tóken, by róyal Júnó given,
That thére, a wéalthy wárrior nátion,
Áges on áges théy should flórish.

To Júnó hére Sidónian Dido
A témples fábric vást was búilding;
Rich in thank-ófferings was the fáne,
Ánd in the Góddess' grácious présence;
On brónze steps róse its frónt of brónze,
With brónze doors ón their hinges gráting;
Its brónze roof ón bronze pillars résted.

In this grove first présents itsélf
A néw and féar-assuáging síght;
Here fírst Enéas dáres to chérish
A hópe of sáfety, and to trust
That áll perháps is nó yet lóst.

For whilst, in the huge fane, awaiting the queen,
 He surveys every object around,
 And with wonder reflects on the city's good fortune,
 With wonder observes the harmonious result
 Of the various artificers' skill,
 And ponders the toil of the work;
 He beholds there in series the Ílian battles,
 And the wars by fame published now through the whole world;
 The Atridae and Priam he there beholds,
 And Achilles, the fell foe of both.

He stood still; and with tears said: "What place now, Achates,
 What region on earth is not full of our toils?
 See Priam: desert even here hath its guerdon,
 Even here human misery touches the heart.
 Fear not: for believe me this fame here
 Will bring us some safety."

So saying, he fed his mind on the void picture,
 Much groaning, and floods of tears wetting his face;
 For he saw, in the war around Pergamus waging,
 How here fled the Graïi, and Tróy's youth pressed on;
 Whilst, by crested Achilles pursued in his car,
 There the Phrygians were fleeing;

Nor far off, through his fast flowing tears recognises,
 With their snow-white tent-sheets, the pavilions of Rhésus;
 Which Tydides all bloody, and reeking with carnage,
 In the first faithless sleep has surprised and laid waste,
 And away toward his camp turns the fiery coursers,
 Before they have tasted the fodder of Tróy,
 Or drunk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróilus; unfórtunate yóuth,
 Who would cope, though no mách, with Achilles!
 His árms they are lóst, and áwáy he has fléd,
 And his hórses they drág him alóng,
 To the émpty car clínging, and hólđing the réins;
 Nape and shóulděrs and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,
 And the póint of his spéar, traileđ behind, marks the dúst.

All súplíant, sád, with dishévelléđ háir,
 And smítting their bréasts with their pálms,
 To the témpłe of únjust Pállas meanwhile
 The Ílian mátrons are wénding,
 And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:
 But the Góđdess áwáy from them túrns, and her eýes
 Keeps stéadfastly fíxed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achilles
 In fúry draggéd Héctor thrice,
 And for góld was now sélling the córpse.
 Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,
 When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,
 And the bódy itself of his friénd,
 And Priám forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee
 Himsélf too he récognised thére,
 And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ráńks Eóan;
 And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón
 Her Ámazon báńds crescent-shíelded;
 With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,
 She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,
 A wárríor máiden with mén coping féarless.

Whilst Dárdan Enéas these wónders is viéwing,
 And fixed in one gáze stands astónished,
 With large éscort of yóuths to the témples the Quéén comes,
 Most beáutiful Dido.

On Cýnthus' heights só, or the báńks of Eurótas,
 Díána comes dáńcing, with quíver on shóulder,
 And áll overtópping her góddess tráin
 Of a thóusand encírcleing Óreads,
 Whilst silent joy thrills Latóna's bréast.
 Such was Dido, and só through the midst of the thróng
 She bóre herself jóyous and státely alóńg,
 And pressed ón with the wórks of her fúture kíngdom.

In frónt of the dóors of the Góddess' cell thén,
 High ráised on a thróne, she tákes her séat
 Undernéath the váulted dóme of the témples,
 And fénced round with guárds, issues édicts and láws,
 Into équal pórtions the wórks dívides,
 Or by lóttory assígns to éach his pórtion.
 When, áll on a súdden, Enéas sées,
 Accómpañied bý a great cóncourse, appróaching,
 Ántheus, Sergéstus, and bráve Cloáńthus,
 And thóse other Teúcri, whom óver the séa-plań
 The bláck whirling témpest had scátttered abóut,
 And quíte carried óff to óther shóres.

With gládness, and féar, and astónishment útter
 Hímself and Achátes are bóth struck alike,
 And, though éagerly búrńing to clásp their fríends' ríghtháńds,
 Dare not véńture, in ígnorance hów stands the cáse;
 They díssímulate théréfore, and wrápt in their clóud,
 Reconnoítre what fórtune their fríends has befállen,
 On what shóres left their shíps, and why they come thítter;

For out of each ship representatives there
To the temple were hieing with loud cries for grace.

So, when they have entered, and leave
To speak in the presence is granted,
With words, such as these, from his calm breast
Ílioneus mighty begins: —
“O Queen, on whom Jove has conferred
The privilege to found a new city,
And with law's curb restrain haughty tribes,
We wretched Trojans, o'er all seas
Blown about by the winds, beg and pray thee,
Save our ships from the threatened flames' horrors,
Spare a people well moralled and honest,
And into our case look more closely.
We come not with havoc and slaughter
To devastate Libya's homesteads,
Or down to the shore drive a booty;
To men, like us conquered, belongs not
That violent high-daring spirit.

“There's an ancient land, warlike and fertile,
Hesperia the Grææ call it,
Which once the Oenotrii tilled,
Whose successors, fame says, name it now
From the name of a chieftain, Italia.

“Thither our course was, when, rising
With sudden surge, stormy Orion
With his boisterous south-westers wholly
Dispersed us, and cast us away
On blind shoals and impassable rocks,

With the briny surf óver us bréaking:
To these cóasts of yours wé few have flóated.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry
So bárbarous a úsage permits?
They méet us with wár, and forbid us
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.
If mén ye contéptuous spúrn,
And mán’s retribútion, remémber
At léast that the Góds keep accóunt
Of what ’s righteously dóne, and what wróng.
Enéas our Kíng was, than whóm
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,
More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,
Or in life’s tender chárities richer:
If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,
And the Fátes still présérve him alive,
Fear nót thou shalt éver repént thee
Of géttíng the fórehand of him
In cóurtesy’s óffices kind.
In Sicily, too, we ’ve a city
And friends who know hów to wield árms,
And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels
On drý land to dráw up, some timbers
To fit in the wóods, peel some óars;
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,
Should it bé in the fátes that once móre,
With cómrades recóvered and Kíng
For Itália and Látium we stéer;
But if our salvátion ’s quite góne,

And the dépths of the Libyan sea hóld thee,
 O most éxcellent sire of the Teúcri,
 And lóst to us álso for éver
 The prómise we hád in Iúlus,
 At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,
 Left behind us on Sicily's cóast,
 And táke King Acéstes for King."
 So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae
 Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mínd then briefly Dído thús,
 With módest, dówncast lóok delivers: —
 "Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,
 Your ánxious cáres cast fár awáy;
 A stérn necessità compéls me
 To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd
 My néw-made réalms with wáitch and wárd.
 Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?
 Troy's city únto whóm unknow'n,
 Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,
 Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?
 We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,
 Nór from this our Týrian city
 Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,
 So túrn awáy his fáce with hórror.
 Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,
 Ánd the fields, called áfter Sáturn;
 Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,
 Ánd the domáins of King Acéstes,
 I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,
 Ánd with all nécessaires hélp you.
 Shóuld you préfér to séttle hére
 In thése my réalms alóng with mé,

Draw úp your ships upón the lánd;
 Yóurs is the city Í am building;
 Trójan and Týrian shall by mé
 On équal térms be tréated éver;
 And wóuld that hére were présent nów
 Your King Enéas, bý the sáme
 South blást compélléd; at léast I'll sénd
 Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,
 And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,
 Lést by some chánce, in wóod or city
 A shipwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve
 And síre Enéas fróm the clóud
 To bréak forth fór some time were búrning,
 And first Achátes to Enéas: —
 "What thinkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?
 That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,
 Thy fléet and friends recóvered áll,
 One ónly missing whóm oursélves
 Behéld amidst the billows sunk;
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce
 The circumámbient clóud dívides ítsélf,
 And cléars awáy íntó the ópen éther,
 And fórth Enéas stóod in the clear light
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóuldérs líke a Gód;
 For ínto the son's eýes the móther's sélf
 Had bréathed bríght gládness, and his fáce adórnéd
 Wíth yóuth's fréh roseate húa and rínglets fáir;
 Líke ívory hé lóoked whích wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéén he thén addrésses, and to áll
Thús, unexpected, of a súdden spéaks: —
“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séek,
Trójan Enéas, snátched from the Libyan wáves.
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s crúel súfferings pítiest,
Whó to be`pártners of thy hóme and city
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaī léft,
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;
Becóming th ánts excéed our pówer, O Dido,
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scátttered.
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor
On húman déeds of chárity and kindness,
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,
Bestów a wórtthy récompénce upón thee.
So lóng as rivers rún intó the séa,
And hólloes in the bósom óf the móuntains
Are slówly cóursed round bý the móuntain sháadows,
And bý the firmamént the stárs are féd,
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,
Let mé be cálléd to wháto’er lánds I máy.”
He sáid, and with his right hand clásped the hánd
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus answered thén Sidónian Dido: —
 “What évil chance, O Góddess-bórn,
 With áll these périls pursúes thee?
 To thése uncóuth wild shóres of óurs
 What fórcé supérior drives thee?
 Art thóu that sáme Enéas whóm
 Boon Vénus tó Anchises Dárdan
 Bóre beside Phrygian Simois’ wáve?
 And wéll I récolléct when Teúcer,
 Fróm his nátive réalms expélléd,
 To Sidon ánd my fáther cáme,
 In séarch of á new réalim in Cýprus,
 Frúitful lánd, just thén o’errun
 Bý my fáther Bélus’ árms,
 And át his ábsolúte dispósal.
 From thát time fórt h well knówn to mé
 The Trójan city’s évil fórtune,
 Thy náme, and thé Pelásgian Kings.
 Himsélf, the fóe, used tó extól
 With no cómmon práise the Teúcri,
 Ánd from the áncient Teúcrian stóck
 His ówn descént was fáin to tráce.
 Come thén, young mén, my dwélling énter:
 Hére in this lánd at lást to séttle,
 Áfter long búffetings abóut,
 A fórtune like your ówn has willed me.
 Expérienced in misfórtune, Í
 Have léarned to hélp th’ unfórtunáte.”

She sáys; and ínto thé house róyal
 Át the sáme time léads Enéas,
 Át the sáme time in the témples
 Tó the Góds bids thánks be óffered;

Nór meantime negligéts to sénd
 Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades
 Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred
 Bristly bróad-chined swine imménse,
 Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,
 Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal
 The hóuse far within is laid óut for the bándquet;
 Of crimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;
 The vast sérvíce, of silver and góld;
 Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their síres
 From the first ancient rise of the nátion dówn
 Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquiet —
 Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,
 To acquáint, and condúct to the city, Ascáníus;
 Ascáníus, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:
 Gifts tóo bade him bring, snatched from Ilíon's rúins,
 The mántle all stiff with embróidered gold figures,
 And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wimple;
 Attire ornaméntal of Árgive Hélen,
 Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,
 And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,
 When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and nuptíals íllicit.
 The scéptre too, whílom by Ílione bórne,
 Of the dáughters of Príam the éldést,
 Ánd the pearl cháin which she wóre on her néck,
 And dóuble gold córonet studded with jéwels.
 To despátch these commissíons Achátes
 His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a nów scheme is plánníng,
 A nów cunning schéme in her bréast,
 How Cúpid his figure and féatures should chángé,
 And, géíng in swéet Ascánius's pláce,
 Kindle to fúry the Quéén with the présents,
 And into her inmost bones wórk the fire;
 The fá mily duplicity 'tís she 's afraíd of,
 And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéén;
 And sórely atróci ous Júnó fréts her,
 And still with retúrning night cómes back her cáre.
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O s ón, my great stréngth and efficiéncé;
 O s ón, who alóne at nought séttest
 The suprême Father's wéapóns Typhóean,
 To thée I fly súppliant, implóring thy Gódhead.
 How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówest,
 From shóre to shore róund by unfáir Júnó's spíte,
 And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathised;
 Him Dido Phoenician has hóld of, and, cóaxing
 With sóft soothing wórds, makes to stáy;
 And Júnó, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,
 And in só great a crisis will nó sit idle.
 To bé beforehánd with her thérefore I'm plótting,
 And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéén,
 That with lóve strong as mine she may dóat on Enéas,
 Beyónd any Gód's power to swérve her or chángé.
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opínion.

“The róyal b ́y, my cáre most espécial,
 At his déar sire's súmmons to gó is préparing
 To the city Sidónian, and béars with him gifts
 Which the séa have survived and the flámes of Tróy.

Ínto a déep sleep lethárgic I'll pút him,
 And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius
 Within the sánctified précincts híde him,
 That by nó possibility he may knów,
 Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.
 Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre
 Than óne single níght, his known féatures put ón,
 That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,
 And flów of the líquor Lyáean,
 To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,
 And húc, and imprint with sweet kisses,
 Thou mayst into her bréathe the fire occúlt,
 And póison her únsuspected."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wings,
 And wáiks with the gáit of Iúlus, delighted.
 But Vénus the límbs of Ascánius bedéws
 With plácid sléep, and, cuddled in her bósom the Góddess
 Bears him úp to the high sacred gróves of Idália,
 Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers
 And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,
 Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,
 Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.
 The Quéen had her pláce at the héad of the táble,
 Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa
 Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.
 Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arríve,
 And reclíne in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;
 Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands presént them,
 And fíne napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.
 Fifty máids are within, charged to sét in due órder,

And prepare for the table the long stock of viands,
 And to the Penates keep blazing the fire.
 Maids a hundred, and equal-aged pages as many
 The plates plenish heavy, and set down the wine-cups;
 And in through the glad gates the Tyrians come pouring,
 And on broïdered cloth cushions recline each where bid.
 With wonder they gaze on the gifts of Enéas,
 And on the God's mimic lúlus with wonder,
 How flushed are his features! how eager he talks!
 And then on the mantle, and then on the wimple
 With saffron Acánthus embróidered all round.

But, more than the rest all, the hapless Phoenissa,
 Doomed so soon to that plague to be victimised,
 By the boy and the gifts alike fired, gazes on,
 And, the longer she gazes, the longer would gaze.
 But the boy round Enéas's neck having hung,
 And his deluded sire's love gratified,
 Is away to the Queen, who, with her eyes, on him,
 And all her whole heart, doats, and to her lap takes him,
 And cuddles between-whiles: Ah! little wots Dido
 What a mighty God there of her lap sits possessor.
 Then his mother's commands Acidálian obeying,
 He begins from her bosom to blot out Sichæus,
 And tries from a dead love to turn to a living
 Her languid and long unaccustomed heart.

The service removed, and the feast at a pause,
 They set the great wine-cups and crown them;
 The din the whole house fills, as through the wide halls
 They send rolling their voices;
 Burning lamps hang suspended from ceilings of gold,
 And the flambeau's flame conquers the night.

Here the Quéen for the jéwelled and héavy gold bówl calls
 Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,
 And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,
 And sáys after sílence obtáined through the building: —
 "O Júpiter, fór in all things, appertáining
 To the ríghts of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;
 May this day a dáy of joy bé to the Týrians,
 A dáy of joy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,
 And by thóse to come áfter us héld in remémbrance;
 May jóy-giving BÁCchus and bóuntiful Júnó
 Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting
 With warm héarts and kind wishes, O Týrians, take párt."

Having thús said, she póured on the táble the hómage,
 Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,
 And hánded to Bitias with chállenge and chiding;
 Nor lóth at all hé took the swílling gold bówl,
 And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;
 So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Iópas sang tó his gold lúte
 The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the mighty,
 The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,
 Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fire;
 Of Arctúrus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,
 And óf the two Béars; and whý in such húrry
 To díp in the ócean are midwinter's sún's,
 While its nights díp so slów — what is it deláys them?
 Repeated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;
 The fórmér the wáy lead, the láttér come áfter.
 With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dido
 Protrácted the night, and of lóve deeply dránk;
 Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,

And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;
Now, the hórses of Diomedé whát were they líke;
And nów, was Achilles of státüre so mighty:—
“Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale”, she sáys,
“From the véry beginning; the Dánaí, their ámbush,
Thy cóuntry’s misfórtunes, and hów, for seven sùmmers,
Over áll lands and wáves thou art wándering abóut.”

II.

All gazed intently, and listened,
When from the high sofa thus
Enéas sire began: —

“Thou bidst, O Queen, revive
That agony of grief;
How lamentably fell,
By the Danaï o’erthrown,
The puissant realm of Tróy;
What harrowing sights I saw,
Myself a sufferer chief.
Who could from tears refrain,
Such a theme discoursing,
What Myrmidon, or Dolops,
Or hard Ulysses’ soldier?
And now down from the sky
Precipitous speeds damp night,
And star-set counsels sleep;
Yet, if to have acquaintance
With our misfortunes’ story,
And briefly hear related
The closing woe of Tróy,
So strong be thy desire,
I will the task attempt,

Though with hórror mý sad sóul
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-wórñ, and bý the Fátés repúlsed,
The chieftains óf the Dánaí,
So mány yéars awáy now gliding,
Build, with Palláidian árt divíne,
A hórsé with ribs of clóven pine,
And húge as ány móuntain;
Fór their retúrñ preténd it vówed,
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,
Bút in its dárk side privily
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers árméd,
By lót selécted, ánd complétely
Filling its vást cavérnous wómb.

“Withín view óf the Trójan cóast
Lies Ténedós’ most fámous isle,
Wéalthy, whilst Priam’s émpire stóod;
Nów but a báý, and fáithless róadstead;
Thíther they sáil acróss, and lie
Enscónced on the desértd shóre:
We máke no dóubt but théy have léft us,
Ánd depárted fór Mycénae.

“All Teúcria hér long móurning nów
Has thérefore cást aside:
’Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes
To sálly fórh, and sée
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —
‘’Twas hére the bánd Dolópián pitched,
Dréadful Achíllés thére;

This was the station for the ships,
And that the battle field.'

"Some at the huge bulk of the horse,
Virgin Minerva's deadly present,
Gaze with astonishment and wonder;
And first Thymoetes, either guileful,
Or because the fates of Tróy
Now at last that way were bearing,
Exhorts within the walls to draw it,
And place it in the citadel.
But Cápys and the wiser sort
Into the sea would headlong throw
The stratagem of the Dánaï;
Or, with flames set underneath it,
The suspicious present burn;
Or else bore into, and explore
The hollow hidings of its womb.

"Divided betwixt opposite counsels,
The uncertain crowd stands wavering,
When foremost there before them all
From the high citadel runs down,
By a great crowd accompanied,
Laócoon ardent, and exclaims,
While yet afar: — 'What so great madness,
O wretched citizens, is this?
The foe's departure credit ye?
Or think ye there can presents be
Of the Dánaï, without guile?
Is this your knowledge of Ulysses?
Either, shut up within this wood,
Concealed Achivi lie,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,
 Our hóuses to espý,
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,
 To cóme down fróm on high.
 Trúst not, O Teúcri, in this hóse;
 Some látent chéat is hére;
 Howé'er it bé, with áll their gifts,
 These Dánaí l féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact side
 Óf the béast's well róunded bélly
 Húrléd with pówerful stréngth his spéar;
 Fixed in the wóod
 Quivering it stóod;
 With a hóllow groaning sóund
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permittéd,
 Nór infátuate béen our minds,
 He hád impélled us tó demólish
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,
 And Priam's high citadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drággíng
 With great clámor, tó the Kíng,
 A yóuth with hánds behind his báck bound;
 Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf
 Unknówn had in their wáy présentéd,
 This very purpose tó efféct,
 And ópen Tróy so tó the Achivi;
 Assured of spírit, and alike
 For each alternative prépared;

Tó succéed with his impósture,
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery side
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;
And strive, who móst will móck the cáptive.
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,
And fróm the single villainy léarn
What villains théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —
‘Alás! in whát land ór what séa
Can Í take réfuge nów?’ he cries;
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wretch
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaï ’s lóst,
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that cry óur minds, and áll
Violence représsed: we úrge our prisoner
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,
Lét it háve been whát it will,
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.
Ín the first place, Í dený not
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wretched,

Néver shall that réprobate
 Máke a chéat and liar of Sinon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has
 Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme
 Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;
 Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,
 Á nefárious informatíon’s
 Guiltless víctim, whose sole crime was
 Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,
 Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,
 Ánd lámént, now thát he ’s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kinsman,
 Hither with him ás compánion,
 Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,
 Mý poor sire in éarly yóuth sent.
 Lóng as hé stood firm, and flórishéd
 A prince amóng consúltng prínces,
 Í too bóre some náme and hónor;
 Bút when Ulýsses’ cózening málice —
 Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —
 To quít this úpper wórld compélléd him,
 Í, with shátttered fórtunes, drágged on
 A life of glóom and misery;
 And ó’er my guiltless fréind’s misfórtune
 Cháfed within mysélf, indignánt;
 Nor, mádman thát I wás, kept sílence,
 But róused agáinst me bitter hátreds
 With thréats of véngéance, shóuld chance óffer,
 And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos
 Éver retúrn with víctory.

"Hénce my first blight óf misfórtune,
 Hénce Ulýsses with new chárages
 Still térrified me; wórd's ambiguous
 Still amidst the rábble scátted;
 Still sought wéapons whérewithál
 To éxecúte designs close hidden
 From áll excépt his sécret cónscience;
 Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —
 But whý th' ungráteful tále
 Thús repéat in váin?
 Or whérefore dáily?
 For yóu, who think the Achivi
 Are áll of thé same kind,
 'Tis enóugh that ye have héard
 I am óne of the Achivi;
 Take the pénalty at ónce
 Ye should lóng ago have táken:
 'Tis the véry consummátiön
 Which Íthacus désires,
 And which at a great price
 The Atridae fain would púrchase.'

"Then, thén indéed, we 're áll on fire
 To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar
 Some éxplanátiön óf the mátter;
 Little áwáre of thé deep guíle
 And villáiny of thé Pelásgi.
 Trémbling he góes on with his glózing."

'Oft times the wéary Dánaï
 Désired to táke their flight,
 To léave Troy behind them,
 And abándon the long wár;

And I wish to héaven, they hád;
 But the róugh and stórmy séa
 Intercépted óft the wáy,
 And Áuster óft detérred them,
 When ón the póint to gó.
 Abóve all, whén of máples-planks
 Firmly knít togéther
 This hórse here was sét up,
 Óver the whole éther
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.

‘Wé, in óur suspénse,
 Send Eurýpylus to consúlt
 The óracle of Phóebus;
 And hé back fróm the shrine
 Brings these wórds of sórrów: —
 ‘With a sláughtered vírgin’s blóod
 The winds ye appéased,
 When first to Ílium’s cóasts
 Ye cáme, O Dánaĩ;
 With the blóody sácrifice
 Óf a life Argólic
 Ye must púrchase your retúrñ.’

“As sóon as that wórd
 Reached the éar of the públic,
 All mínds were astóunded,
 And thróugh the bones’ pith
 Thrilled an icy-cold trémor: —
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte this?
 Apólló calls whóm?’

‘Here Íthacus drágs
 Forth into the midst,

With a great túmult,
 Sóothsaying Cálchas,
 Ánd to expóund
 That blessed will of the Góds
 Impórtunate présses.
 And mány alréady
 Foretóld me the fúture,
 Or, ónlooking múte,
 The villainy réad
 Of the crúel intríguer.

‘Twice five days he ’s silent,
 And clóse housed refúses
 Any óne to denóunce,
 Or hand óver to déath;
 Till, bý the loud clámors
 Of Íthacus hárdly
 At lóng and last fórced,
 He speaks óut, as arráanged,
 And dooms mé to the áltar.
 All assént and on óne
 Poor wrétch’s head túrn,
 And dischárge the destrúction
 Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;
 For the rite they ’re prepáring;
 The méal ’s mixed with sált,
 The tíar ’s round my témples —
 Áwáy from the sláughter
 I bróke, I dený not,
 And my bónds left behind me.

In an óozy moráss
 Amóng the sedge lúrkíng,
 All the night I lay hid,
 And awáited their sáiling,
 If háply they wóuld sail.

‘And nów I ’ve no móre hope
 To sée my old cóuntry,
 Or the sire I ’ve so yéarned for,
 Ánd the sweet children,
 Who perháps must accóunt
 With their lives for my críme,
 And wrétchedly éxpiate
 This my escápe.
 Bút, by the Góds above,
 Ánd by those Déities,
 To whóm truth is déar,
 And who knów I speak trúth;
 Ánd by whatever
 Fáith uncorrúpted
 Is still anywhére
 Among mén to be fóund,
 I práy you, take pity
 On hárdships so gréat;
 On a mínd, not desérving
 Such hárdships, take pity.’

“These téars win his life,
 And móre — even our pity —
 And first Priam’s sélf
 His mánacles tight
 Commánds to take óff,
 And spéaks to him kindly: —

'Whoéver thou árt,
 Hencefóward forgét
 The Gráii thou hast lóst,
 (For óurs thou shalt bé)
 And trúe answer gíve
 To the quéstions I ásk thee;
 This húge monstrous hórsé
 For what púrpose set úp?
 By whóm? with what méaning?
 Is it émblem religious?
 Is it éngine of wár?'

"He sáid; and the wrétch,
 In Pelásgian arts vérsed,
 Toward the héavenly lights úpwards
 His úntied hands lífting,
 'Bear witness', excláimed,
 'Ye fires everlásting,
 Whose Gódhead 's inviolate;
 Bear witness, ye áltars
 And hórrible knives,
 From which I have fléd;
 And yé, sacred fillets
 My víctim brows wóre;
 I sín not in bréaking
 The Gráian sánctions;
 I sín not in háting
 The Gráii themsélves,
 And tó the light bringing
 Their évery sécret,
 Whaté'er it may bé;
 Nor ám I bound lónger
 By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,
 And thy sáviour sáve,
 If I téll thee the trúth,
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas
 Pláced the Dánaí theír whole hópe
 And cónfidence of háppy issue
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;
 But fróm what time Tydides impious,
 Ánd Ulýsses, crime invéntor,
 Fróm the sácred fáne attétempted
 To téar awáy the weírd Palládium,
 And sláying the high citadel’s gúards,
 Séized on the sácred éffigy,
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred
 To tóuch the Góddess’ vírgin tíar:
 Ébbed from that time the hópe of the Dánaí,
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávor.

‘Nor wás it bý ambíguous pórtents
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;
 Scárce placed in the cámp the ímage,
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fire;
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its limbs,
 And thrice, O wónderful to téll!
 Úp from the gróund it spráng entire,
 Béaring its shield and quívering spéar.

‘Immédiately their flíght must bráve
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;
 ‘For Pérgamús is nó to bé
 Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving táken
 New áuspiceés, they cóme back hither,
 Bringing with them thát same héavenly
 Gráce and bléssing thát has nów
 To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive
 Mycénae saíled home, théy 're prepáring
 New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;
 Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,
 And be hére when léast expécted.
 Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas
 Át the análýsis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,
 And éxpiate the mórtal críme
 Óf the théft of thé Palládium,
 Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up
 This státue hére, but át the sáme time
 Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,
 And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,
 That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,
 Nór be drawn úp intó the city,
 Thére to succéed the fórmér image,
 Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did violence
 Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,
 Great rúin — ón the próphet's sélf
 Dischárge the próphecý, ye Góds! —
 Would whélm Priam's émpire ánd the Phrýgians;
 Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,
 And pláced it high withín your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn
 Béóme aggréssor, and agáinst
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme
 With mighty wár: such wére the fátes
 That wáited óur postérité.'

"By thése insidious árts of pérjured Sínon
 The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néither
 Tydídes, nór Achilles of Laríssa,
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand ships
 Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight
 Fílls with alárm our miserable bréasts;
 Laócoón, by lót drawn priest of Néptune,
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,
 Whén, behold yónder! 'cróss the tránquil déep,
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,
 Come twó imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,
 And máking, side by side, díréct for lánd;
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves erécted, réar
 Their blóody wáttles high abóve the wátters;
 While, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse
 And hínd parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot eyés glare fire;
 With swiftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues
 They líck their hissing jáws: aghást we sée,
 And flée in áll díréctions: tó Laócoon
 They táke their márch díréct; and fírst the bódies
 Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents clásp,
 And brówsé upón, and bíte, their wrétched límb;

Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with weápons,
 Lay hólð on, ánd with húge coils bind ; and nów
 Twice clásping him ábout the míddle ; twice
 Circling his néck round with their scáty trúnks,
 Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.
 Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tiar,
 Ás with his hánds their knóts he stríves to súnder,
 Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts high
 His shóuts horrifíc ; béllowing like a búll,
 Thát from his néck the unstéady áxe has tóssed,
 Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.
 Bút the two drágons áway glíding flée
 To dréad Tritónia's lófty citadel,
 Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,
 Behind her shield's orb, lie in cóvert clóse.

"'Twas thén, indéed, that évery breást
 Quáked with a nów and thrilling féar ;
 And ríghteously desérved, they sáid,
 The pénalty Laócoon páid,
 Whó, with póinted spéar accursed
 Húrléd agáinst the síde of the béast,
 Had hármed the sácred wóod.

"Tó the Góddess' témples,
 Áll shout óut togéther,
 The ímage múst be bróught,
 Ánd the grácious clémency
 Óf the bléssed Déity,
 Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

"We bréach the city wálls,
 We thrów the fórtress ópen,

II.

All gird their lóins, and fáll to wórk;
Benéath its fét, some, róllers sét,
Some, hémpen córds throw róund its néck.
Téeming with its fréight of árms
The fátal éngine scáles the wálls;
Bóys and girls sing hýmns aróund,
And tóuch the rópe, delighted.
It énters, ánd glides ménacing
Ón through the city's mídst.

“O Ílium! O my cóuntry!
Habitátion of the Góds!
City of Dardánidae,
Váliant and renówned!
Ín the very éntrance
Fóur times it stopped shórt;
Clánging withín the wómb
Árms four times were héard.
Ónward, nót the léss,
Unhéeding, fúrious, blind we préss,
Ánd in the cónsecráted high-place
Set úp the unlúcky mónster.

“Then tóo Cassándra's móuth
To the cóming fáte gave útterance,
That móuth which, bý the Góds' will,
The Teúcri bélieved néver.
We, wrétches who were nót
Anóther dáy to sée,
Déck with féstal fóliage
The shrines throughóut the city.

“Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,
And Night from Océanus rúshing,
Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,
And the ský, and the wíles Myrmidónian.
And nów that, all óver the city,
The Teúcri outstrétched lie and sílent,
And déep sleep their tired limbs embráces;
From Ténedos, fúly equipped,
To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,
In the stíly moon's friendly sílence
The ármament Árgive sails óver,
When the Kíng's ship has húng out its líght;
And Sinon, safe ín the protéction
Of the Góds' partial déstinies, lóoses
All stéalthy the wómb's piny shútter,
And léts out the Dánaï.

“To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;
And fórt from the hóllow wood jóyful
The chieftains Thessánder and Sthénelus come,
Alóng the let-dówn rope glíding,
And díreful Ulýsses, and Thóas,
And Ácamas, ánd Meneláus,
And Macháon the fóremost of áll,
Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,
And himsélf, the snare's ártist, Epéus.

“They máke their attack on the city,
As it líes in sleep búried and wine,
Cut dówn the night-wáth, and admitting,
At the wide-opened gátes, all their cómrades,
Uníte into óne their leagued bánds.

"It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,
 When thát most gráteful gift of héaven
 Begins to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:
 Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,
 Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;
 Frésh from the cháriot w héel,
 As érewhile Í had séen him,
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod;
 Ín his swollen féet the thóngs.

"Alás me, whát a Héctor!
 How gréat a chángé was thére,
 From the Héctor thát retúrnéd
 Clád in Achilles' spóils!
 From the Héctor thát had húrled
 Phrýgia's lighted bránds
 At the ships of the Dánaï!

"Squálid was his béard,
 Clóttéd his lócks with blóod,
 His bódy gáshed all óver
 With the wóunds he had receíved
 Befóre his nátive wáalls.
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,
 Addrésséd of my own mótion
 These sád words tó the héro: —

'O light of Dardánia!
 O Teúcrian hope súrest!
 What gréat delay képt thee?
 Or whénce comest at lást?
 O Héctor, expéctéd so lóng!

After hów many déaths
 Of thy friends look we ón thee!
 After hów many tróubles,
 And hárrassing tóils,
 Both of péople and city!
 Thy visage seréne
 Why fóuled thus unséemly?
 And whát wounds are thése?'

"He ánswered nót my idle quéstions,
 He wróught me nó deláy,
 Bút from his bósom's innermost
 Groaned héavily and sáid: —
 'Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,
 And sáve thee fróm these flámes:
 The fóe is máster óf the wálls,
 And in rúin from its súmmit
 Down túmbles lófty Tróy.
 For Priam and thy cóuntry
 Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;
 Had Pérgamus' defénce
 In ány right hand láin,
 This right hand thé defénce
 Of Pérgamus had béen.
 Tróy to thy cáre comménds
 The óbjects shé holds sácred;
 Take thése Penátes with thee,
 To bé thy fátes' compánions,
 With thése Penátes gó,
 And fóund the mighty city
 'Tis thy déstiný to fóund
 After mány a long wándering
 Áll the wide sea óver.'

“He said, and in his hands
Brought out, from the interior,
Potent Vesta, and the Fillets,
And the everlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city far
'Tis woe all and confusion,
And though my sire Anchises' house
Stood among sheltering trees retired,
Yet louder still, and louder grew,
And nearer still and nearer drew
War's horror, and the din of arms.

“Starting, and roused from sleep
I climb the roof's steep ridge,
And with pricked ears stand listening.

“'Twas as when through standing corn
By raging southwinds flames are borne,
Or mountain torrent's rapid flood
Prostrates fields and smiling crops,
Prostrates the labors of the ox,
And headlong drags with it the wood.
From the high top of a rock,
The shepherd, ignorant what has happened,
Hears with astonishment the sound.
Then, then indeed, the truth was clear,
The ambush of the Danaï open.
Now has Deiphobus' large house,
By Vulcan overpowered, fallen in;
And now Ucalegon 's on fire,
His next adjoining neighbour;
And far and wide
Sigeum's friths

Refléct the gláre;
 And clánging trúmpets,
 Shóuting mén,
 Their lárum ráise togéther.

“Distrácted Í take árms, though smáll
 The góod from árms to bé expécted;
 Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me
 Some gállant hándful óf compánions,
 And thrów mysélf into the cástle;
 Mádness and wráth impél me héadlong,
 Ánd, what a chárming thing it is
 To die in árms, comes 'cróss my mind.

“But sée, escáped out of the midst
 Óf the Acháian weápons, Pántheus
 Tóward our hóuse comes rúnníng wildly;
 Pántheus Othryádes, the priest
 Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,
 Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds
 Ánd *sacrárium* cárrying with him,
 And drágging ón his little grándson: —
 ‘Quite lóst? Or nót yet quite lost, Pántheus?
 The cástle — cán we hólđ out in it?’

“Scarce hád I thé words úttered,
 When with a gróan he ánswered: —
 ‘Th’ inévitable dáy,
 Dardánia’s lást is cóme:
 We Trójan’s áre no móre;
 Ílium ’s déad and góne,
 Ánd the high Teúcrian glóry.
 Wild and sávage Jóve
 To Árgos hás transférred

Áll that ónce was óurs;
 The Dánaí have fired,
 And are másters óf the city;
 Within whose véry córe
 The tówing hórse teems wárrors,
 Ánd victórious Sínon
 Flings his bránds, insúlting.
 More númerous thóusands néver
 Cáme from gréat Mycénae
 Than are yónder at the gátes,
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:
 Hére their bristling files
 Besét the nárrow stréets,
 With náked swórds in hánd,
 Glístening, prépared for sláughter.
 Scarce thóse upón the édge
 And fórefront óf the dánger,
 The nightwatch óf the gátes,
 Attépt the dárkling fight,
 And óffer blínd resistance.'

"Ínto the mídst of árms and flámes
 By thése words óf Othryádes
 Ánd the Gods' will I'm bórne;
 Whither sévére Erinny's cálls,
 Whither the dínn calls, ánd the shóut
 High to the éther vólleyed.
 By fávor of the móonlight,
 Ripheus, and váliant Épytus,
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas
 Gáther abóut and jóin me,
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són
 Coróebus, whóm the violence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,
 Júst at that time, it chanced,
 Had bróught to Tróy, to assist,
 With the árms of a sòn-in-láw,
 Priam and the Phrygians;
 Unháppy! that not listened
 To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when I sáw so bóld,
 And bánded for the báttle,
 To shárpen still their cóurage,
 With thése words Í endéavour: —
 ‘Yóuths of brávest héart,
 Brávest I féar, in váin;
 If résolute your desire
 My désperate léad to fóllow,
 Fórtune's áttitúde ye sée:
 Forsáking shríne and áltar
 The Góds have áll depárted,
 That ónce sustáined this émpire:
 ’Tis tó a búrning city
 Thát ye bring your succour.
 Ínto the fight's thickest
 Lét us rúsh and die;
 To cást awáy all hópe
 Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men's cóurage
 Fúry thus is ádded,
 Ánd like wólves rapácious,
 Rávening in a dárk fog,
 Whén the villainous pinch
 Of húnger hás enráged them,
 Ánd their whélps expéct

With párched jaws their retúrñ,
 Óñ through the midst of fóes,
 Óñ through the midst of wéapons,
 Tówards no dóubtfú déath,
 We márch alóng the high street,
 Únder the hóllo w sháde
 Of dárk Night flitting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávoc sláughter
 Whó has wórds descriptíve?
 For the sórróws of thát níght
 Whó has téars suffícíent?
 The áncient city fálls
 After mány a yéar’s dominíon;
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,
 And Góds’ religious témples
 Dead bódies évery whére
 Lie strówn abóut in númerbs.
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle
 The blóody pénalty:
 Éven to the cónquered bréast
 Cóurage at tímes retúrñs,
 Ánd in their víctory’s midst,
 The Dánaĩ are laid lów.
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;
 Éverywhére is féar
 And mány a shápe of déath.

“Andrógeos, first of áll,
 Ín our wáy presénts hímsélf
 With a great tróop of Dánaĩ;
 And, ignorántly believing
 Thát we ’re óf hí pártý,

Thús, of his ówn accórd,
 With friendly wórds accósts us: —
 ‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,
 What láziness is this,
 Thát so láte has képt you?
 While your cómrades Pérgamus
 With fire and swórd are sácking,
 Yé, from the lófty ships,
 Are bút just nów arríving.’
 “He sáid, and ón the ístant —
 For óur reply was nót
 Sufficíently stráight fórdward —
 Percéived that hé had fálled
 Ínto the midst of the fóe,
 And astóunded chécked his spéech,
 And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, thát ón a snáke
 Ín a thórny bráke
 Unexpéctedly has tród,
 And báckwards in dísmáy
 Stárts, and flées away
 Befóre its rising íre
 And blúe and swélling górgé;
 Just só, at síght of ús,
 Andrógeos trémbling fléd:
 We rúsh on, ánd aróund them
 Póuring in dénse armed núbbers,
 Róut them in áll díréctions,
 Ígnorant óf the gróund
 And strícken with a pánic.
 Ón our first emprise
 Fórtune breathes auspícíous.

"And hére, flushed with succéss,
 Coróebus cries exúltíng: —
 'Whére propítíous Fórtune
 Now first póints óut the wáy,
 That prómises to sáve us,
 O cómrades, let us fólloꝝ;
 Lét us interchánge
 Búcklers and appóintments
 With these Dánaï hére,
 And as Dánaï equip us.
 Só the báttle 's wón,
 Whó ever quéstíons whéther
 'Twas by ártífice or vátor.
 Our énemíes themsélves
 Shall fúrnish us with árms.'

"Andrógeos' bushy hélm
 And hándsome emblemed shield,
 So sáyíng, he put ón;
 Ánd the Argive swórd
 Adápted to his síde;
 Ripheus does the sáme,
 Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,
 And áll the jóyous yóuths;
 Éach and évery óne
 Ín the frésh spoils árms him.

"Then, with the Dánaï míngled,
 We márch withóut the éscort
 Of our ówn accústomed Góds;
 Ánd in mány a clóse-hand fíght,
 In the dárkness of the níght,
 Full mány of the Dánaï

Despáitch to Orcus dówn;
And sóme of them fly scáttèred
To the ships and fáithful shóre,
And sóme, in a vile pánic,
The húge horse climb agáin,
And stów themselves awáy
Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there ’s nó succéss,
If héaven ’s not só inclined:
See whére, with háir dishévelled,
Cassándra, Priam’s dáughter,
Óut of the fáne is drágged
And fróm Minérva’s shríne;
Stráining, but áll in váin,
Toward héaven her árdent eýes:
Her eýes, for fétters hóld
Her délicate hánds confined.

“That sight Coróebus bróoks not,
And in a fréncy flings him
Ínto the midst, to díe.
We fóllo in a bódý,
And in amóng them rúsh
With thick and héavy báttle.

“Here first we ’re óverwhélmed
Fróm the high top óf the témples
Bý our ówn friends’ míssiles,
Ánd a most piteous sláughter
Arises fróm the fálse show,
Máde by our Gráian árms
And búshy hélmet-crésts.

Then, with gróans and indignátiún
 At the réscue óf the vírgin,
 From évery síde collécting,
 The Dánaí fáll upón us;
 Ájax móst redóubted,
 Ánd the twáin Atridae,
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópián.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,
 And wínds with ópposite wínds conténd,
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmtour,
 Néreus with his trident fóamy
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttóm.

“Those too appéar whom in the dárk night
 Bý our strátagem wé had róuted;
 And húnted óver thé whole cíty;
 The first are théy to récogníse
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk
 The discrepance betwéen our vóices,
 Ánd the extérior wé assumed.
 That íntant, núbbers óverwhélm us,
 And first Coróebus próstrate lies
 Strétched by the right hand óf Penéleus
 Beside the armípotent Góddess’ áltar.
 Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest
 Ánd most ríghteous óf the Teúcri;
 Bút the Gods ótherwise decreéd.
 And Hýpanis and Dýmas pérish,
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thée, as dówn thou sánkest,
 Thy gréat and mánifold piety, Pántheus,
 Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,
 Ye pyre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,
 I fáced in thát your hóur of rúin
 Évery wéapon óf the Dánaï,
 Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;
 Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,
 Bý my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.

“Our pártý ’s violently sévered:
 Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;
 Héavy with yéars the látter, Pélias
 Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulýsses:
 To Priam’s pálace bý the clámor
 Immédiately we ’re cálléd awáy.

“’Twas hère indéed the báttle ráged,
 As if elsewhére were nóne,
 No déaths beside in thé whole city;
 So fúriously was rámping hère
 Indómitable Mårs,
 So strénuously the Dánaï
 Úp the stéps were striving,
 And hóused benéath the slóping cópe
 Of shields compácted firm togéther,
 The véry dóor were sieging:
 Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,
 With búcklered léft hand wárded missiles,
 With right hand séized the párapets.

"Against them thé Dárdanidae,
 For weápons óf defénce in this
 Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,
 Uptéar rooftóps and túrretings,
 And gilt beams dówn upón them róll,
 Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.
 Óthers belów in á dense bánd
 Within the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,
 Intént to guárd the éntance, stánd.

"To bring assistance tó the cónquered,
 Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,
 My spírit rises frésh within me.
 Behind there wás a sécret éntance
 And pássage óf comunicácion,
 Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,
 Betwéen the párts of Priam's pálace.
 Through this door, while the státe stood firm
 Hápless Andrómache full óft
 Was wónt to páss withóut attendánts,
 Her fáther-and móther-in-láw to visit
 Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,
 The bóy Astýanax conducted.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss
 Úp to the high roof súmmit,
 From whence the wrétched Trójans dówn
 Their missiles váin were húrling.
 Óut of the róof, high tóward the stárs
 A tówer rose pérpendicular
 Óver the frónt wall óf the building;
 From whence there wás a próspect wide
 Of áll Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:
 Attácking it with crówbars róund,
 Where insecurely it was jóined
 Tó the roof-térace, wé upheáve
 And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.
 With wide and súdden crásh it fálls
 Upón the squádróns óf the Dánaï;
 But óthers tó their pláce succéed,
 Nor is there, in the méan time, páuse
 Of stónes or ány fórm of weápons.

“Befóre the véry thréshold
 Óf the véstibúle itself,
 Ín his weápons’ brázen light
 Exúlting Pýrrhus glístens;
 As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen
 Únder the shéltering gróund
 Áll the cold winter thróugh,
 Now háving cást his slóugh
 And crópped his póisonous hérbs,
 Tó the light comes fóward,
 Renéwed in yóuth and beauty,
 And ón his slímy spires
 Cóiling himsélf eréct,
 His bréast rears tó the sún,
 And báck and fóward shóots
 His twinkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with him huge Périphas,
 And hé that dróve Achilles’ stéeds,
 Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,
 Alóng with him th’ whole Scýrian yóuth
 Úp to the hóuse come, ánd fling high

II.

"In the pálace cóurt intérior,
 Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis
 Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it
 A láurel óf most áncient grówth
 Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing
 In its shádw thé Penátes.
 Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,
 Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,
 Clásping the images óf the Góds,
 And clóse togéther cówered like dóves
 Bý the black pélting témpet flúrried.

"But wén in yóuthful árms equipped
 Priám himself she sáw: —
 'Ah! whát so direful ímpulse
 Most wrétched spóuse', she cried,
 'Hath girt thee with these weápons,
 Or whither rúshest?
 'Tis nót of súch assistance,
 Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,
 The présent time has néed,
 No, nót, if stánding hére
 Wére my own Héctor's sélf.
 Submít, I dó beséech thee,
 And hither déign to cóme;
 This áltar shields us áll,
 Or with us thóu shalt die.'
 "The fúll of yéars, this sáid,
 Untó hersélf she tóok,
 And pláced in the sácred séat.

"But sée where yónder, thróugh t'
 And émpy hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disabled, fróm the midst
 Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,
 Fróm the midst of fóes and wéapons,
 Cómes Polítes, són of Priam;
 And, behind him, glówing hót
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —
 Now, nów, nay nów the clúch is ón him,
 Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,
 Till, at the móment whén he énters
 His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,
 And in a gúsh of blóod expires.

“Nor Priam thén, what thóugh he stóod
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,
 Abstáined from ire or spáred his wórds: —
 ‘But máy the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,
 Who mind atrócities like this,
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe
 For this audácious outrage páy thee,
 Théé, who hast máde the síre eyewitness
 Óf the son’s déath, and with his child’s blood
 Defiled the présence óf a fáther.
 Far óther fóe was thát Achíllés,
 From whóm thou liest that thóu art sprúng,
 Who blúshinglý a súplíant’s right,
 A súplíant’s sáncctítý révéríng,
 Héctor’s pale córse réstóred to Priam
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme
 In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng
 His pówerless inefféctual wéapon,

Which máde the shield's brass-plátíng ríng,
And, fóiled at ónce, hung whére it strúck."

'Thén to my sire Pelídes póst,'
Pýrrhus replíed, 'and béar these tídings:
The náughtý ánd degénerate déeds
Of Néoptólemus be sùre
That thóu remémber wéll to téll him;
Now díe.' "The óld man, with these wórds,
He drágged to the véry áltar, trémbling,
And in the plásh of his son's blóod ,
Slípping; twined in his háir the léft hand,
And with his ríght the fláshíng swórd
Uplífted hígh, and in his síde
Úp to the hílt-guard búried.

"Súch was the clóse of Príam's fátes;
Súch the allótted bóurne of him,
Whó, of so mány Ásíátic
Nátions and lánds prou d rúler ónce,
Saw Tróy in flámes, and Pérgamus fálle n:
Upón the shóre he lies,
The héad lopped fróm the shóuld ers,
A húge and námeless cárcase.

"Then fírst in áll its pówer I félt
The hórror thát surróunded me;
I stóod aghást: my déar síre's ímage
Róse to my mínd, when I behéld
The équal-áged Kíng his lífe fórth
Exháling át a crúel wóund;
Forlórn Creúsa tóo rose to my mínd,
Ánd my sacked hóuse, and líttle Iúlus' cáse.

"I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,
 What fórcé there máy be yét abóut me.
 All tired out hád desérted me,
 And éither léaped down tó the gróund,
 Or thrówn into the flámes
 Their wórñ and févered frámes.

"And nów I wás alóne remáining,
 Whén in Vésta's sécret séat
 Týndarus' dáughter Í behóld,
 A lúrking silent visitant;
 The brightness óf the cónflagrátióñ
 Líghts me, ás abóut I wánder,
 And éverywhére cast róund my eýes:
 Shé, in dréad anticipátióñ
 Of rétribútióñ fróm the Teúeri
 For Pérgamus ó'erthrów and fáll,
 In dréad no léss of chástisement
 At the hánds of th' ángry Dánaĩ,
 Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:
 Tróy's and her cóuntry's cómmon Fúry,
 Óbject óf the géneral hâtréd;
 Óut of the wáy had pút hersélf,
 And thére was sitting bý the áltar.

"With súdden fláming íre
 My sóul is áll on fire,
 To avénge my cóuntry's fáll,
 Ánd the criminal chastise:"
 'And sháll this wretch unscáthed,
 Spárta behold agáin,
 And fátherland Mycénae?
 In quéenly triumph hóme

II.

Tó her spóuse and children,
And tó her síres retúrn,
By crówds of Ílian dámes
And Trójan serfs attended?
And Priám have been sláin?
And Tróy in ashes láid?
Ánd the Dardánian shóre
So óft have sweated blóod?
No, néver! for althóugh
He wins no glorious náme
Who púnishes a wóman,
Nor hás such victory práise,
Still I shall bé extólléd
For extirpating a núisance,
And inflicting on the guíltý
The chástisement desérved.
Twill bé some comfort tóo,
To have given myself enóugh
Of the fiery flame of véngeance,
And glútted my friends' áshes.'

"With súch ejáculátion,
I was rúshing in a fúry,
When, néver by mine eýes
So bright before behéld,
My móst benignant móther
Stood visíble befóre me,
Refúlgent in pure líght,
Midst the dárkness of the night,
A góddess undisguised,
In such májesty and gréatness
Ás to heaven's inhábítants
She is wónted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,
 And held me back and added
 From her rósy lips these wórds:—

‘What fúry ’s this, my són?
 What póignant páin excites
 This ungóvernable íre?
 Or whither away fléd
 Thy wónted care of us?
 Wilt thou not first a lóok
 Bestów where thou hast léft
 Thine áge- worn sire Anchises?
 Whéther thy spóuse Creúsa,
 Whéther thy bóy Ascáníus
 Survives yet? round all whóm
 The Gráian files are róaming,
 And whóm the foeman’s swórd,
 Bút for my cáre’s resistance,
 Had swépt away ere this,
 Ór the devóuring fláme.

‘’Tis nó the háteful fáir face
 Óf Lacónian Týndaris,
 Not crimináted Páris,
 But the stérn will of the Góds,
 The Góds’ stern will o’erthróws,
 And próstrates, fróm its súmmit,
 The pówer and might of Tróy.

‘See hére — for fróm thine eýes
 All the clóud I ’ll táke away
 Which, dráwn acróss them, dúlls
 And dámps thy mórtal vísion,

And spréads thick dárkness róund:
 And thóu, fear nót to dó
 Every bidding óf thy párent,
 Ánd to hér instrúctions
 Refúse not thine obédience —
 Hére, where thóu behóldest
 These húge disrupted másses,
 These stónes áwáy from stónes forced,
 These únduláting cólumns
 Of mingled smóke and dúst,
 Néptune is úndermíning,
 And fróm their déep foundátions
 With his great trident héaving
 The wálls and thé whole city.
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,
 Júnó, fóremost léading,
 Óccupies the Scáean,
 And, swórd at side, calls fúrious
 Her állies fróm the ships;
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,
 Tritónian Pállas, (sée
 Behind thee thére,) sits mistress,
 Ín a beamy clóud's
 Effúlgent halo bright,
 Bright with her fell Górgon.
 The sire of héaven himsélf
 Fúrnishes the Dánaĩ
 With succéssful stréngth and cóuragé;
 Stirs úp the Góds himsélf
 Ágáinst the Dárdan árms.
 Áwáy, my són, flee swift;
 Let thy lábors have an énd:
 Éverywhere I'm with thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe
 Ón thy patérnal thréshold.'
 Thús having sáid, she plúnged
 Ínto the night's thick shádes:
 Ánd befóre me pláinly
 I sáw the direful figures
 Óf the gréat divinities,
 Inimical to Tróy.

"All Ílium thén appéared to mé
 To sink in flámes, and fróm its báse
 Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.
 'Twás as when hinds, with stróke on stróke
 Of dóuble-héaded iron áxe,
 Have nigh cut thróugh, and émulous stríve
 To óverthréw, an áncient ásh,
 Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;
 With trémbling lócks, and crówn concussed
 At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,
 And thréatens still, till, grádually
 With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórñ,
 Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,
 Down túmbles ón the hills, a ruín.

"Descéding thénce, I máke my wáy,
 Únder the guidánce óf the Gódhead,
 Thróugh the midst of flámes and wéapons;
 Wéapons give wáy and lét me páss,
 The flámes retire befóre me.
 But wén the whóle wáy Í have tráversed,
 And réached the óld patérnal mánsion,
 My sire, whom fírst I sóught, and fáin
 Had cárried fírst to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survive Troy's fáll,
 Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—
 'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh,
 Whose firm strength ón itself reliés,
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger
 Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:
 I 'll fight until the fóe, in pity,
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despáth me.
 Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.
 Ódious to héaven, and úseless hére,
 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,
 Sínce the Gods' sire and king of mén
 Blew ón me with his thúnder's blást,
 And strúck me with his fire.'

"Só he persisted sáying,
 Unchángeable ánd resólvéd:
 Wé, on the óther hánd,
 With flóods of téars beséech him —
 Í and my spóuse Creúsa,
 Ascánius, ánd the whóle house —
 Beséech him, the house-fáther,
 Nót to súperádd
 Préssure tó fate's préssure,
 Nór with himsélf the hóuse
 And áll of ús undó.
 Ábsolute hé refúses,

Ánd immóvable sits fixed
Ín the same spót and púrpose.

“I rúsh to árms again,
And in my misery’s dépth
Wish déath; for nów what cóunsel,
What chánce of sáfety ’s léft:—
‘And hást thou hóped, O sire,
That Í would stir one fóot,
And thóu left hére behind?
And fróm a fáther’s móuth
Hath súch impiety fálled?
Íf of so gréat a city
The pówers abóve are pleásed
That nóthing sháll be léft,
And if thou ’rt quite detérmined,
And think’st it right to ádd
Thy fámily ánd thysélf
To the fáll of fálling Tróy,
That gáte to déath lies ópen;
Pýrrhus will sóon be hére,
Who mássacres the són
In présence of the sire,
And mássacres the sire
Beside the very áltar.

‘Is it for this, kind móther,
Thou snátchest mé unhúrt
Óut of the midst of flámes,
Óut of the midst of weápons,
Thát I may sée the fóe,
In the bósom of my hóme,
And Ascánius and my sire
And Creúsa, lýing búchered,

And wéltering side by side,
 Éach in the óther's blóod?
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;
 The lást day calls the cónquered;
 To the Dánaï give me báck;
 To the fight let mé agáin;
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;
 This dáy we sháll not áll,
 Not áll die únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-gírt,
 And into my shield's hándle
 Insérting my left árm,
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold
 My spóuse clings róund my féet,
 And in her árms forth strétches
 Little Iúlus tó his sire:—

'If to die thou depártest,
 Take ús with thee tóo
 Into áll the worst dángers;
 But if thine expérience
 Has hópe still in árms,
 Defénd this house first.
 To whóm left thy sire,
 And little Iúlus?
 To whóm left am í,
 Whom thou ónce call'dst thy wife?'

"With súch loud cries and gróans
 She was filling the whole building,
 When a pródigy rose súdden,
 And wónderful to téll;

For thére, among the hánds,
 And befóre the very fáces,
 Óf the sórrowful párents,
 Ló! a light and póinted fláme
 From the tip top óf the héad
 Of lúlus séemed to shéd
 A bláze of light aróund,
 And with innóxious tóuch
 Lick lightly his soft háir,
 And féed abóut his témples.

“In trémbling féar and flúrry
 We sháke the fláming háir,
 And búsily with wáter
 The sácred fire extingúish;
 But síre Anchises jóyful
 His eýes lifts tóward the stárs,
 And tóward the héaven dirécts
 His vóice and óutstretched hánds:—
 ‘O thóu, almighty Jóve!
 If ány práyers may bénd thee,
 Dó but lóok upón us;
 And thén, if thóu shouldst find
 Our piety desérving,
 Give us thy hélp, O síre!
 And rátify this ómen.’

“Scárce had the óld man sáid,
 Whén with a súdden crásh
 It thúndered on the léft,
 And dárting from the ský
 A stár with lúminous tráin
 Shót acróss the dárkness.
 We sée it ó’er the hóuse top

Gliding alón, and trácing
 Its bright path, till it plúnges
 Ínto the Idéan wóod.
 A lón, and lúminous stréak
 Is léft where it has pássed,
 And, fár and wide aróund,
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,
 The sire aróse, and wént
 Fóorth to the ópen áir,
 And adóred the hólý stár,
 And thús the Góds addrésed:—
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;
 I fóllow, ánd wheré’er
 Ye léad, am présént thére.
 Góds of my fátherlánd,
 O! présérve my fámily;
 My grándson, O! présérve;
 This augury is yóurs,
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.
 I yield indéed, my són,
 Ánd to kéepe thee cómpany
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sáid, and nów the fire
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,
 Ánd the cónflagrátion
 Néarer rólles its tide:—
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt
 Upón my néck and shóuldres;
 To cárry yóu will bé
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what máy betide,
 For ús two thére shall bé
 One cómmon risk, one sáfety;
 Little Iúlus kéeps
 In cómpany with mé,
 And in my stéps far óff
 My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.
 Ye sérvants, give atténction
 To whát I nów shall sáy:—

‘Fácing thóse who léave the city
 Thére ’s an ántique túmulus,
 And sólitáry fáne of Céres,
 Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,
 Bý our síres religiously
 Presérved through mány a yéar:
 Át that spót from différent quárters
 We méet togéther: thóu, O sire!
 Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,
 Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:
 For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage
 Óf so gréat war, it were ímpious
 To láy hand ón them, till I ’ve máde
 Ablútion in the rúnning stréam.’

“I sáid; and ón my shóulderns bróad
 And bént neck first a gárment spréading,
 And thén a táwny líon’s skín,
 Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.
 Little Iúlus in my right hand
 Intwines himsélf, and tó his síre,
 With a child’s shórtér stép, kéeps clóse;
 My wife comes ón behind.

"Through dárk ways wé move ón,
 And Í, whom bút just nów
 No shówering missiles rúffled,
 Nor oppósing trúops of Gráilí,
 By évery áir am fríghted,
 By évery sóund excítéd,
 In ánxíous féar alike
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

"And nów I néared the gátes,
 And thóught I hád made góod
 The whóle way, whén, close bý,
 Áll of a súdden, séemed
 Upón our éars to fáll
 The sóund of trámping féet,
 And thróugh the sháde my síre
 Forthlóoking cries:— 'My són,
 O! flée, my són; they 're cóming;
 I sée their búrning bráss,
 I sée their fláshing shíelds.'

"I knów not whát malignant Pówer
 Of récolléction hère depríved me,
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mínd;
 For ás, the ród's diréction léaving,
 I táke my wáy thróugh páthless pláces,
 Alás! some víolent déath snatched fróm me
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,
 Or tíred sat dówn, but tó our éyesight
 Néver sínce thén was shé restóred:
 Nor díd I báckward túrn my lóok,
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to thé old túmulus
 And Céres' sácred séat we cóme:
 When hére at lást we 're áll collécted,
 She ónly tó our númer 's wánting,
 And hád not éither bý her cómrades,
 Ór by her són, or spóuse been séen.

"Whóm of Góds or mén,
 Whóm did I nótr repróach
 In my ráving ánd delirium?
 What sight more crúel sáw I
 In the sácking óf the city?
 Ascánius, sire Anchíses,
 And the Teúcrian Penátes
 I híde in a curved válley,
 And comménd to my compánions.
 In glittering arms I'm girt,
 And séek again the city,
 Résolute to bráve
 All chánces ónce agáin,
 Through the whóle of Tróy retúrn,
 Ánd to évery dänger
 Expóse my life once móre.

"First I séek the wáalls,
 Ánd obscúre gate-pórtal
 By which I hád passed óut,
 Ánd my fóotmarks báckwards
 Explóre with séarching eýe,
 And thróugh the night retréad.
 'Tis hórror éverywhére;
 The véry silence sélf
 Strikes térror tó the sóul.

"Thence hóme, if bý some cháiice,
 If bý some cháiice that wáy
 Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;
 The Dánaĩ hád rushed in,
 And were másters óf the building.
 Úp to the highest róof-top
 Bý the wind that instant
 Rólléd the devóuring fire;
 Abóve the hóuse rise high,
 And crackle tó the ský,
 The ráging héat and fláme.
 Thence ónward Í procéd,
 And the résidénce of Priam,
 And the citadél revisit.
 Ín the vácant pórticoes
 Of Júnó's fáne alréady
 Phóenix and díre Ulysses,
 Gúards seléct, were wáatching
 The héaped up piles of bóoty.
 Thithér from all sídes,
 Tórn from the búrning shrines
 Troy's tréasures wére collécted:
 Thére were the cáptured véstments,
 And sólíd gólden góblets,
 And tábles óf the Góds.
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons
 In lóng arráy stand róund.

"I dáred even tó cry óut,
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,
 And in sórrów cálléd "Creúsa",
 Úntil I fílléd the stréets
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,
And óver agáin in váin,
And óver agáin, repéated.

“As thróugh the city’s hóuses
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,
Befóre mine eýes appéared,
Lárger than life, the sháde,
Sémbulance, and imaged fórm
Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,
And in these wórds addréssed me,
And sólaced thús my cáre:—
‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,
Such mád grief tó indúlge?
These événts do nót occúr
Withóut the will divine:
To táke Creúsa with thee,
Compánion óf thy trável,
His órdinánce forbids
Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,
Áfter thóu hast plóughed
The vást tract óf the séa,
Thou shált at lást arrive
Át the Hespérian lánd,
Whére with géntle cúrrent
Lýdian Týber flóws
Through rich and péopled fields.
A róyal spóuse, and kingdom,
Ánd prospérity there wáit thee.
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;
Néver will Í, a Dárdan,

And Góddess Vénus' daughter,
 The háughty séats behóld
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,
 Or gó to bé a sláve
 Tó a Gráian mistress;
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé
 Hére in these shóres detáins.
 And nów farewéll, and éver
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,
 Desérting me she fléd,
 And léft me wéeping múch,
 And múch to sáy desíring.
 Abóut her néck there thrice
 I stróve my árms to thrów;
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,
 Light as the winds, the sháde,
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the night, at lást
 To my pártý Í retúrn:
 And hére I find with wónder
 Great númeres óf new cómrades
 From áll sides hád flowed in;
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,
 A miserable crówd,
 Réady with héart and súbstance
 To fóllow me to éxile,
 Ínto whatever lánds
 I might think fit to léad them
 Away beyónd the séa.

“And nów o’er Ída’s tóps
Lúcifer was rising,
And léading ón the dáy;
Strong bódies of the Dánaĩ
Had posséssion of the gátes,
And évery hópe was lóst;
I yield: uplift my sire,
And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

III.

“After the Góds
Had thought fit to destróy,
By a dóom it deserved not,
The réalm Asiatic,
And lineage of Priám,
And próud Ilium féll,
And áll Troy Neptúnian
Smóked from the gróund,
Divine áuguries drive us,
To séek out far lánds,
Desert pláces of éxile,
And close únder Antándrus
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,
We build our fleet’s fábric,
And our créw get togéther,
All úncertain whither
The fátes may convéy us,
Where allów us to hált.

“’Twas the véry beginning
And first of the súmmer,
When fáther Anchises
Gave órders to spréad out
Our sails to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave
 Of the shóres of my cóuntry,
 And the pláins where Troy ónce was,
 And sáil out of pórt,
 And awáy to the high deep
 An éxile am bórne
 With my cómrades and són
 And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far distant,
 The Thrácians inhábit
 A lánd to Mars sácred,
 Vast wide-spreáding pláins,
 By dóughty Lycúrgus
 In óld time reigned óver,
 And clósely united
 With Tróy in relátions
 Friendly and sócial,
 While Tróy was a city.

“I sail thíther, and lánding
 By nó kind fate sánctioned,
 Amóng the shore’s windings
 Begín straight to build,
 And fróm my own náme,
 Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll
 To the Kíng of the Góds
 On the shóre I was óffering,
 And práying the móther
 Dionéan to bléss
 The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus
 Néar hand was stánding,
 O'ergrówn with shrub córnél,
 And stiff spikes of mýrtle.
 I went tó it, and stróve
 From the swárd to tear úp
 Some gréen wood for bóughs,
 To gárland the áltars,
 When a pródigy hórrid,
 And stránge to reláte,
 To my eýes was présentéd:
 For fróm the first sápling,
 Pulled óut of the gróund,
 Black dróps of blood drip,
 Where 'twas bróke from the róot,
 And the éarth stain with góre.
 Cold hórror my limbs shakes,
 My blóod with fear fréezes.
 Procéeding to púll up
 Anóther tough withe,
 And the hidden causè sift
 And explóre to the bóttom,
 From the óther's rind tóo
 The black dróps of blood íssue.
 I búsy my mind
 With conjéctures, and óffering
 To the rúral nymphs hómage,
 And to fáther Gradivus,
 The Gétic plains' lórd,
 Beséech them to shéd
 On th' appéarance their bléssing,
 And avért the bad ómen:
 But whén I attépt

With a still greater éffort
 The third rod to wrénch,
 And with my knees, púshing
 Agáinst the sand, stráin —
 Shall I spéak out or húsh? —
 I héard from the tómb's depth
 A piteous groan íssue,
 And thús a voice ánsver:—

‘Why lácerate só
 A póor wretch, Enéas?
 Dead and búried let rést;
 And thy kind, tender hánds
 With súch a crime stáin not.
 Thine ówn Troy produced me,
 And the blóod from this stálk
 Drips not stránger to thée.
 Ah! flée this land crúel,
 These shores cóvetous flée,
 For í'm Polydórus,
 And this spiky cróp
 Has shot úp from the lánces,
 Sharp-póinted and thick-set,
 That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was frightened,
 And stóod hesitáting
 In dóubt and amázement;
 My vóice to my thróat clave,
 My háir rose eréct.
 This Pólydore, érewhile,
 With góld a great wéight,
 To the Thrácian King's kéeping

Was privily sént
 By unfórtunate Priam,
 When he sáw the besiegers
 Invéstiting his city,
 And begán to distrust
 The Dárdan arms' stréngth.
 His hóst, when the might
 Of the Teúcri was bróken,
 And their fórtune at ébb,
 Takes párt with the cónquering
 Arms Ágamemnúnian,
 And évery tie bréaking,
 Kills Polydórus,
 And clúches the góld.
 O cursed thirst of góld,
 To whát crime persuád'st not
 The bósom of mórtals!

"When the fright left my bónes,
 I reláte to selécted
 Chief mén of the péople,
 And first to my sire
 The pórtents celéstial,
 And ásk their advice.
 All are óf the one mind,
 To give the sails lóose
 To the bréath of the Áustri,
 And the wicked land léave,
 That bróke a host's fáith.

"We sólemnize thérefore
 The fúneral of Pólydore,
 And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;
Ánd to the Mánes
Raise áltars, festóoned
With dárk violet fillets
And sórrowful cýpress.
The wómen of Ílium
Stand róund, as of wónt,
With lóng hair dishévelled.
Foaming mílk-boats funéreal
Of wárm milk we óffer,
And bówls of blood sácred;
Then invóke with a lást shout,
And in the tómb búry,
The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the winds
And the séa had grown plácid,
And séemed fair to prómise,
And Áuster’s mild rústling
To the high deep invited,
Our créws o’er the shóres spread,
And hául down the véssels;
We sáil out of pórt;
Lands and cities recéde.

“Amidst the sea lies,
Most delightful to dwéll in,
A lánd consecráte
To Néptune Aegéan
And the móther of the Néreids;
Which, in óld time wide flóating
Abóut the coasts róund,
The áffectionate Bówbearer

Bóund between lófty
 Mýcon and Gyárus,
 And stéadied secúrely,
 That it might receive culture,
 And at nóught set the winds.

“My cóurse I shape thither;
 That móst placid island’s
 Safe hárbour receíves us
 Fatigued with our vóyage.
 Disembarked, we bow dówn
 With réverence befóre
 Apóllo’s own city.
 We are mét by King Ánius,
 Ánius who King is
 And high priest of Phóebus;
 With his témples encircled
 With láurel branch sácred
 And diadem he méets us,
 And sóon recognizing
 His óld friend Anchises,
 Clasps the hánds of his guésts,
 Who clasp his in retúrn,
 And we énter the dwélling.

“In his time-worn stone témples
 I wórshipped the Gód:—
 ‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,
 A hóme of our ówn;
 To our wéariness gránt
 A fórtified stróngthold,
 A pérmanent city,
 And nácional line.

Tróy's second Pergamus
 Ó save in ús,
 In ús, the poor résidue
 Léft by the Dánaĩ
 And rúthless Achilles.
 Whóm bidst us fóllow?
 Which wáy shall we túrn?
 Or whére shall we sèttle?
 Advise us, O sire,
 And glide into our minds.'

"Scárce had I sáid,
 Whén of a súdden
 All things seemed to rók,
 And be pút into mótion,
 Both the flóor of the témples,
 Ánd the God's láurels,
 And the whóle mountain róund;
 The shrine was thrown ópen;
 And from únder its cúrtain
 Forth béllowed the Trípod.
 To the gróund we fall próstrate;
 A vóice to our éars comes:—

'Hárdy Dardánidae,
 That lánd, whence the primitive
 Stóck of your ráce came,
 Will wélcome with jóy
 Your retúrn to its láp:
 Search ón, till ye fínd out
 Your áncient móther:
 Enéas' house thére
 And his children's children

For éver and éver
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy
In áll rose tumultuous;
And whére may that lánd be,
They ásk one anóther,
To which Phoebus bids them
Their stráy footsteps túrn,
And thére found their city.

"Then my sire, turning óver
The óld-time tradítions,
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;
And from mé learn your hópes.
In the séa's midst lies Créte
With its móuntain Idéan;
The isle of great Jóve,
And the crádle of our ráce;
A rich teeming réalm
With a húndred great cities.
From thénce came of óld
Our mighty sire Teúcer,
If whát I have héard
I récollect rightly,
And chóse for his réalm's site
The séacoast Rhoetéan.
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,
And as yét was no Ílium,
No Pergámean tówers.
Hence bórrówed those rites,
That may nó be discússed,
Of the Móther that lóves

The háunts of Cybéle;
 Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,
 Hence Ída's grove bórrówed,
 And the líons yoked únder
 The cár of our Lády.
 Cóme then, let 's fóllow
 Whither the Góds lead;
 Let 's propítiate the winds,
 And the Gnóssian realms séek,
 No léngthy run distant:
 With Júpiter's hélp,
 The third dáy sets our fléet
 On the séa-bord of Créte.'

"He sáid; and the Góds
 With due ófferings hónored;
 To Néptune a búll slew,
 To thée, fair Apólló,
 A búll on the áltar;
 To Hiems, a bláck sheep;
 A white, to fair Zéphyrs.

"Expélléd out of Créte
 And the réalms of his síres
 'Twas repórted that chieftain
 Idómeneus had fléd,
 And léft us a hóme there,
 And nóne to molést us.
 Ortýgia's port léaving
 We skim swiftly óver
 The island-sown séa,
 Through the clústering Cýclades,
 By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy - white Páros,
 And vérdant Donýsa,
 And the BÁCchanal - révelled
 Móuntains of Náxos.
 Chéerily sáilors call;
 Búsy the hánds of all: —
 ‘For the lánd of our fóresires,
 For Créte,’ is the cry.
 A wind rises áft,
 And goes with us alóng,
 Ánd to the shóres
 Of the áncient Curétes
 At lást we come glíding.

“I sét about thérefore,
 And éagerly wórk at,
 The wálls of the city
 I ’d so lónged to see rising;
 And cáll it Pergámea;
 And my péople exhórt
 To cling clóse to a hóme
 By so déar a name cálléd,
 And réar high their cástle.

“But scárce were the ships
 On the dry shore drawn úp;
 And the yóung people búsy
 With fármíng their néw lands,
 And márríage contráctíng;
 And with láw - gíving, Í,
 And assigníng of dwéllíngs;
 When ón the límb súdeen,
 And ón trees and cróps,

From the póisonous áir
Of the únhealthy séason,
Came a péstilence pútrid,
A wrétched dísease,
That killed the sweet life
Or léft the frame sickly.
Burning Sirius the gráss
And the fields shrivelled úp;
And the drý, blasted cróp
No nóurishment yielded.
O'er the séa back agáin,
My sire bids us méasure
Our wáy to Ortýgia;
There to bég Phoebus' gráce,
And the óracle ásk,
To whát quarter nów
Is our cóurse to be sháped,
Whére may our wéariness
Hópe to find rést,
What énd, what relief
He appoints to our lábors.

“'Twas night; and all things
That had life were asléep;
When the Phrýgian Penátes,
Whose images sácred
I bróught with me óut
Of the midst of Troy's flámes,
Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,
To stánd manifésted
In múch light befóre me,
Where the full moon was thróugh
The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thus to address me,
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would téll thee
Arrived at Ortýgia,
Behóld! he sends ús,
Of his ówn free accórd,
To decláre to thee hére.
Since the fire of Dardánia
Thy fórtunes we ’ve fóllowed
And thóse of thine árms;
We have sáiled in thy ships,
And alóng with thee méasured
The swóllen sea acróss;
’Tis wé that shall émpire
Confér on thy city,
And ráise to the stárs high
The héirs of thy line.
But thóu, from thy trável’s
Long lábour not shrinking,
Prepáre a great city
For gréat men to dwéll in:
It wás not on thése shores,
It wás not in Créte,
The Délian Apóllo
Báde thee to séttle;
Thou must séek other quárters.

‘Hespéria ’s the náme
Which the Gráïi bestów
On an óld warlike lánd,
Of a rích fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótriī ónce tilled,
 Ánd at the présent time
 Cálled, it is sáid,
 By the yóung race, Itália,
 From the náme of a chief.
 There our rightful abóde;
 Thence Dárdanus spráng,
 And fáther Iásius,
 The héad of our ráce.
 Úp, up, and jóyfully
 Téll thine aged sire
 These trúths beyond quéstion.
 Let him Córythus séek,
 Ánd th' Ausónian lands;
 Jóve to thee gránts not
 The fields Dictéan.'

"By the vision astónished,
 And vóice of the Góds,
 (Nor wás it mere sléep,
 For I pláinly obsérved
 The filleted háir,
 And lóok of the Déities
 Présent and spéaking;
 And the cöld sweat wás stréaming
 My whóle body óver,)
 I spring from the cóuch,
 And my vóice, and the pálms
 Of my úpward-turned hánds,
 Dirécting towards héaven,
 Póur on the héarth-fire
 The unmixed wine libátion.

"The wórship compléted,
 I téll the whole cáse,
 With jóy, to Anchises.
 He admitted the twófold,
 Ambíguous, extráction;
 Ánd that he hád now
 A sécond time érred
 Abóut these old pláces;
 Then sáys:— 'O my són,
 So by Ílium's fates hárrassed,
 Cassándra alóne
 Such advéntures foretóld me.
 I récollect nów,
 Her próphecies prómised
 These réalms to our ráce,
 And oft cálléd them Itália,
 Hespéria oft cálléd them.
 But whó could believe
 That the Teúcri wóuld cóme
 To the cóasts of Hespéria?
 Or whó had faith thén
 In Cassándra's foretéllings?
 Let us gíve way to Phóebus,
 And, táught by this léssoñ,
 Do bétter in fúture.'

"He sáys; and we áll,
 Huzzáing and jóyful,
 Obéy his commánd;
 This séttlement tóo
 Desért, and a féw
 Behínd•in it léaving,
 Set sáil, and awáy

In our hólloſſ ships ſcúð
The váſt ſea-plain óver.

“And nóſſ o’er the hígh deep
We were hólđing our wáy on,
And no lánd was in ſight,
But on évery ſide róund us
Sky ónly and ſéa,
When, right óver our héads
And the dárk curling wáves,
Stood a livid cloud lówering,
With night charged and témpeſt.
In an inſtant the winds
Raiſe the váſt raging ſéa,
And diſpérſe us and tóſſ us
Abóut on the billows.
Through rifts in the ſtórmeclouds
That hide from our ſight,
And láp in damp night,
The ſký and daylight,
Shoots the lightning in vólleys.
We are driven from our cóurſe,
And drift about blindly
Óver the wáters.
Palinúrus himſélf
Protéſts he ’s unáble
Dáy in the ſký
To diſtínguish from night,
Ór, in the miſt
Of the ſéa, find his wáy.
Three dáyſ dim-diſtínguished,
Three ſtárleſſ nights, ſó
In blind dárkneſſ we drift;

On the fourth day at léngth
 Land is first seen to rise,
 And brings into view móuntains
 Awáy in the distance,
 And shóws curling smóke.
 Dówn drop our sáils,
 To our óars we rise úp,
 And withóut more adó
 Awáy pull the créw,
 And twirling the dripping foam
 Swéep o'er the blúe.

“The Stróphades’ cóasts
 Are the first to receíve me,
 Sáved from the wátters;
 The Stróphades, só
 By a Gráian name cálded,
 Are islands that lie
 In the gréat sea Iónian,
 Where díreful Celéno
 And the rést of the Hárpies
 Dwéll ever sínce
 From their fórmér caróuse
 They were fríghted awáy,
 And agáinst them was clósed
 The pálace of Phíneus.
 More fóul pest than théy
 The Góds’ wrath sent néver;
 Néver from Stýgian wave
 Róse direr mónster.
 Fáces of dámsels,
 Bódies of bírds,
 With fóulest dung-dróppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,
 And visages éver
 Pállid with fámine.

“When, híther arrived,
 We hád the port éntered,
 Lo! we sée, everywhére
 In the fields, without kéeper
 Glád herds of óxen
 And flócks of goats grázing.
 Sword in hánd we rush ón,
 Ánd to a sháre
 Of the préy call the Góds,
 And Júpiter’s sélf;
 Then ráise dining cóuches
 Upón the curved shóre,
 And spléndidly féast;
 Bút, on a súdden,
 Dówn from the móuntains
 The Hárpies are ón us,
 With hórrible clápping
 And clánging of wings,
 Maráuding, despóiling,
 Ánd with uncléan touch
 Pollúting the viands;
 Screaming díre all the while,
 And a nóisome stench shédding.

“Agáin we lay óut,
 In a pláce far remóte,
 Undernéath an o’erhánging
 Rock’s shéltér, our tábles,
 With trées closed all róund

And thick branching úmbrage,
 Ánd on the áltars
 Agáin place the fire.
 Agáin come the cláinging pack
 Óut of their hidings,
 Ánd from a different
 Quárter round gliding,
 Pollúte with their tálons
 And fól mouths the víands.
 I thén bid my cómrades
 Betáke them to árms,
 And that wár with the díre crew
 Múst needs be wáged.
 They dó as commáded,
 Ánd in the hérbage
 Swórds hide and shíelds.
 Só when the whírr
 Of their dównward flight sóunded
 Alóng the curved shóre,
 And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,
 Fróm his high lóok-out,
 Has gíven them the sígnal,
 My cómrades rush ón,
 And the nóvel fight trý,
 To wóund with their swórds
 The séa's birds obscéne.
 But théy take no húrť
 Or on plúmage or bódý,
 And awáy toward the ský
 In rápid flight gliding,
 Their hálf-eaten préý
 Leave behind and fól tráces.
 On a lófty-browed róck

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,
 And, ún lucky sóothsayer,
 Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war too,
 O Laómedon’s sóns,
 War too for the óxen
 And stéers ye have sláughtered?
 And will ye the innocent
 Hárpies expél
 From their cóuntry and réal’m?
 Hear thérefore my wórds
 And in your minds fix them.
 What the Fáther almíghty,
 To Phóebus Apóllo,
 What Phóebus Apóllo
 To mé hath foretóld,
 I, the chief of the Fúries,
 Révéal now to yóu.
 For Itália you ’re bóund,
 Ánd to Itália,
 Áfter your vóws
 Ye have máde to the winds,
 Ye shall sáfely arrive,
 Ánd to land ón it
 Sháll be allówed you;
 But ye sháll not wall róund
 Your appóinted city,
 Until áfter dire fámine,
 Avénging this úndeserved
 Ónslaught on ús,
 Has compélled you to nibble
 And gnáw round your tréncers.’

“She said; and fled off
To the wóod on her pinions.

“Then with sudden fear fréeses
The blóod of my cómrades,
Their cóurage is fálLEN,
Nor will they on árms
Relý any lónger,
But with práyers and entréaties
The góod will implóre
Of those béings, whatever
Their náture may bé;
Góddesses whéther,
Or díre birds obscéne.
And fáther Anchíses
With pálms wide spread óut,
As he stánds on the shóre,
Invókes the great Góds,
And ordáins the due hónors:—
‘Avért, ye kind Góds,
The catástrophe threátened,
And your wórshippers sáve.’
Thén bids them lóosen
And sháke out the rópe coils,
Ánd the stay cáble
Haul óff from the shóre.
South bréezes our sáils stretch,
And, fólloving the cáll
Of the stéersman and wind,
We scud óver the fóam.

“And nów midst the wáves
Shrub Zacýnthus appéars,

And Dulíchium, Sáme,
And Néritos' stéep cliffs:
We flée far awáy
From Láértian Íthaca's
Rócky domáins,
And déep curse the lánd
That núrned fell Ulýsses.
By and bý Mount Leucáta's
Súmmit's tempéstuous,
And the fáne of Apóllo,
The térror of sáilors,
Upón our view ópens.
Our wéary course thither
We túrn, and heave tó
Beside the small city.
From the prów drops the ánchor,
The stérns line the shóre.

“And só of firm lánd,
Beyond áll expectátion
At lást in posséssion,
We perfórm our lustrátions,
And Jóve's altars kindle;
And sólemnize gámes
In dischárgé of our vóws,
And let Áctium's shores witness
The pástimes of Ílium;
Our fólk (in delight
To have máde good their flight
Through the mídst of the fóe's
Many cities Argólic),
Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóuldern
Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún
Round the gréat year is rólled,
And frore winter’s north-éasters
Róughen the séa.
I bid them their pláces
Take ón the row-bénches,
And sét out from pórt.
But fírst in the frónt
Of the gáte I set úp
The cóncave brass búckler,
Great Ábas once cárried,
And with this scroll inscribe:
*From the cónquering Dánaí
Enéas these spóils took.*
Then évery oar strives
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,
And brávely we swéep
O’er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw
Slip awáy the Pheácian
Citadels áiry.
Alóng by the cóasts
Of Epirus we skim,
The Chaónian port énter,
And lie to befóre
Buthrótus’ high city.

“An increíble rúmour
Here réaches our éars,

That of Phrygian Eácides'
Cónsort and scéptre
Nów in posséssion,
Priam's son Hélenus
Rúled far and wide
O'er the Gráian cíties,
Ánd that Andrómache
Cálled once agáin
A compátriot, lórd.
I was strúck with amázement;
My bréast was inflámed
With a wóndrous desire
To spéak with the héro,
And héar from himsélf
Of advéntures so stránge;
I léave fleet and shóre,
And walk úp from the pórt.

“It chanced, in a sácred grove
Óutside the cíty,
By the síde of a mimic
Símóis' wáters,
Andrómache wéeping,
To the cinders of Héctor
Was póuring libátion,
The Mánes invóking,
And óffering the sólemn
And sád viand-óffering,
At the Cénotaph túmulus,
And twó sácred áltars,
She had built of green tírf.

"When she saw me approaching,
 And about me men armed
 With the armour of Tróy,
 Seized with wild fright
 At the marvellous sight,
 She grew cold and stiff,
 And sank down in a swoon;
 And, after a long time,
 Thus hardly at last said:—

'Is it a real face,
 And com'st thou thyself,
 Substantial and living,
 Ó Goddess-born?
 Or if unsubstantial
 And not of this world,
 Then why comes not Héctor?'
 "She said; and with tears
 And laments the whole place filled.

"With mind discomposed,
 And stammering utterance
 I can scarce to her raving,
 In syllables broken
 These few words reply:—
 'I live indeed — doubt not,
 For real what thou see'st —
 And through all extremities
 Drag on existence.
 O thou that hast fallen
 From a wedlock so high,
 Ah! what 's thy lot now?
 Is Pýrrhus thy lord still?

Ór does a sùitable
Fórtune at lást
Visit hér that was ónce
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,
And with húmble voice sáid:—
‘Oh! háppy was shé,
Above áll Priam's dáughters,
Who benéath Troy's high wálls,
At the énemy's tómb
Was commáded to die;
No lotcásting for cáptives
Had shé to endúre,
No béd ever tóuched
Of a cónqueror and máster.
But Í, made a sláve
When my cóuntry was búrned,
Over fár seas must trável,
And the próud humors béar
Of the háughty young shóot
Of the stóck of Achilles;
Who áfter a child's birth
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,
To Hélenus his bóndsman,
And awáy went a-wóoing
Ledéan Hermíone's
Hand Lácedemónian.
But Oréstes, inflámed
By the lóss of the bríde
He so ténderly lóved,
And his thóughts' even ténor

Disturbed by his own crime's
 Retributive Furies,
 Pounces on him unwary,
 And slays him in front
 Of the altar domestic.

‘Neoptólemus déad,
 A párt of his émpire
 To Hélenus féll;
 Who, from Cháon the Trójan,
 These pláins called Chaónian,
 And the náme of Chaónia
 Bestówed on the kingdom;
 Ánd with this Pérgamus'
 Stróng castle Ílian
 These hill tops compléted.
 But whát winds have blówn thee
 To thése coasts of óurs?
 Or whát fate hath léd thee,
 What Gód driven thee, híther,
 In ignorance tótal
 Of áll that has háppened?
 And hów does Ascánius?
 Is still the boy living
 Whom while Tróy was a city —
 Is the lóss of his párent
 A grief to him sómetimes?
 Does his bréast ever glów
 With the óld martial spírit?
 Does he éver remémber
 He 's són of Enéas,
 And néphew of Héctor?’

“As thús she was póuring
Her lóng lamentátion,
And áll in vain wéeping,
Forth óut of the fórtress,
By a gréat suite escórted,
Comes Priam’s son Hélenus,
His friends recognises,
And léads with joy in;
And with éach word he útters
Sheds mány a téar.
I obsérve on my wáy
How like to great Tróy
Their minic Troy city
And Pérgamus tiny,
With the scánty dry stréamlet
They cáll after Xánthus,
And clásp to my bósom
Their Scácan gate’s pórtal.

“Nór, at the sáme time,
Enjóyed not the Teúcri
Their city of friends;
The Kíng entertained them
In pórticoes ámple;
In the midst of the háll
Stood the gólden-served bánquet;
And with bówls in their hánds
They libáted to Bácschus.

“And só, as awáy
Flected dáy after dáy,
And the bréezes of Áuster,
Infláting the lint-sheet,

Invited to sail,
 I accost in these words,
 And inquire of, the séer:—
 ‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,
 Who intérpret’st the Góds;
 Who Phóebus’ divine will
 Percéivest and féel’s’t;
 Who expóundest the Clárian’s
 Láurels and tripods,
 The signs of the stárs,
 And the lánгуage of birds,
 And the ómens derived
 From the swift-flying wing,
 O sáy — for the Góds,
 With one ónly excéption,
 To Ítaly cáll me,
 And the lánds reserved fór me
 Commánd me to try;
 And religion my whóle course
 Has prómised me prósperous,
 Only Hárpy Celéno
 With áwful wrath thréatens,
 And predicts us a fámine,
 Foul, stránge, and prodigious,
 And súch as no pious soul
 Dáre even spéak of —
 Say whát ’s the chief dánger;
 These difficulties hów
 Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, first
 Having sláughtered the stéers

By the ritual required,
 Entréats the heaven's gráce;
 And, unlóosing the tíar
 From his sánctified héad,
 Me, in ánxious suspénse
 And áwe of the Gód's
 Great mánifestátion,
 Leads himself, in his hánd,
 To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.
 Thén in prophétic strain
 Fróm his divine mouth
 Thús sang the priest:—

‘O bórn of a Góddess!
 Since the gréatness is pláin
 Of the áuspices which
 O'er the high deep escórt thee —
 Since the mónarch of Góds
 Appóints the Fates só,
 So dispóses evént's
 In succéssion and órder —
 Sóme out of mány points
 Í'll explain tó thee,
 That thou máy'st with more sáfety
 The séa take for hóst,
 And secúrely at lást
 In Ausónian port séttle.
 To knów more than this,
 Or móre than this téll,
 The bán of the Párcæ
 And Júnó Saturnian
 Hélenus hinders.

'First of áll, that Itália
 Thou déem'st near at hánd,
 And whose pórts thou prepár'st,
 As if clóse at the dóor,
 (Ah how líttle thou knów'st!)
 All at ónce to inváde,
 Beyond mány a lánd's
 Wide impássable tráct
 Lies fár far away.
 Thine óar thou must tíg
 In Trinácria's wátters,
 The bríny Ausónian
 Must návigate róund,
 The Inférnal Lákés visit,
 And páss by the ísland
 Of Círce Eéan,
 Befóre thou canst séttle
 On sáfe land thy city.
 I 'll téll thee the tókens:
 Keep them stóred in thy mínd.

'When thóu, in the mídst
 Of thy tróuble and cáre,
 Benéath the holm óaks
 That bórder the báńks
 Of a river retired,
 A great white sow shalt fínd
 Stretched at léńgh on the gróund,
 Giving súck to her fárrów
 Of thirty young pígs,
 Each as white as hersélf,
 That spót 's thy sure rést
 And the site of thy city.

Nor lét thy flesh créep
At that gnáwing of tréenchers;
The Fátes will a wáy find,
Apóllo when called on
Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us
Of Ítaly’s shóres;
Wicked Gráii inhábit,
And fíll with their cities,
All that tráct which is wáshed
By this séa-surf of óurs;
Here the Lócric Narýcian
Their city have built,
Ánd with his sóldiery
Lýctian Idómeneus
Óccupies wide
The Sállentine pláins.
Here too on the stréngth
Of her wáll Philoctétian
Relies with all cónfidence
Chief Melibóeus’s
Little Petília.

‘Even whén on the óff side
Thy fléet has arrived,
And ón the seashóre
Thou art ráising thine áltars
And páying thy vóws,
Thy lócks thou must shróud,
And thy fáce cover úp,
With a wrápper of púrple,
Lest, whilst at the blázing

And sáncified áltars
 Thou art hónoring the Góds,
 An énýmy's fáce
 By some chánce meet thine *eyé*,
 And már all the ómens.
 Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,
 This cústom obsérve,
 Thy postérity éver
 In hóliness kéep,
 And abide by, this ritual.

'But whén on thy wáy
 Thou hast sét out from hénce,
 And the wind wafts thee néar
 To the cóast of Sicília,
 And the stráits of Pelórus
 Begin to grow wide,
 Keep awáy from the wáters
 And shóre on the stárboard,
 And, awáy to the lárboard
 In lóng circuit tácking,
 The léft shore sweep róund.

'They sáy that these lánds,
 At first óne and continuous,
 Have, at sóme time or óther,
 With mighty convúlsion
 And vást wreck and ruín
 In twáin leaped asúnder,
 (So powérful is time's lapse
 To bring about chánges,)
 And thát the sea, fórcibly
 Ín between rushing,

Cut Ítaly óff
From the side of Hespéria,
Só that an interposed
Frith's narrow wátters
Now wash ópposite cities
And ópposite fields.

‘The right side by Scýlla
Is gárrisoned stróng;
Charybdis implácable
Sits on the léft,
And into her whirlpool,
Sheer dówn perpendicular
Three times in succéssion
Each vást billow súcks,
Ánd to the úpper air
Thrice aloft flings each,
And lāshes the stárs:
But Scýlla the fáce has
Óf a fair máiden,
And húman her búst is
As fár as the gróin,
Where it énds in a mónstrous
Huge trúnk of a grámpus,
To a wólf's belly knit
And the táil of a dólphin:
And óut of the dárk
Cavern-hóle that conceáls her
She thrústs her face fórch,
And drags ships on the rócks.
Far bétter to cómpass,
Althóugh it deláy thee,

Trinácrian Pachýnus,
 With lóng circuit róund,
 Than one single look cást
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla
 In her vást cavern cróuching,
 Or the rócks that resóund
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

‘Besides, (if in Hélenus
 Áught be of wisdom,
 If ány reliance
 May be pláced in the séer,
 And if but with trúth
 Apóllo his mind fills,)
 Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,
 This one póint I'll forewárn thee,
 This one póint above áll,
 And óver and óver
 And óver agáin
 Will repéat and impréss it;
 To Júnó's great Gódhead
 Addréss thy first vóws,
 To Júnó thy gifts bring,
 To Júnó thy práyers sing,
 And, with héart and soul póured forth
 In húmble entréaties,
 Subdúe to thy wishes
 The pówerful dónna:
 So shált thou at lást
 From Trinácria be pássed
 To Ítaly's cónfines,
 Succéssful, victórious.

'When Itália thou 'st réached,
 And the city of Cúma,
 And rustling Avérnus'
 Divine woods and lákes;
 Thou shalt sée the crazed máid
 That benéath the coved róck
 Writes her vérses prophétic
 On plúcked leaves of trées:
 So lóng as the dóor
 Of the cáve remains shút,
 These présérve their due órder,
 Arráinged as she léft them;
 But whén the door ópens,
 The first puff of wind
 Sends the ténder leaves flitting
 The whóle cave abóut,
 And the máid never cáring
 To cách, and dispóse them
 Anéw in their órder,
 Inquirers awáy go
 As wise as they cáme,
 And túrn with disgúst
 From the cáve of the Sibyl.

'Here listen not thóu,
 Though thy cómrades may chide thee,
 And a fáir wind may cáll thee,
 And préss thee to sáil;
 Nor the time lost to trável
 Estéem of such válué,
 As nó't to go páy
 Thy respécts to the séer,
 And bég she may pléase

Her clósed lips to ópen,
 And gíve to her próphécies
 Útterance óral.

‘Duly wórshipped, the priestess
 Will cléarly expláin thee
 The nátions Itálian,
 The wárs that awáit thee,
 And hów thou may’st bést
 Flee or béar every tóil;
 And ón thy way próspérous
 Fórward will sénd thee.
 With thése admonitions
 My vóice is permitted
 To wárn and advíse thee.
 Now gó, and alóft
 With thy bráve deeds exált
 Mighty Tróy to the éther.’

“The séer, when with friendly mouth
 Thús he had spóken,
 Bids mássy gold prése~~nts~~
 Be bróught to the véssels,
 And on bóard of them gréat store
 Of silver plate stóws,
 And ivory fillagree,
 Bówls Dodonéan,
 And the linked coat of máil
 Neoptólemus wóre
 Of triple gold wire,
 And his hélmet so spléndid
 With hórse-tail appéended
 To high towering crést.

Gifts appropiate, too,
 He bestóws on my sire;
 And présents us with hórses,
 Présents us with pilots,
 The númber of rówers
 Fills up complète,
 And with rowing implements
 Rígs us out néw.

"Meantíme to get réady
 Our másts and our cánvas,
 And nó lose the fáir wind,
 Anchíses gives cóunsel:
 And thús, with much hónor
 Addréssing him, sáys
 The próphet of Phóebus:—

'O thóu, worthy déemed
 Of Vénus' high núptials,
 Special cáre of the Góds,
 Anchíses, twice réscued
 From Pérseús' ruíns,
 Behóld stretched before thee
 The lánd of Ausónia;
 Sail awáy for it stráight.
 This néar side, howéver,
 Skirt alóng without tóuching;
 Far fróm it apárt
 Lies that dístrict Ausónian,
 Apólló throws ópen.
 On, ón, of a dúteous son
 Ó happy fáther:
 The Áustri are rísing,

What need of more talking?
 Or why should I longer
 With préaching delay thee?’

“Andrómache too,
 Sad at pártng for éver,
 Has bróught for Ascánus —
 Nor is the boy lóth
 With the gift to be lóaded —
 A Phrygian-wrought Chlámys
 With figures embróidered
 Upón a gold gróund;
 And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;
 Let this wórk of my hánds
 Remínd thee sometimes
 Of the cónsort of Héctor,
 Ánd of the lóng love
 Andrómache béars thee.
 Take thy rélatíve’s lást gift,
 O thóu, the sole ímage
 On éarth to me lóved
 Of Ástýanax nów;
 Like thine were his féatures,
 Like thine his hands’ móvements,
 His éyes glanced like thine,
 And he wóuld be, if líving,
 Just nów the same áge,
 Such a stripling as thóu.’

“With gúshing tears thús
 I addressed them at pártng:—
 ‘Live in háppiness yé,

Who already your fortunes
 Have made and completed.
 While we out of one fate
 Are called to another,
 Rest 's provided for you:
 No wide-spreading sea-plain
 Have ye to plough over;
 No fields of Ausonia,
 Still fleeing before ye,
 Have ye to pursue.
 Ye have here, in your sight,
 An image of Xanthus,
 A Troy which your own hands
 Have built, let me hope,
 With auspices better
 Than those of the old one,
 And to the Graii
 Of access less easy.
 If ever the stream
 Of the Týber I enter,
 If I ever arrive at
 The Týberine fields,
 And see the strong city,
 That 's granted my people,
 We 'll blend and unite
 Into one Troy in spirit
 The two sister cities,
 The two kindred peoples,
 This in Epirus,
 And that in Hesperia,
 Both from one forefather
 Dárdanus sprung,
 And the selfsame misfortune;

Ánd may our children
The bónd preserve éver.'

"Whilst alóng by the néighbouring
Ceraúnians we stéer,
Whence shórttest the pássage
Acróss to Itália,
The sún sets, and dárkness
Falls thick on the móuntains:
Then dividing amóngst us,
For tént-poles, our óars,
We láy us full léngth
On the lánd's welcome láp,
And rést and refrésh us
Alóng the dry béach
At the édge of the wáter,
Till déwy sleep sóftly
Steals ón our tired limbs.

"Borne alóng by the Hóurs,
Night hád not yet réached
The mid arch of héaven,
When from his couch
Alert springs Palinúrus,
And in his ear's hóllo
Each bréath of air cáatching,
Tries hów the wind blóws:
Notes áll the stars, silently
Ín the sky gliding,
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,
And Hýades ráiny,
And cásts his eye róund
On Orion's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whóle sky
 For fáir weather settled,
 From the póop gives loud signal:
 We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,
 And éssay the vóyage.

“And nów from befóre
 The first réd of Auróra
 The stárs had retréated,
 When, dim in the distance,
 The hills of Itália
 And lówland, we sée.
 ‘Itália!’ Achátes
 Is first to cry óut:
 Itália the whóle crew
 Salúte with glad shóut.
 Then fáther Anchises
 Tákes a great béaker,
 And fills it with púre wine,
 And gárlands it róund,
 And ón the high póop standing
 Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver
 Lánds, seas, and témpests,
 Gránt us a fáir wind,
 And prósper our vóyage.’
 The wished-for breeze ríses,
 And wáfts us on stéady.
 The hárbour, as néar we draw,
 Ópens, and gives us
 Full view of the témples
 Of Cástrum Minérvæe.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore
 Túrn our ships' bóws in.
 The créscent-shaped hárbour,
 Scooped out by the fórcé
 Of the éasterly billows,
 Lies hid from the viéw
 By a lédge of rocks, éver
 With sált sea-spray fúming.
 The túrret-crowned cliffs
 Send dówn to the shóre,
 On this side and thát,
 Their lóng flanking wáll.
 Betwéen, in the distance,
 The témples 's seen rising.

"Here I sée the first ómen;
 Four hórses snow-white
 In the ópen fields grázing:
 And fáther Anchises:—
 'These hórses bode wár,
 For hórses are párt
 Of the équipage wárlíke:
 O lánd, thou recéivest
 Our visit with wár.
 Yet there 's hópe of peace tóo,
 For these véry same cáttle
 Are at óther times wónt
 To be yóked to one cár,
 And to dráw in one hárnesh
 Harmónious togéther.'

"Then váiling our héads
 With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armisonant
 Pállas's áltars,
 The bléssing and gráce
 Of the déity hóly,
 That héard the first jóyous
 Hurráhs of our lánding;
 And Hélenus' strictest
 Injúctions obéying,
 In due fórm offer úp
 To Júnó of Árgos
 The hónors commáded;
 Then, as sóon as compléted
 Our vóws' presentátion,
 Turn séaward the hórn
 Of our shéeted yard-árm,
 And the fields leave behind
 And suspicious abódes
 Of the bórn of the Graü.

"Seen on óne hand the báy
 Of Hercúlean Taréntum —
 If fáme truly súrnames
 Taréntum, Hercúlean —
 While ópposite rises
 The témples Lacinian,
 And Cáulon's hill fórtress,
 And Scylaccéum's
 Shíp-wrecking héadland.
 And awáy in the distance
 We sée from the billow
 Trinácrian Étna:
 And héar from afár
 The lóud, broken róar

Of the séa on the shóre,
 As with áll its sands séething,
 And bíllows exúltíng,
 It béats on the rócks.

“Then fáther Anchises :—
 ‘This cán be no óther
 Than thát same Charýbdis;
 These hére are the réefs,
 These the hórríble rócks,
 Of which Hélenus wárned us:
 Bear awáy, hearty féllows,
 And évenly ón your oars
 Rise all togéther.’

“They obéy the commánd;
 And fírst Palinúrus
 Róund to the lárboard
 The bráying prow túgs;
 Róund to the lárboard,
 With óars and sails tácking,
 The whóle squadron véers.
 On the crést of the swéll
 We rise úp to the ský,
 Then sink in its déep trough
 Down, dówn to the Mánes.
 The hóllow rocks thrice
 We heard róaring belów,
 Thrice with the spírted spray
 Sáw the stars dripping.

“In the méantime the wind,
 With depárting day, léaves us;

Ánd to the Cýclops' coasts,
 Óf the way ignorant,
 Wéary we glide.
 The pórt itself 's spácious,
 And fráom the wind shélted;
 But, with rúin horrific,
 Close bý thunders Étna;
 Sometimes, with tornádo - burst,
 Úp to the éther
 A pitchy cloud thrówing
 Of smóke and red áshes,
 Ánd the stars licking
 With vólumes of flámes;
 Sometimes to the ský aloft,
 With a roar, bélching
 Mólten rocks rént
 From its ówn stony bówels,
 And vólleys of splinters,
 Ánd from its lówest depths
 Séething and bármíng.

"The rúmour is rife,
 That benéath this huge Étna
 Squéezed lies Encéladus'
 Half thúnder - burnt bódý;
 Which has búrst itself flúes,
 And blázes out thróugh
 The mass súperincumbent,
 Ánd with a smóky web
 Wéaves the whole ský:
 And thát, every time
 He túrns himself óver
 To rést his tired side,

All Trinácria rumbles,
And tó the core trémbles.

“Of the nóises unéarthly
We héard all that night,
As we láy in the wóods,
No cáuse could we sée;
For the ský's bright Ethéreal,
And stárfires were ábsent,
And through thick murky ráinclouds
Dead midnight's moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east
Mórning was rising,
And Dáwn had the dim shade
Dispélled from the ský;
When óut of the fórest
A stránge apparítion
Comes súddenly fóward;
A mán, to the lást degree
Wásted and hággard,
And tó us a stránger;
Ánd, in most píteous plight,
Tóward the shore strétches
His súpliant hánds.

“We túrn our look tóward him:
Long béard, and filth shócking;
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;
In áll else a Graïan,
And érst to Troy sént
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,
 At the sight of Troy’s árms
 And our cóstume Dardánian,
 Checked his stép all at ónce,
 And a while stood affrighted:
 Then, áfter a little,
 Rushed dówn to the shóre,
 With téars and entréaties:—

‘Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,
 Bý the pówers supérnal,
 Bý the áir we ’re bréathing,
 Ánd the light of héaven,
 Táke me with ye, Teúcri,
 Tó whatever lánds;
 Tó whatever lánds,
 Só from this ye táke me.
 I dený not Í am
 Óf those Dánaĩ óne
 Whó with wár inváded
 Thé Penátes Ílian.
 Óf which misdemeánour
 Íf so gréat the crime be,
 Ín the vást sea drówn me,
 Tó the billows flíng me,
 Scátter mé, pieceméal;
 To pérish Í objéct not,
 Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées
 Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:
 His náme and his advéntures,
 Ánd what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him bórdly téll:
 And síre Anchises' sélf
 Óffers his hánd at ónce,
 And with the immédiate plédge
 Assúres the yóung man's mind,
 Who cónfident at lást says:—

‘By birth I ám of Íthaca;
 My náme is Ácheménides,
 Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;
 To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént
 Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —
 Áh, that we still had póor remáined!
 My cómrades, in their trépidátion
 And hásty quítting óf the vást
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.
 Huge, góry, dárk, that bánquet-háll;
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:
 Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;
 Íll to lóok at, ill to accóst;
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh
 And grim blood óf poor wrétches féeds.
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy
 Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed
 Agáinst the rók two óf our númer,
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him
 Swimming in a splásh of sánies.
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámpe'd them
 Óozy, and dripping with black góre:
 Nót with impúnity howéver;

Nor wére such pranks tamely endúred
 By Íthacús; nor did Ulýsses
 Forgét himself in thát conjúcture.
 Fór on the instant thát dead-drúnk,
 And górged with fód, he droóped his héad,
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,
 Erúcting in his sléep a másh
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching first
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán
 By lót his séveral párt assigning,)
 From évery side round póur upón him,
 Ánd with a shárp stake bóre the eyé,
 The óne, huge, súnk eye, thát, as róund
 As Phoébus' lámp or shield Argólic,
 Gláred from benéath his lówering fórehead;
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást
 The ghósts of óur compánions.
 But flée, O wrétched béings, flée,
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund
 A húndred óther Cýclops dwéll,
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,
 As thát same Pólyphéme, that péns
 His wóolly flócks in cávern hóllow,
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

'The móon is nów her hórn with light
 The third time filling, since amóng
 The wild beasts' désert háunts and hómes,
 Hére in the wóods, I drág existence,
 Eyé the vast Cýclops ón the rócks there,

And stáirt at theír voice-sóund and fóotsteps.
 Upón upróoted wéeds I féed,
 And with the córnél's stóny bérries
 Eke óut a pitifúl subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoitred,
 This fleet tóward the shóre appróaching
 Mét my view first; to it, whatever
 It might be, Í ’ve consigned myself,
 Cáreless by yóur hands hów I pérish,
 If I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scárce had he sáid, when wé behóld
 Upón the híll-top, midst his shéep,
 The shépherd Pólyphème himsélf,
 Unwieldilý his vást bulk móving
 In the shóre’s well knówn diréction,
 A hórrid, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.
 A póllard pine-trunk, in his hánd,
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;
 Alóng with him keep cómpany
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delight,
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;
 His pástoral pípe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,
 Ánd of the híg haves félt the cóntact,
 The bruised and clótted góre straightwáy
 He wáshes fróm his éyeless sócket,
 Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;
 And thóugh far in the séa he ’s wáiking,
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

"Wé, upon our part, silently
 The cáble cut, and taking with us
 The súpliant who so wéll desérved it,
 Spéed away in trépidação,
 And bénding fórward ón our óars,
 Strive who will swéep the séa-plain fástest.

"He héard; and in the sóund's diréction
 His fótsteps túrned; but wén he cóuld not
 Lay hánd upón us, ór pursúe
 Fást as the lónian wáves retréated,
 He ráised such án imménse loud shóut
 As máde the séa with áll its wáves,
 Ánd the whole lánd of Ítaly trémble,
 Tó its inmost córe affrighted,
 And Étna's cróoked cáverns béllow.

"Thén from the wóods and lófty móuntains
 Dówn to the pórt excited rúshing,
 The clán of Cýclops fílls the shóres.
 With grim-scówling lówering éye,
 Disappóinted thére they 're stánding
 Ín full viéw, the Etnéan bróthers,
 A hórrid dívan, high to héaven
 Their táll heads réaring, like a gróup
 Of lófty-tópped aéríal óaks,
 Or cýpressés coníferous,
 High sácred-gróve of Jóve or Dían.

"To lóose our sáils out tó the bréczes,
 Ánd flee héadlong ány whither,
 The shárpness óf our féar impéls us;
 But wárned by Hélenús' instrúctions

Nót to attemp't the nárrow pássage,
 Séparáting déath by Scýlla
 Fróm Charybdis' néighbouring déath,
 To stéer our cóurse back wé detérmine —
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us
 Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:
 These pláces Ácheménides,
 Háplless Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,
 Ás we bóre him báck alóng
 The cóasts he fórmérly had sáiled up.

“An island — cálléd of óld, Ortýgia —
 Strétches acróss the báy Sicánian,
 In frónt of billowy Plemmýrium.
 Fame sáys that hither Élis' river
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy
 Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,
 Mixed with thé Sicilian wáves.
 Tó the great lócal Déities hére
 The réverénce prescribed we rénder;
 Then léave behind the sóil enriched
 Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,
 And, únder thé tall précipices
 Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland
 Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,
 Cámarina, bý the Fátes
 Ínterdicted fróm all móvement,
 And Géla — só cálléd fróm its river —
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displáys
Ín the distance its vast rámparts.
Thee too, with á fair wind, we léave,
Pálmy Selínus, ánd seud ón
Óver the difficult Lílybéum's
Réefy wáters. Drépanum's pórt,
And jóyless shóre receíve me thén.
Hére, after áll my búffetings
With the tempéstuous séa, I lóse,
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchíses,
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;
Hére thou desértest thy tired són
O bést of síres, alás! in váin
Snátched from the midst of só great dángers.
Néither síre Hélenús this gríef,
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.
This was the lást of áll my tróubles,
The góal of mý long trávels this.
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all lístened, síre Encás
Relátéd thé dívine ordáinments,
Ánd his trávels' history tóld;
And hére at lást came tó an énd,
And céased alike from wórd and áction.

IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely fréttíng,
The póison óf the wóund works ín her véíns,
A slów and smóulderíng fire wastes hér awáy;
Óft to her mínd recurs how éxcellént
The mán hímsélf, honóred how múch the nátion;
His lóoks and wórds adhére fíxed ín her bréast,
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácíd sléep.

Mórrów's Auróra hád from héaven remóved
The húmíd shádw, ánd with lámp Phoebéan
Was súrveyíng the éarth, when, síck at héart,
She thús accósts her sóul-accórdíng síster:—
“O síster Ánn, what térrífýíng vísions
Dístráct and fíll me wíth anxíetý!
What nów-sort guést thís, tó our séats arríved!
How dígnífiéd the expréssíon óf híis fáce!
How stróng and stálwart áre híis chést and árms!
I thínk, nor váín the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,
For tímorous éver ís the lów-born mínd.
Alás, by whát fates hé was tósséd abóút!
What wárs fóught tó the drégs he sáng! Wére 't nó
Mý mínd's fíxed ánd ímmútáble resólvé
No móre wíth ány óne ín márriáge bónd
To assóciate mé, sínce óf mý fírst attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguiled —
 With útter téidium túrned I nót from wédlock,
 I might perháps to this one fáult succúmb.
 Ánna — for Í 'll conféss it — since the time
 My spóuse Sichéus mét his wrétched fáte,
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide
 Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolútion
 Hath máde to tótter, ánd my féelings biassed:
 I knów the márks of the óld familiár fláme.
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,
 Or with his thúnder thé omnipotent Sire
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes,
 And night profóund — than thát, O Módesty,
 I violate thée or sin agáinst thy láws.
 Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre áwáy
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme
 Still háve, and in his sépulchre présérve, them."
 She sáid; and filled with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replies:— "O thóu, than light more déar
 Untó thy sister, shált thou lónely pine,
 And wáste áwáy in célibáte perpétual,
 Nor children swéet, nor Vénus' guérdons knów?
 The cinders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes
 Have thát carc? Gránt, no súitors érst thy sick
 Despónding mind have influénced, in Líbya
 Or prévious Týre; lárbas wás despised,
 And triumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;
 Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?
 Bethink'st thee nót in whóse fields thóu hast séttled?
 How hém thee in on this side thé Getúlian
 Cities and tribes invincible in wár,
 The bitless Númid ánd waste kindless Sýrtcs;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's
 Horizon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?
 With Júnó's áuspicsés and fávoring Gódhead,
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld
 Their hither cóurse: O sister, whát a city
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kingdom sée
 Rise out of súch a márrriage! Cómpanied
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach
 The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' gráce
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácírfice;
 Then give thy hósptálitý free scópe,
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:
 Ships crázy — stórmy séa — watrý Orion —
 In súch rough wéather whó wóuld think of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mind with thése words shé inflámed,
 And bléw to kindling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt
 Put firm hope, ánd turned módesty adrift.
 First to the fánés they gó, and midst the áltars
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct
 Sécond-year shéep to Législátive Céres,
 Phóebus and sire Lyéus; ábove áll
 To Júnó, pátronéss of márrriage bónds.
 Óut of a pátera, in her right hand héld,
 Hérsself, most lóvely Dido, póurs the wine
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bright white ców,
 Ór in the midst of thé fat áltars páces
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnising
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnising,
 Intént pores ón the béstial's ópened bréasts,
 And cóunsel áskés of thé still bréathing éntails.
 Ah, little knéw the sóothsayers! vóws what úse,

What úse are témples tó her in her fréncy?
 The fláme eats hér soft márrow áll the while,
 The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.
 Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dído spéeds
 Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal city:
 Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bóskey gládes
 So flées ahéad the hînd that shépherd's árrow
 Hath píerced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,
 And cárries in her flánk the déadly réed,
 Nor wóts the hûnter thát his shót has táken.
 Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,
 Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, city réady;
 Bégins to spéak out, stóps in the mídst of the séntence;
 Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed
 Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,
 Once móre hangs ón the líps of thé narrátor;
 Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn
 The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,
 Lone móurning in the éempty hóuse, she léans
 Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclined,
 And sées him présent still, and héars him spéaking;
 Or chármed with thé resémbance tó his síre,
 Hólds in her láp Ascánus, tó beguile,
 Íf at all póssible, the miscreant pássion.
 The túrrets háve ceased rising; thé young mén,
 Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prépared,
 Or militáry búlwarks sáfe and sùre;
 The wórks hang interrúpted óf the húge
 And frówning wálls, and éngines high as héaven.

That súch a pést had hóld of hér, so sóon
 As Jóve's dear spóuse perceíved, and thát her pássion
 Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—
 “Nótable práise, indéed, and ámple spoíls
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat
 And mémoráble náme — by ártífice
 Of twó divinities if one wóman ’s cónquered;
 Nor só purblínd am Í as nót to sée
 That dréad of whát my cápitál may yét be
 Mákes thee suspicious óf high Cárthage’ hómes.
 But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose
 So gréat conténtions? why not ráther stúdy
 Péáce everlásting bý a márriage cóntract?
 Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thine:
 Dido ’s in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspiceés
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phrýgian húsband,
 And hánd the Týrians ó’er in dówer to thée.”

To hér — for shé perceíved the spéech was féigned
 With púrpose tó divért to Líbya’s cóast
 Th’ Itálian émpire — Vénus thús replied:—
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,
 And chóose in préférence a wár with thée,
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?
 But Í ’m kept vacilláting báck and fórward,
 Unáble Fáte’s inténtion tó discóver,
 And whéther it be Jóve’s will tó permit
 The Týrians ánd Troy’s trávellérs be blént
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,
 One city cápitál: his cónsort thóu,
 The privilege thine to trý what práyers may dó:
 Ón; I will fóllo.” Róyal Júnó thén:—
 “That tásk be míne; and nów — give héed — I ’ll téach thee

In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést
 Be bróught this búiness: théy préparé to gó —
 Enéas ánd most wrétched Dido with him —
 Ínto the wóods to hùnt, soon ás the béams
 Of rising Títan háve tomórrów's wórlđ
 Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment
 Óf the extrémest húrry óf outriders
 To inclóse with néts the brákes where thé game pástures
 Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm
 Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský with thúnder;
 The cómpany, with dínnight cóvered, flée
 On áll sides. Dido ánd the Trójan chief
 Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be présent thére,
 And Hýmen with me; ánd, on thy good will
 Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll join her tó him,
 And with a lásting márriage máke her his."
 Not lóth yields Cýtheréa thé consént
 Required, and smiles at thé device ingyénious.

Mórn hath arisen meanwhile, and léft the ócean;
 Fórh, at the first blaze óf the stár of dáy,
 Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,
 With néts, and gíns, and hùnting spéars broad-bláded,
 Rider Massýlian, ánd quick-scénted hóund.
 The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace
 Awáit the Quéén, who lingers in her chámber;
 In críimson ánd in góld capárisoned stánding,
 The méttled chárger chámpe the bit to fóam.
 At léngth with á large éscort shé sets fóward,
 Cláđ in Sidónian ehlámys with limned bórder:
 Of góld her quiver; tied her lócks in góld;
 Gólden the cláspings óf her púrple vést:
 The Phrygians tóo set óut, and gláđ lúlus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting
And Lýcian winter, tó matérnal Délos
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;
And róund the áltars rise the míngled vóices
Of Crétan, Dryóps ánd dyed Ágathýrse;
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage
Binding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóuldérs
The dárts clang; nó less lively móved Enéas,
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wild goats,
Driven fróm the highest óf the crággy súmmits,
Run dówn the stéep slopes; in anóther quárter,
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups
The déer scour fúgitive, and quit the móuntains.
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascánius
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,
Past thóse now ráces, ánd would fáin to his vóws
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,
Ór fróm the móuntain cáme dówn thé tawn lion.

Begins meanwhile confúsióin in the sky
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;
The Týrian cómpány, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'
Grándson Dardánian, fríghted, várious shéltér
Séek everywhére the fields thróugh; fróm the móuntains
Rush rivers; Dído ánd the Trójan chief
Arríve at thé same gróttó; primal Téllus

And Júnó Prónubá give signal; cónscious
 Éther upón the márrriage fláshes lightning,
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry "wóe!"
 That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,
 First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dido,
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:
 She cálls it wédlock; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Libyan cities
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéedíest of ílls:
 Whose life lies in activity; who gáins
 Vigor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll
 At first; but býe and býe she réars herself
 High toward the áir, and wáiking ón the gróund
 Her héad amid the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéed her,
 Encéládús' and Coéus' yóunger sister,
 Swift-footed ánd strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónster,
 That cúnts for évery féather ón her bódý,
 O wónderfúl! a wátchful eýe benéath,
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a pricked-up éar.
 By night, no líd to swéet sleep dróoped, she flíes
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwixt the ský and éarth,
 Whírring; by dáy sits séntinél on róof-top
 Or lófty tówer, and térrifies great cities,
 No léss of fálse and slándéroús tenácious,
 Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pópular mind
 With mánifóld discóursings nów was fílling,
 Jóyous; and fáct alike and nó-fact brúited:
 That Trójan-sprúng Enéas hád arríved,
 And béauteous Dido déigns to máte to táke him;
 And nów the lívelong winter with each óther

They while away in luxurý and riot,
 Thoughtless of émpires, sláves of á base pássion.
 Such import thé foul Góddess éverywhére
 Spréads amongst mén's mouths; thén toward king Iárbas
 Incóntinént her cóurse turns; with her wórds
 Kindles his spirit, ánd heaps high his íres.

Hé was the són of Ámmon bý the rápe
 Óf the nymph Gáramántis, ánd had ráised
 Thróugh his wide réalms a húndred témples húge
 To Júpiter, and ón a húndred áltars
 Líghted etérnal wátfires tó the Gód.
 Rich was the flóor aróund with blóod of cáttle,
 Blóoming the dóors with váriegáted wréaths.
 Fired by the bitter rúmor, hé is sáid
 Tó have uplifted súpliant hánds supíne
 Befóre the áltars, in the hólý présence,
 And thús besóught Jove múch in his distráction:—

“Almighty Jóve, in hónor óf whom nów
 The Móorish nátion, rising fróm the féast's
 Embróidered cúshions, póurs the wine-libátion,
 Behóld'st these things? Or, whén thou húrl'st thy thúnder,
 Áre there no gróunds, sire, whérefore wé should shúdder,
 And is the bólt that fríghts our sóuls all áimless,
 Émpty the nóise in the clóuds? A wándering wóman
 Who built in óur confínes a tíny tówn
 On purchásed síte; to whóm we gránted léave
 Our cóast to till, and áct the pétty Quéen,
 Hath spúrnéd our próffered wédlock, ánd ta'en hóme
 Enéas tó be lórd of sélf and réalms;
 And nów yond Páris, with his hálf-man suite,
 Chín-stayed Méonian mítre, ánd moist trésses,

Enjôys his plúnder; tó thy témples wé
Bring gifts forsóoth, and fóndle an émpty náme."

Him práying só, and hóliding bý the áltars
Th' Almighty héard, and tóward the róyal-fórtress,
And lóvers, óf a bétter fáme forgétful,
His eyés turned; thén to Mércury thus sáid,
And gáve commissiôn:— "Gó, son, cáll the Zéphyrs;
Glide on thy wings down; ánd to the Dárdan chief
Who nów in Týrian Cárthage whíles his time,
Regárdless óf the citíes thé Fates gránt him,
Béar through the súpple áir my wórds:— 'Not súch
Prómised him tó us his most lóvely móther,
Nói for such púrpose twice from Gráian árms
Snátched him; but tó be whó should rúle Itália
Grávid with émpires, róaring wild with wár;
Whó should perpétuate Teúcer's lófty líne,
And réign lawgíver ó'er the tótal wórld.
If cöld he túrns from só great glórious próspect,
And will not fór himsélf moil, cán a síre
Grúdge to Ascániús the tówers of Róme?
What mákes he? ór amídst a hóstile nátiôn
With whát expéctance língers; nór one lóok
Cásts toward Ausónian prógeny, and fields
Lavinian? Lét him sáil; this is the súm;
Of this our méssage bé ambássador."

'Twas sáid; and hé the mándates óf his gréat síre
To obéy prépared; and first ties ón his féet
The gólden ánklets, whích, or óver lánd
Or óver séa-plain, béar his flíght sublime,
Swift as the blást; then tákes the wánd with whích
From Órcus hé evókes the pállid sóuls,
Ór to sad Tártarus dísmísses dówn,

Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead eýes unséals.
 By virtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów
 The winds to his will, and with them floáted smóoth
 The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,
 Dówn as he flies, the súmmit ánd steep sides
 Of hárd-endúring Átlas, whó the ský
 Próps with his crówn; Átlás, whose héad piníferous
 Black clóuds perpétual gird, and winds and ráins
 Báttér; with snów mantléd his shóuldérs; rivers
 Rúsh from his áged chin dón; stiff and bristling
 His béard with ice. Here first Cyllénius stáyed
 His éven-winged flight; hence tóward the wátérs dón
 Flúng him precipitóus. As flies a bírd
 Abóut the shóres, the fishy rócks abóut,
 Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal
 Grándsire descéding, thé Cyllénian óffspring
 Fléw betwixt éarth and ský, and cút his wáy
 Alóng the winds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.
 Són as his winged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,
 Enéas méets his viéw, housés érécting
 And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre
 With aúburn jásper stárred; and fróm his shóuldérs
 A clóak, the présent óf rich Dído, húng,
 Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn
 Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:
 In wórds like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—
 “Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,
 And réar'st uxórious á fair city? áh,
 Forgétful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!
 From bright Olýmpus sénds me dón to thée
 Himsélf the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns
 Éarth and the ský with his déity; himsélf
 Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpplé áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with whát expéctance linger'st
 Ídle in Libyan lánd? If còld thou túrn'st
 From só great, glórious próspect, ánd moil'st nót
 For thine own próper práise, regárd Ascánius,
 Regárd thy rising héir, hopefúl Iúlus;
 To whóm arè dúe the kingdom óf Itália
 And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cyllénus
 The mórtal vision léft abrup't, and fár
 Ínto the thín air vánished fróm the eyes.

Enéas át the sight stood dúmb and witless;
 His háir with hórror bristled, ánd the vóice
 Cláve to his thróat. Astonished át so gréat
 Monítion ánd commándment óf the Góds,
 He búrns to flée áwáy, and léave that swéet land.
 Ah! hów procéed? with whát accóst now dáre
 Come róund the ráging Quéen? make whát exórdium?
 And hither nów his súpple mínd he húrries,
 Now thither, ánd toward évery side divides;
 Tries évery wáy, and, vácilláting lóng,
 At lást thus fixes. Mnéstheus ánd Sergéstus
 And bráve Serést he cálls, and bids, the fléet
 In sílence fit out; tó the shóre the créws
 Down gáther; thé sea impleménts prepáre;
 And whát the occásion óf the móve dissémbles.
 Himsélf meanwhile, since únware éxcellent Dído,
 Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,
 Will trý how bést to appróach her; which the sóftest
 Times for discóurse; what thé propítious méthod.
 Tó the commándér áll yield glád obédience,
 And quick perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéen —
 Whó may decéive the lóver? — féaring dándger,
 Becáuse there séems to bé none, is the first

To cách an inkling óf the inténded móvement,
 And wáres the guile befórehand. Thé same héartless
 Rúmor has sét her ráging with the néws
 Of óutfit óf the fléet, and préparátions
 For sáiling. Fúrious, tó a fréncy kindled,
 She bácch'nals thróugh th' whole city, like a Thýias
 Whóm the retúrn of thé triénnial órgies
 Góads to delirium, whén the sácred stóres
 Are áll put into móvement, ánd at night
 Cithéron 's vócal with the shóut of "Bácchus!"
 At lást, of hér own mótion, shé accósts
 Enéas thús:— "And hást thou hóped, perfidious,
 Thou might'st so gréat enórmity dissémbles,
 Ánd, not one wórd said, fróm my lánd depárt?
 Our lóve — thy plighted right hand — nót detáins thee;
 Nor Dido léft to díe a crúel déath?
 Áye! thou must éven benéath the stárs of winter
 Rig out thy fléet; must húrry tó the high-deep
 Éven in the Nórth wind's téeth, thou crúel! Whát?
 If áncient Tróy were stánding, ánd 'twas nót
 For hómes unknowán and fóreign lánds thou sáil'dst,
 Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sail cróss the billowy séa-plain?
 Is't mé thou flée'st? By thése tears ánd thy right hand
 (Mysélf have léft my wrétched sélf nought élse) —
 Bý our connúbials — bý our úndertáken
 Márríage — if áught of thée I háve desérved well —
 If áught of míne was éver tó thee déar —
 Take pity ón a fálling hóuse, I práy
 (If práyers may yét aváil), and dó that mind off.
 Becáuse of thée the Líbyan nátions háte me,
 And Nómád Kíngs; becáuse of thée, in chóler
 The Týrians; thróugh the méans of thé same *thee*
 Extínet my módestý, and (ónyl páth

Which léd me tóward the stárs) my fórmer fáme.
 To whóm desért'st me in my dýing néed,
 Guést, since the náme of spóuse thou knów'st no lónger?
 Why prolong life? Is it until my bróther
 Pygmálion óvertúrn my city's rámparts,
 Ór the Getúle Iárbas léad me cáptive?
 Hád I but hád of thée, befóre thy flight,
 Some prógený; played bút in mý pavilion
 Some little Enéás, nót resémbling thée
 Excépt in féatures, Í should nót, methinks,
 So whólly óverráught seem ánd desérted."

She sáid. He, óf Jove's ádmonition mindful,
 His eýelights héld unmóved, and strúggling préssed
 Dówn to his héart the cáre; then ánswered brief:—
 "Néver shall Í dený, O Quén, that gréat
 Are thy desérts toward mé as thóu canst find
 Wórds to expréss; nor éver áught but jóy
 Sháll the remémbrance óf Elísa bring me,
 So lóng as Í hold mémory óf mysélf,
 So lóng as ó'er these límbs the spírit rúles.
 Few wórds the cáse requíres; I néver hóped
 (Invént it nót) to híde a stéalthy flight;
 Of spóusal tórch I néver máde proféssion,
 Nór to a cómpact óf that kind was pártý.
 Í, if the fátes permitted mé to líve
 Self-góverned, ánd make séttlement óf my cáres
 As Í might chóose, wóuld páy my first attentions
 Tó the sweet rélics óf my Trójan hóme;
 Príam's high dwélling shóuld have pérmanéce,
 Ánd I wóuld rébuild Pérgamus fór the cónquered.
 But nów to gréat Itália thé Grynéan
 Apóllo bids betáke me, tó Itália

The Lycian fâte-lots; thére then is my lôve,
 My cuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadéls,
 This Libyan city's smíle, have chárms for thée,
 For thée Phœnician, whêrefore tó us Teúcrians
 Grúdgést a sêttlement in the Ausónian lánd?
 Óurs the same right as thine to sêek far kingdoms.
 Mé, oft as night with húmid sháde the éarth
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,
 The tróubled image óf my sire Anchises
 Admónishés in dréams and térrifies;
 Me mónishēs my sôn Ascánus' wróng,
 Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fâte his ówn.
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched
 From Jóve himsélf — wítnéss be bóth our héads —
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;
 Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest light
 Éntering the wálls, heard with these éars his vóice.
 Céase with thy pláints to infláme both mé and thée;
 Nót of my frée will Í pursúe Itália."

Hím, as he spéaks, she lóng time viéws askánce,
 Rólling hêr eyébálls hitherwárd and thither,
 And with her silent eyéglance scáns all óver;
 Then thús, inflámed, speáks óut:— "Nor Góddess-párent,
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,
 Tráitor; but hórrid, hárd-rocked Cáucasús
 Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tigressés
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should Í dissémbles?
 Résérve me fôr what wórse? — at mý lamént
 Gróaned he? bent hé his eyéglance dówn? or, sóftened,
 A téar shed, ór took pity ón the lôver?
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?

Cértain nor gréatest Júnó, nór the síre
 Saturnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.
 Nówhere on éarth can cónfidence be pláced:
 Shípwrecked, in néed, I tóok him ín, and máde him,
 Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;
 Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.
 Háh! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it is
 Áugur Apóllo; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;
 Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir
 The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himisélf sent.
 A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!
 A líkely cáre that tó distúrb their quiet!
 I hóld thee nó; thy wóords refúte not; gó —
 Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wáters
 In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope still is míne,
 That mídst the rócks — if nó quite ímpotént
 The Góds' retributive jústice — thóu shalt féel
 Púnishment pierce thee, ánd shalt óft ínvoke
 The náme of Dído. With dark smóuldering fires
 My mémory sháll pursúe thee, ánd when déath
 Hath cóldly séparated sóul and bódý,
 My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —
 Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,
 Ánd the news wélcome ín the inférnal Mánes."
 With thése words bréaking óff, she túrned áway,
 And flúng her óut of sight, and fléd the líght,
 Sícked; and there léft him hésitant, ánd afráid
 To spéak the wóords that tó his tóngue were crówding.
 Her máidens hér collápsed límb's ín their árms
 Receíve, and tó her márbled bédchambér
 Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,
 Though gréat be his desire her gríef to sóothe,
 Ánd her cares túrn áway with wóords of cómfort,
 Yet éxecútes — not without mány a gróan,

And lóvesick wávering of résolútion —
The Góds' hest, ánd his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúcrians plý the wórk,
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall ships
Draw dówn, and with hulls nów-tarred sét aflóat;
And in their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods
Uncárpentered timber with the léaves and bránches.
Thou might'st behóld them migrátíng, and fórth
Fróm the whole cíty rúshíng: ás when émmets,
Míndful of winter, plúnder á huge córn-heap,
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,
A bláck troop, ánd alóng the nárrow páth
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntre;
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóuldérs strúggling,
Púsh the great píckles fórwárd, óthers kéepe
The trúop togéther, ánd chastíse deláy.
Évery páth 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,
Dído, that síght behóldíng? thine what gróans
Whén, out of thine high cástle, thóu hadst próspect
Óf the wide shóre round in one bústlíng férment,
And sáw'st befóre thine eýes there thát commótíon,
Thát míghty shóuting óver thé whole séa-pláin.
O cáítiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced ónce móre;
Once móre to trý the pówer of práyers, and húmbly
To lóve submit her spírit, thát in váin
She díe not, whíle resóurce remáins untríed:—

“Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?
From évery quártér róund they have cóme togéther;
The lint-sheet cálls the bréezes, ánd alréady
The jóyful-sáilors ón the póops have pláced
The córonáls. As síre as Í have hád

Stréngth to anticipáte this wéight of sórrow,
 So sûrely, sister, Í 'll find stréngth to béar it.
 Yét for me miseráble this one thing
 Dó, Anna; fòr to thée alóne that tráitor
 Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,
 Knów'st his soft times, and hów best tó appróach him.
 Gó, sister; tó the próud foe, súpliant sáy:—
 'Í never with the Dánaí at Aúlis
 Conspired the Trójan nátion tó extirpate;
 Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre
 The síre Anchises' cinders fróm the tómb;
 Ínto his hárd ears whý my wórds admit not?
 Whither so hásty? Ón a wrétched lóver
 Lét him bestów this lást grace; lét him wáit
 Till a fair wind facilitátes his flight.
 'Tis not that áncient wédlock hé played fálse to,
 I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm
 He shóuld renóunce; mere time I ásk; some spáce
 To lét subside my pássion, ánd the lésón
 Of résignátion léarn fróm mý misfórtunes.
 Pity thy sister bégging this last gráce,
 Which when he háth accórded mé, I 'll gíve
 Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though líving.'

Súch were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to him
 And réconvéyed by hér most wrétched sister;
 But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds
 Persuáded; thé fates hinder; ánd the Gód
 Obstrúcts his plácid héaring; ánd as whén
 Bóreases Álpine strive whose blásts shall first
 O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stout-timbered,
 And nów fróm this side whistling thróugh the bránches,
 And nów fróm thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff
 With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár
 Strétches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:
 Só on the héro béat the assiduous vóice
 On éither síde; so cáre his gréat breast thrilled:
 Unálterable stánds his résolútion,
 And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátes dismáyed,
 Unháppy Dído práys for déath; heaven's cónvex
 Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her
 To éxecúte her púrpose, and the light leave,
 She sáw, when ón the incense-búrníng áltars
 Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)
 The sácred líquors blácken, and the póured wines
 Túrnt into góre obscéne; this síght to nóne,
 Not éven tó her síster's sélf she tóld.
 Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápél
 Of márble, tó her fórmer húsband sácred,
 Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,
 With féstal frónd and snów-white fléecy fillet
 Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught
 She héard articuláte cálling, whén dark night
 Cóvered the éarth, and his funéreal díрге
 The móping ówl upón the róoftop chánted;
 And pláined and pláined in lóng-drawn nótes of woe.
 Mány predictions tóo of píous séers
 Hárrów her sóul with térrible monítion.
 Himsélf, saváge Enéas, in her dréams
 Pursúes, to mádness dríves her; évermóre
 She séems to bé alóne left; évermóre
 To trável á long róad uncómpánied,
 And séek her Týrians in a désert lánd:

As when crazed Péntheus thé Euménides' bánds
 Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;
 Or ás when, ón the trágic stáge, Orést
 Ágamemnúnian flées befóre the firebrands
 And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,
 And in the dóorway sit the avénging Dírae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resólves to die;
 The tíme and mánnér with hersélf she fixes;
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe
 Híding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing sister
 Addrésses:— "Sister, Í have fóund a wáy,
 (Congrátuláte thy sister) which shall éither
 Bring me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.
 Ón the confínes of ócean, nigh the súnset,
 The Éthiópíans' útmost dwélling lies,
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spíns
 The áxis stúdded bríght with búrning stárs.
 A priestess thénce of thé Massýlian tribe
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker
 Óf the Hespérides' fáne, and úsed to kéepe
 The sácred bóughs intáct upón the trée
 By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near
 By sprínkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,
 And the sweet séed of thé somníferous póppy.
 The sáme profésses íncantátions pótent
 To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad
 With héavy cáres whátéver héart she wíll,
 To stóp the flówing rivers, túrn the stárs báck,
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to wítness

The Góds, and thée, and thy sweet héad, dear sister,
 Agáinst my will I pút the mágic árt on;
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt
 Eréct a pýre; and lét them ón it pláce
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging
 Ín my bedchámber; with whatever élse
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd
 Whereón I pérished: 'tis some sátisfáction
 Áll the memórials óf th' iniquitous mán
 To abólish; ánd the priestess só dirécts."
 These wórds said, shé was silent; ánd her fáce
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her sister
 With thése new rites masks déath's préparative,
 Not dréams, nor hás a nótion óf such fúry,
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds
 Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bidding.

Nów has the Quéen within the inmost cóurt
 A pýre érécted húge, of hólme-oak bíllet
 And tórch-pine, ánd the pláce with flówer-festóon
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,
 The cóuch placés 'on tóp, and ón the cóuch
 His éffigy, the swórd he léft behind,
 Ánd whate'er élse was his; áround stand áltars;
 Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,
 And Érebus, and Cháos, ánd the thrée
 Fáces of Virgin Dian, triple Hécate.
 Áspersion shé had máde too, with factitious
 Avérnus' wáter, ánd had sóught for hérb
 Dówny and bláck-bane júiced, and réaped by móonlight
 With brázen síckle; sóught too thé love-philtre,

Tórn (ere the dām's tooth cǫuld lay hǫld on it)
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungirt
 Véstment, hersélf, and with one fǫot unshód,
 Ánd in devótionál hánds the sáltmeal hǫlding,
 Beside the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,
 The Góds to béar her witness, ánd the stárs
 That sée her fáte, and if there bé a pówer
 Has eógnisánce of únrequited lóve,
 Implóres that righteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas night, and évery wéary fráme on éarth
 Was sǫund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in mid course gliding:
 Húshed were the fields, and flócks, and páinted birds,
 And fár and wide the líquid láke's indwéllers,
 And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,
 In slúmber's árms at thé dead hóur of night
 Sóothed their heart-sórrows, ánd their tóils forgót:
 But nó sleep, nó forgétfulness, no night
 Wréched Phoenissa ón her eýes receíves
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cáres;
 Agáin love rises in his might and fierceness,
 Agáin in á great súrf of ire she flúctuátes,
 Insísting thús and with hersélf revólving:—
 “Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmér súitors
 Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómád márrriage,
 And súppliant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrnéd? —
 Then lét me tó the Ílian fléet betáke me,
 The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédient sérvant:
 Becáuse forsóoth the fórmér áid I gáve them,
 So stéads me nów? such mighty grátitude théirs
 Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;
 Whó will permit me? Ínto théir proud ships

Whó will receíve me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle
 And sécret flight shall Í accópany
 The exúltíng sáílors? ór bear dówn upón them,
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;
 And drive to séa, and bíd set sáíl agáin,
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídón city.
 Náy, but avért pain with the knife, and díe
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, sister, thóu first,
 Tó my tears yielding, thréw'st me tó the fée,
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.
 I hád not léave to léad a síngle life,
 And, cóy as fórest wildíng, kéep me cléar
 Of mátrimóníal cóuch and cáres líke thése;
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Síchéus' cínders."
 Súch was the gréat wáil ínto whích she búrst.

Súra of his jóurney, ánd all thíngs prépared,
 Enéas nów on thé hígh stérn was sléeeping,
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok
 Présents ítsélf retúrning, ánd agáin
 Séems to admónish; líke, in áll respécts,
 To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,
 And yóuthful límb decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,
 O Góddess-bórn, in súch conjúcture sléeep,
 And nótt percéive whát cónsequént rísks surróúnd thee,
 Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?
 Búsy ís hér breast with a wórk of guile
 And díre íniquity, and fíxed to díe.
 She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.
 Fléest thou nótt hénce précípítáte, whílst fléé
 Précípítáte thou máyst? All ín commótion

The séa with ships and thé stern firebrand's gláre,
 Alive the shóre with flámes, thou shált behóld,
 If mórn but tóuch thee in these lánds deláying.
 Awáy, awáy, this instant: várious éver
 And mútable is wóman." Só he sáid,
 Ánd with the dárk night mingled. Thén indéed
 Enéas, át the súdden ápparition
 Térrified, stárts from sléep, and his compánions
 Wórries:— "Awáke, men, instant, ánd in áll haste
 Táke your seats ón the rów-bench; lóose the sáils quick.
 A Gód, despáched from thé high éther, spúrs us,
 Behóld! a sécond time, to spéed our flight,
 And cút the twisted cábles. Thée we fólloiw,
 O hólý déity, whoe'er thou árt;
 A sécond time thine órders wé obéy
 With jóyous éxultátion. Gránt us thóu
 Thy présence ánd seréne aid, ánd stars rising
 Propítious in the ský." He sáid, and fórt
 Snátched from the shéath the lightning bláde, and smóte
 With the bare stéel the háwser. Thé same árdor
 At ónce possésses áll; they ráp and rúsh,
 And háve the shóres desérted; thé fleet hides
 Viéw of the séa-plain: with stout-túgging árms
 They whirl the fóam, and thé cerúlean swéep.

And nów leaving Tithónus' sáffron cóuch,
 Auróra prime the éarth with néw light sprinkled;
 The Quéén — when fróm high lóok-out shé behéld
 The first grey dáwn, and with squared sáils the fléet
 On-móving; ánd the émpy shóre percéived,
 And rówerless pórt — her lóvely bréast three times,
 And fóur times smóte, and tóre her áuburn háir:—
 "He *will* go thén, by Júpitér," she cried,

"This interlóper! áfter hé has máde
 Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm
 Áll through the city's bréadth: why dón't they téar
 The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?
 Gó, get the flámes quick; weápons hére; row, rów; —
 What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness
 My bráin turns? Hápless Dido, tóuch thee nów
 Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,
 Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,
 Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd's
 Penátes — hé, who ón his shóuldérs cárried
 His áge-worn sire — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-hand.
 Cóuld I not táke and téar his bódy piecemeal,
 And scátter it tó the wáters? his compánions —
 Ascánius' sélf cóuld Í not stáb to déath,
 And cóok and sérvé up tó the fáther's táble?
 Bút the fight's fórtune hád been dóubtfú — Hád it,
 Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?
 Firebrands and flámes intó his ármamént —
 Ínto the midst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;
 Wóuld have extérmináted són, sire, ráce;
 And lást, mysélf intó the ruín flúng.
 O sún, whose eýe of fláme behóldést áll
 That 's dóne in thé whole wórl — and thóu, O Júnó,
 That knów'st my súfferings wéll, being thysélf
 Ágent of théir inflicción — ánd thou, Hécate,
 To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cíties ráise
 The midnight crý — and yé, avénging Dirae,
 And Góds of díng Elísa — héar my práyer,
 O héar, and lét the méritéd rétribúción
 Pursúe the cúlprit: if 't be nécessáry
 Thát the arch-críminál should vóyage sáfe,
 And réach port, ánd Jove's Fátés will háve it só,

And this a términús may nót be móved;
 Lét him at léast by thé belligerent árms
 Óf a bold péople hárrassed — fróm his cónfines
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbbrace —
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllovers
 Dishónored díe; nor wén he háth submitted
 To térms of péace disádvantágeous, lét him
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried líe
 Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; with my blóod
 I póur these lást words fórt: and yé, O Týrians,
 Plágue and detést the w hóle stock, róot and bránc;h;
 Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cinders.
 Betwixt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,
 No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,
 That shált the Dárdan cónonists pursúe
 With fire and swórd; now, láter, wénsoé'er
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er in her mínd on áll sídes,
 Hów from the háted líght to bréak awáy
 Sóonest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárce,
 Síchéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy
 Her ówn núrse, á black cinder: — "Híther, núrse dear,
 Sénd me my síster Ánna: lét her quickly
 Sprinkle her with the stréam's límph, ánd bring with her
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.
 And thóu thysélf with píous fillet váil
 Thy témples; mý ínténtion is, to pérfect
 Those sácred rítes I háve comménced in hónor
 Of Stýgian Jöve; and énd my cáres, by gíving

The pyre of that Dardánian to the flames."
 She said; and zealously the áged nurse
 Makes such speed as she can.

But Dido — fluttered

With her wild darings — in a savage transport —
 With bloodshot rolling eyes, and tremulous cheeks
 Spotted with hectic, paled by death's high view —
 Into th' interior precincts bursts, and furious
 Mounts the high pyre, and bares — not for such use
 Had she obtained that gift — the Dárdan sword:
 But when the Ílian vestments met her view,
 And the known bed, a little while in tears
 And thought she lingered, leaning on the bed,
 And these, her last words, uttering:— "Sweet remains, —
 For sweet ye were while heaven and fate permitted, —
 Receive this soul, and free me from these cares:
 I 've lived; I 've run the race that fortune set me;
 And great 's the image of me that shall now
 Beneath the earth go; I 've a noble city
 Founded; seen my own battlements rise round me;
 Avenged my spouse; punished my hostile brother;
 Happy, alas! too happy, if but only
 A Dárdan keel had never touched our shores."

She said; and with a kiss the couch impressing:—
 "Though I die unavenged, I 'll die," she says;
 "My downward journey, so — aye, so, precisely —
 Becomes a pleasure; let the cruel Dárdan
 Gaze from the high-deep on these flames, and with him
 My death take for the omen of his voyage."
 She said, and while she yet spake the attendants
 Behold her sink stabbed; the sword reeking blood,

Her hánds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights
 The shóut goes; the repórt runs báccanál,
 Sháking the city; with lámént and gróan
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;
 Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,
 Breast-smítings: júst as if the fóe had rúshed in,
 And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,
 And ó'er the highest tóps of húman dwéllings
 Ánd of divine, the ráging flámes were rólling.
 The sister héars — more like a córpse than living —
 And thróugh the midst runs — rúshes — in dismáy
 And trépídation, smiting ón her bréast,
 Téaring her fáce, and ón the dýing cálling
 By náme:— "And wás 't for this then, síster? mé
 Sought'st thou to óverréach? wás 't this, this pyre,
 These fires, these áltars wére préparing fór me?
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,
 Spúrnéd and déserted bý my dýing síster?
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpany, have cálléd me
 Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin,
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:
 Búilt I it with these hánds for thee? for thee
 Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,
 Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáid awáy?
 Thou 'st rúined, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,
 Péople, and síres Sidónian, ánd thy city.
 Give wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds,
 Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath stíll
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth."

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,
 Ánd, her half lifeless síster in her bósom's
 Embráce wás hólding cúddled, gróaning mích,

And drying with her garment thé black góre;
 But shé, her héavy eýes to lift endéavoring,
 Agáin faints; grides benéath her bréast the infixed wound:
 Thrice, on her éllow léaned, she ráised hersélf;
 Thrice on the cóuch fell báck; with wándering eýes
 Sought hìgh heaven's light, and, háving fòund it, gróaned.

Omnipotent Júnó thén, her lóng pain pitying
 And diffícult depárture, fróm Olýmpus
 Sent Íris dówn to frée the strúggling sóul,
 Ánd the knit limbs reláx; for ás 'twas néither
 By fáte she pérished, nór her ówn desérving,
 But prémátüre and wrétched, in a súdden
 Kindling of fúry, Próserpine had nót
 The áuburn lóck dispárted fróm her crówn,
 Nór to the Stýgian Órcus dóomed her yét.
 Dówn thérefore thróugh the ský on sáffron pínions
 Flies déwy Íris, thóusand várioüs tints
 Bórrrowing from th' ópposite sún; and stánding nigh,
 Óver her héad:— "This cónsecráte to Dis
 I béar as bid, and fróm that bódý frée thee,"
 She sáys, and shéars the lóck; and life awáy
 Fléd to the wínds, and cóld becáme the bódý.

V.

In the méantime through wáves that with nóthwinds were bláckening,
Inéas detérmined was cútting his wáy,
Back cásting his lóok on the tówers which alréady
Are all lit up with hápless Elisa's pyre-flámes.

Though hidden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátióh,
A présentiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,
When they think, of a lóve-cross how bitter the pángs are,
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,
And lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,
But éverywhere róund them the séa and the ský;
Light óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,
With night charged and témpet; and into dark wrinkles
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus
The stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—
Ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore
Incómpass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?"

This said, he commands them
 To gather their oars up,
 And with might and main row;
 Sets the sails at a tack,
 And to this effect speaks:—
 “Magnánimous Enéas,
 I would not believe
 Even Júpiter's self,
 That with ský such as this
 We could still make Itália;
 The áir to mist thickens;
 The winds have changed quárter,
 And, in their might rising
 From the óvercast súnset,
 Roar right thwart our cóurse;
 Nor with áll our endéavor
 Can we hólð our diréction,
 Or máke head against them.
 Since Fórtune 's victórious,
 Come, lét 's follow Fórtune,
 And túrn at her cáll;
 Nor fár distant hénce
 Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,
 Of brótherly Éryx,
 And the hárbour Sicánian,
 If ónly my mémory
 Pláys me no fálse trick,
 As I cóunt my course báck
 By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—
 “I too observe súrely
 The winds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,
And áll to no púrpose
Agáinst them thou strivest.
Tack abóut; could there lánd
To mé be more gráteful,
Or to which with my tired ships
I 'd more gládly run dówn,
Than that lánd which presérves for me
Dárdan Acéstes;
Than that lánd which holds lápped
In its bósom the bónes
Of my fáther Anchises?"

When thús he had sáid,
They máke for port stráight:
Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,
And swiftly the fléet
O'er the rólling flood cárry,
Till at lást to the knówn strand
With jóy they turn in.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,
Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder
The véssels óf his friends appróaching,
Ánd all bristly ó'er with jávelins
And Libyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;
Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther
Hé was són of stráam Crimísus —
Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —
Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrn,
Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral
And friendly fúlness éntertáins
And sólacés their wéarínéss.

As sóon as in the éarly éast
 Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,
 Enéas fróm the cóast all róund
 Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,
 Ánd from the túmulus' móund thus spéaks:—
 “Mighty Dardánidáe, descéded
 Fróm the high blood óf the Góds,
 The yéar its circle hás achieved,
 And óne by óne its mónth's compléted,
 Sínce my divíne sire's lást remáins
 Dúly in the gróund we láid,
 And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;
 And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme
 That dáy which Í shall éver hóld
 A dáy of bitternéss, shall éver —
 Your will be dóne, O Góds! — hold hónored.
 Whéther I páss this dáy in éxile
 Amíd the Sýrtes óf Getúlia,
 Ór by stréss of wind and wéather
 Dríven intó Mycénae city
 Óut of thé Argólic máin;
 Gífts annivérsary ón this dáy
 I 'll cárry in procéssion sólemn,
 Ánd with due ófferings héap the áltars.
 Só much the móre then lét us cóme —
 Nów that we 've éntered friendly pórt,
 And find oursélves upón the spót,
 Nót, as I think, withóut the Góds'
 O'errúling wíll and próvidénce,
 Beside my párent's bónes and áshes —
 Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully
 Célebráte the féstal dáy,
 And bég the Gód to gránt us winds,

And to allow that in a temple,
 To his service dedicated,
 In my city I may offer
 Every year a similar honor.
 To each ship's crew Troy-born Acestes
 Makes present of a pair of bees. ●
 Bring to the feast your own Penates
 And those your host Acestes worships.
 Besides, when the ninth radiant morn
 Shall raise the standard of boon day,
 And unveil the globe to mortals,
 I'll give the Teucri a regatta,
 To commence their games withal.
 And then let all who are good runners,
 And every one whose bold proud step
 Tells of his skill to speed the dart,
 Or the light arrow, or whose strength
 Ventures the gauntlet's rude encounter,
 Be present and expect the prize
 That shall reward the conqueror.
 Lend me your favoring voices all,
 And bind your brows with foliage."

He says, and with his mother's myrtle
 At the same time veils his temples;
 So Helymus, ripe-aged Acestes,
 And so does too the boy Ascanius;
 The others the example follow.
 Direct from the assembly then,
 Amidst a great encircling bevy,
 He takes his way to the tumult,
 Accompanied by many a thousand;
 There on the ground in due libation

Pours twó bowls óf unmixéd wine, twó
 Of nów milk, twó of sácred blóod,
 And flings bright púrpling flówers and sáys:—

- “Sáncetified párent, háil once móre!
 ● Áshes, sóul, and sháde patérnal,
 Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!
 ’Twas nót to bé, that wé should séek
 Itália’s fáted fields togéther,
 And thát unknowán Ausónian Týber;
 ’Twas nót to bé.”

Scarce hád he sáid,
 When, tráiling fórth
 Out óf the déep
 Intérior céll
 Its sévenfold ról
 Of séven huge cóils,
 A slímy snáke
 The túmulús
 Benígnantly
 Encómpassés,
 And glídes abóut
 Amidst the áltars.
 Its scály báck
 Was áll one bláze
 Of glówing góld
 With spóts of blúe
 And púrple fléckered,
 Bright as the thóusand
 Várious húes
 Cást in a bów

Upón the clóuds
Frónting the sún.

Ín amázeмент
Gázed Enéas,
Whilst the sérpent,
Midst the pólished
Cúps. and góblets
Lóng time gliding,
Sipped at lást,
And áfter sipping
Léft the vřands
Ánd the áltars,
Ánd innóxious
Tó the túmulus'
Dépths returned.

Dóubtful, whéther
Tó estéem it
A lócal Génius,
Ór the attendant
Óf his sire,
He célebrates
So múch the móre
The rites begun
Ín his sire's hónor,
Ánd, complying
With the cústom,
Sláys two shéep
Whose twó broad téeth
Show twó years óld;
Álso two swíne
Ánd a like númer
Óf black cáttle;

Ánd from bówls
 Pours wine-libátion,
 Ánd invókes
 The sóul and Mánes
 Of gréat Anchises,
 From Ácherón,
 On léave, returned.
 His cómrades too,
 As éach has méans,
 Bring gifts with jóy,
 And sláughter stéers,
 And lóad the áltars;
 And sóme at éase
 Stretch ón the gráss,
 And sóme in órder
 Sét brass cáldrons,
 Or pláce live cóals
 Benéath the spits,
 And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Pháëtón brought in
 The mórning óf the ninth, the expécted dáy,
 Seréne and bright; and rúmor ánd the náme
 Of fámed Acéstes hád the shóres all róund
 Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,
 Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme
 Prepáred too tó compéte. The prizes first
 Are fúll in view placed in the círcus' midst;
 Religious tripods — córonáls of gréen —
 And pálms, the méed of victorý — and árms —
 And vésts all crimsoned ó'er — and góld and silver,
 Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the midst of the móund,
 The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first game is between
Four weighty-oared bottoms,
Selected as matches
From the whole of the fleet.
With his stout rowers Mnéstheus
Impels the swift Grámpus,
Mnéstheus who soon shall be
Mnéstheus Italian,
First of the race
That shall call themselves Mémmi.
With his three complete benches
Of rowers Dardánian
In triple rows raising
Their oars simultaneous,
Forward drives Gýas
The huge city-like mass
Of unwieldy Chiméra.
In the great Céntaur
Is carried Sergéstus,
From whom takes its name
The family Sérgian;
And in blue Scýlla,
Cloánthus, from whom
Thy race is derived,
O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver against the fóaming shóre,
Fár in the séa there is a rók
Which, óverwhélmed and búffettéd
By swélling billows át such time
As wintry Córi hide the stárs,
Lifts silently, in time of cálm,
Óver the still and wáveless déep,

Its lével field, the fávorite háunt
 Óf the súnshine-lóving séamew.
 Fáther Enéas hére erécts
 A vérdant góal of léafy ilex,
 Sígn to the sáilors hére to túrn,
 And wheél from hénce their lóng course bák.
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár
 The cáptains' sélves distínguished shíne
 In órnáménts of góld and crimson;
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,
 Glistening shóuldérs sméared with óil,
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,
 Arms strétched to their óars,
 Hearts pít-a-pat béating,
 Exúlting and bréathless
 With kéen greed of glóry,
 All alive, all atténitive,
 They wáitch for the sígnal.
 Then whén the shrill trúmpet
 Its lárúms has sóunded,
 From the bárrier awáy
 Withóut stop or stáy
 They áll leap togéther;
 Sálors' húrrahhs strike éther;
 Turned úp by the sínéwy
 Túg of their árms
 The séá-surface fóams;
 All alike, all togéther
 They plóugh up, they téar up,
 They shátter with óars

And with tridented bóws
The whóle yawning séa-plain.
Less precipitous rúshing
And tó the race dáshing
Páir-in-hand cháriots
Búrst from the bárrier,
And scóur o'er the pláin;
Less ímpetus spéeds
The caréer of the stéeds,
Though the drivers the wávy reins
Sháke to them lóose,
And óver the lách
Lean their whóle bodies fóward,
And háng on each stróke.

With handclápping and shóut
And pártisan róut
The enclósing shores róund
And wóodlands resóund,
And with péals of hurráhs
The hills rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and dín
Fóremost scúds awáy
Gýas ó'er the wátters;
Cloánthus, bétter rówer,
But bý his héavy timbers
Retárded, fóllovs áfter.
Céntaur thén and Grámpus,
Behind at équal dístance,
Conténd which sháll be fóremost:
And nów 'tis Grámpus hás it,
And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,
And pásses Grámpus bý;

And nów with bóws abréast
 They dásh alóng togéther,
 And side by side with lóng keels
 Fúrrów thé sea brine.

And nów to the róck
 They were fást apróaching,
 And júst at the góal,
 When fóremóst, victórious,
 In the midst of the swéll
 To his stéersman Menoétes
 Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—
 “Whíther awáy to the right so fár?
 Hítherward, híther;
 Húg the shore clóse,
 And lét your oar-bládes
 Graze the rócks on the léft;
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, búť Menoétes,
 Súnken rocks féaring,
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—
 “Whíther awáy stray’sť
 Óut of the stráight course?
 For the rócks maké, Menoétes.”
 So a sécond time shóuted
 And cálléd him back Gýas,
 And revérting his lóok,
 Lo! behind him Cloánthus
 Close préssing upón him
 And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the interspace
 ’Twíxt the resóunding rocks

And the lár-board of Gýas,
In a twinkling Cloánthus
Is out on the sáfe sea,
And behind has left Gýas,
Behind left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes
With kéen anguish búrnéd,
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;
And óf his crew's sáfety
Forgétful no léss
Than óf the respéct
Which he ówed to himsélf,
Headlong into the séa
From the high poop he húrled
Dull plódding Menoétes;
Himsélf takes the rúdder,
Himsélf becomes stéersman,
And chéers the crew ón,
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttom
At lást he 's come úp —
And not éasily éither
From yéars and the wéight
Of his wét dripping gárments —
Heavy-láden Menoétes
Makes fór the rock's tóp,
And thére on the drý stone
Séts himsélf dówn.
The Teúcri laughed át him
Both fálling and swimming,
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,
The jóyous hope kindles
To béat lagging Gýas.
Sergéstus starts fóremost
And dráws near the róck,
But nót by the léngth
Of the whóle keel fóremost;
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,
While ón him abáft
The bów of the Grámpus
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes midships
And chéers the crew ón,
In their véry midst pácing:—
“Now, nów on your óars rise,
Brave féllows Hectórian,
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur
I selécted as cómrades;
Now pút forth that vígor,
That spírit put fórh;
Which érewhile ye shówed
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,
The Íónian séa,
And Málea's péstering
Wáves pertinácious.
I ásk not the first place,
Nor strive now for cónquest,
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,
 To whóm thou, O Néptune,
 Hast gránted the cónquest;
 Only lét 's not be lást,
 Conquer só far at léast,
 And avért that dishónor —
 Fellow tównsmen, avért
 That fóul, crying sín."

With extrémé, utmost éffort
 They léan themselves fóward;
 The brónzed vessel trémbles
 Benéath the vast strókes
 That ráise the keel óut of
 And óver the wáter.
 The thick panting shákes
 Their limbs and dry móuths;
 On áll sides abóut them
 The swéat flows in rívers.

Mere áccident bróught them
 The wished-for hónor;
 For, whilst in a fúry
 His prów forcing úp
 On his ríval's lar-bóard,
 And for wánt of room cútting
 Too clóse to the rócks,
 On a jútting reef fást
 Stuck hápless Sergéstus.
 The crág was concússed,
 And ón the sharp snág
 The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspended, and crack
Went the óars in the strúggle.

The sáilors, at fáult thrown,
With lóud clamors rise
From the bénches togéther,
Ply shárp-pointed póles
And iron-shod hánd-spikes,
And pick up the bróken oars
Óut of the abýsm.
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter
By his véry succéss,
Invókes the winds' áid,
And with swift sweeping óar-banks
Pulls jóyous away
In the ópen sea-róom,
And rúns with the fáll
Of the wáter in lándward.
As a dóve, that a súdden
Alárm has distúrbed
From her nést and sweet yóung
In óne of a púmice rock's
Númerous hidings,
Awáy to the fields
Flies óut of the cáve
With a térrified flútter,
But sóon on expánded
And mótionless pinion
Glides swiftly alóng,
And dówn through the still air
Her líquid way swéeps:
So Mnéstheus flies óver
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere impetus só
Carries Grámpus fórdward.

And first he desérts
Sergéstus hard strúggling
In the high rocky shállows
And in váin calling hélp
And léarning to ráce
With bróken óars.
Then awáy after Gyás
And enórmous - diménsioned
Chiméra hersélf,
Which, stripped of her stéersman,
No lóng time compétes.
And nów at the úttermost
Énd of the cóurse
Remains ónly Cloánthus;
Hím he makes áfter,
And his whóle strength exérting
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll
Repeat shóut upon shóut,
And chéer on the chásér,
Till éther resóunds
With the crásh of the clámor:
These indignantly cling
To the crédit acquired,
And fást hold the hónor
They have cóunted their ówn,
And are willing to bártér
Existence for glóry.
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They dóubt not they 're áble,
And thérefore they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów
They had bóth perhaps wón
The prizes togéther,
Hád not, with bóth hands
Outstrétched toward the séa,
Cloánthus thus vówed,
Ánd to the déities
Póured his prayer fórtb:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,
Upon whóse plains I ráce,
Only gránt me my wish,
And I 'll hólđ myself bóund
To bring to your áltars
And sólemnly óffer,
On this very shóre,
A brilliant white búll,
And into the sált waves
With jóy fling the éntails,
And the flówing wine póur.”

He sáid, and the whole chóir
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,
And the máid Panopéa,
Benéath the waves, héard him,
And fáther Portúnus,
With a púsh of his gréat hand,
Himself urged him ón.
Swifter than Nótus,
Than fléet arrow swifter,

The b ark flies to l and,
And into the d eep port
Sh oots away f ar.

Then the s eed of Anchises,
F ollowing the c ustom,
C alls all tog ether,
 And with the h erald's
L oud voice proel aims
Clo anthus vict orious,
 And with green l aurel
M antles his t emples;
And comm ands him to ch oose
For  each ship three st eers,
And gives him for  each ship
A pr esent of wine
And a gr eat silver t alent.

On the c aptains thems elves
He best ows the chief h onors:
On the victor a chl amys,
With g old over-wrought,
And twice with a br oad
Purple stripe Melib ean
Me andered all r ound;
And in-woven th ere
Was the r oyal b oy,
St alking the swift deer
On l eafy  Ida:
His l ance in his h and
He is h ot at the sp ort,
You may s ee him p anting;

But dówn on him swoóping
Jove's winged armour-béarer
Up alóft in his tálons
From Ída has snáthed him;
Aged guárdians in váin
Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,
And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to him who hath wón
Second pláce by his prówess,
He gíves a mail cóat
Triple pláited with méshes
Of búrnished gold wire
(Adórnmént alike
And defénce in the báttle),
Which his ówn victor sélf
From Demóleos had tórñ
Under high Ilium's wálls
Rapid Simoïs beside:
Exérting their whóle strength,
Scarce áble the ménials,
Phégeus and Ságaris,
On their shóuldérs to cárry
Its mánifold plies;
But Demóleos lóng ago
Hád it upón him,
When húnting and chásing
The Trójans abóut.
To the thírd he présénts
A páir of bronze básins,
And two éwers of wrought silver
With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now
Just só been presented,
And were márching alóng
In the pride of their wéalth,
With their témples bound róund
With ribbons of crimson,
When, with múch skill and tróuble,
From the féll rock pulled óff,
And láme with the lóss
Of a whole tier of óars,
Sergéstus brings úp,
In the midst of derision,
His hónorless véssel.

As whén on a cáuseway
A snáke is surprised
And bý a brass whéel
Obliquely run óver,
Ór with a héavy blow
Máined by way-fárer,
And léft on the stóne
Between líving and déad;
In lóng coils it writhes,
And in váin to flee stríves,
And lifts up on high
Its fóre-part feróciuous,
And its hissing neck réars,
And with fiery eyes gláres,
While, twisting and twining
In knóts on itself,
Its wóunded and láme
Hinder párt keeps it báck:
So limpingly rówed

The slów bark alóng,
 But made sáil nòtwithstánding,
 And únder spread cánvas
 Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing
 That véssel and créw
 Have been bróught back in sáfety,
 Bestóws on Sergéstus
 The prómised rewárd:
 A sláve not unskilled
 In the wórks of Minérva,
 Phóloë, the Crétan,
 With twins at her bósom,
 He hás for his prize.

This cómbat dismissed,
 Tender-héarted Enéas
 Hies to whére, round abóut
 By a théatre girdled
 Of cúrved, wooded hills,
 On the vále's intermédiat
 Smooth gréen was a círcus.
 'Twas híther the héro,
 With mány a thóusand,
 Repáired, and his séat took
 On a high-raised estráde,
 In the midst of the assémbled
 And séated spectátors;
 And to shárpen the spírit
 Of súch as might háply
 Inclíne to conténd
 In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,
Teucris mixed with Sicani:
First Eurýalus and Nísus;
Eurýalus of beauty rare,
In the fresh green of youth fair;
Nísus with all his heart
Virtuously, tenderly
Loving the lad.
Next after in order
Comes royal Dióres,
Descended from Priam's
Pre-éminent stock;
Then Sálius and Pátron,
Acarnánian the one,
Of Tégea's Arcádan
Lineage the other;
Then two youths Trinácrian,
Hélymus and Pánopes,
Well used to the woods,
Aged Acéstes' pages:
And many besides
Of dim fame obscure.
In the midst of whom then
It was thus spoke Enéas:—

“Give joyful attention,
And hear what I say.
Of all that are here
I'll not allow one
To depart unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian
 Of bright, polished stéel,
 And a twó-headed póle-axe
 With ráised work of silver,
 Shall bé to each óne
 Présénted alike.

“Prizes shall bé
 For the fóremost thrée,
 And a wréath, round their héads,
 Of táwny ólive:
 For the first a supérbly
 Capárisoned hórse,
 The rewárd of the victor.
 An áamazon’s quíver
 The sécond shall háve,
 Full of Thrácian árrows;
 It hángs in a bróad belt
 With góld overláid
 Ánd with a táper-turned
 Jéwel-stud fástened.
 Let the third depart pléased
 With this hélmet Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,
 They táke their stands éach;
 Then, well márking the góal,
 Awáy on a súdden,
 At the sóund of the trúmpet,
 Rush into the cóurse,
 Like a fást-dashing shówer,
 And behind leave the bárrier.

Far before all the rest
Nisus shoots away first,
More swift than the winds,
Or the winged thunderbolt.
Next him, but next
With a long interspace,
Salius comes after,
And then, on the ground
They both have passed over,
Eurýalus third,
By Helymus followed,
Close behind whom, behold!
Dióres comes flying,
Leans over his shoulder
And treads on his heels;
And, give him but more ground,
He 'll slip clear away from,
And quite behind leave,
Him whom now he 's so close to
You doubt which is foremost.

And now they 're almost
At the end of the course,
And wearily nearing
The very goal,
When Nisus slips, luckless,
In some glairy blood
Which where bullocks, it chanced,
Had lately been slaughtered,
Lay spilled on the ground
And had wet the green sword.
The youth was already
Victorious, triumphant,

When on this spot his fóot,
 To táke firm hold céasing,
 From únder him wént,
 And flát on his fáce
 He féll in the midst
 Of the góre sacrificial
 And éxcrement fól.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,
 And his lóve for Eurýalus.
 He wás not forgétful;
 Bút, from the slippery ground
 Úp as he róse,
 Oppósed himself right
 In the wáy of Sálius,
 Who féll and rolled óver
 On his báck in the thick sand.

In the midst of handcláppings
 And shóuts of appláuse
 Awáy shoots, awáy flies
 Eurýalus fóward,
 And bý his friend's kindness
 Has wón the first pláce.
 Up comes Hélymus áfter,
 And, nów to the third palm
 Entítled, Díóres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shóuts
 The húge concave filling,
 Insists to the whóle
 Of the assémbled spectátors,
 And móst to the sires

In the frónt places séated,
That the hónor is his,
And múst be restóred him,
Of which an unfáir
Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad
His becóming téars;
His virtues, enhánced
By his pérsonal gráce,
Win the géneral fávör;
Dióres too hélp him,
And shóuts for him lóud,
Having cóme in, in váin,
For the lást palm and prize,
If to Sálius restóred
The first márk of distinction.

Then fáther Enéas:—
“Your présents, young mén,
Remain cértain and fixed,
And no óne shall distúrb
The pálm from its órder;
But mé you ’ll allów
To commiserate a friend,
Whose misfórtune is dúe
To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius
The húge hide uncóuth
Of a lion Getúlian,
Gólden-clawed, shággy,
A búrthen to cárry.

Then says Nísus:— “If such
 Thy compássion for fálls,
 And so gréat the rewáreds
 Thou bestów'st on the cónquered,
 Let me sée the fine présent
 Thou hast réady for Nísus;
 For him who had glóriously
 Wón the first gárlánd,
 Had he nót been o'ercóme
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune
 That óvercame Sálius.”
 He sáid, and displáyed
 His fáce and limbs fóuled
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther
 Smiled at his plight:
 Then bidding be bróught forth
 The shield manufáctured
 By skilled Didymáon,
 Which the Dánaĩ had púlléd down
 From Néptune's door sácred,
 Bestówed the choice gíft
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,
 And the présents awárded:—
 “Now if ány man hére
 Has indwelling cóurage
 And spírit sufficient,
 Let him stánd forth, and líft high
 His gáuntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth
 The battle's twain honors:
 For the victor a stéer,
 Vailed with fillets of gold;
 A sword and grand helmet
 To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly
 As Dáres his mighty front raised on the instant:
 'Twas Dáres that used to contend against Páris,
 Other equal for Páris was none.
 Hé too it was that at mightiest Héctor's
 Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Bútes,
 And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant
 Whose haughty demeanour showed how well he knew
 He was come of Bebrýcian Ámycus' race.
 Such was Dáres that raised his high head first to battle,
 Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing
 With each arm alternate, pommeled the air.
 A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,
 Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,
 • And thinking that one and all
 Yield him the palm,
 He stands right in front
 Of the feet of Enéas,
 And without more ado
 With his left hand takes hold
 Of the bull by the horn,
 And says:— "Goddess-börn,
 If there 's nó one so bold
 As to venture the battle,

What end of my stánding?
 How lóng must I wáit?
 Bid me léad the prize óff."
 Same tíme the Dardánidae
 Cálled out unánimous
 To lét the brave mán
 Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes
 Repróaches Entéllus,
 As beside him he sát
 On the gréen grassy bánk:—
 "Entéllus, in váin once
 The brávest of héroes,
 And wilt thou so támely,
 Withóut even a strúggles,
 Allów such a prize
 To be cárried awáy?
 Whére is our Gód now,
 That Éryx thy máster
 Thou váunt'st of so idly?
 Where nów thy renówn
 All Trinácia filling,
 And the spóils thou 'st at hóme
 Hanging úp in thy hóuse?"

"It is not féar" —
 Thus ánswered hé —
 "Nor scáred awáy
 My lóve of glóry
 And fáir áchievement;
 But slów old-áge,
 With númbing fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,
 And wórned out quite
 My bóddily vigor.
 Hád I but nów
 The yóuth I had ónce,
 That yóuth in which
 Yon wrétch exúlt
 So cónfidént,
 Nor gift had Í
 Nor fáir steer néeded,
 Tó induce me
 Tó come fóward.
 Who likes may táke
 The prize, for mé."

Só having sáid,
 He cást into
 The mídst a páir
 Of móst enórmous,
 Wéighty gáuntlets,
 With whose hárd hide
 Dóughty Éryx
 Úsed to stráp
 His hánds and árms,
 Évery time
 The lists he éntered.

All minds were astóunded,
 So húge were those sévenfold
 Plies of ox-léather,
 So stiffened with in-plaited
 Íron and léad.
 Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,
 And will upon nó account
 Try the encóunter.
 Then, while the magnánimous
 Són of Anchises
 Swings hither and thither
 And túrns every wáy
 The vólume imménse
 Of those pónderous bánds,
 The óld man gives útterance
 To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,
 Hád ye but Hércules'
 Ówn gauntlets séen,
 And the sád fight he fóught
 Upon this very shóre?
 These gauntlets belónged
 To thine hálf-brother Éryx
 (Thou sée'st them with blóod still
 Besprinkled and bráins);
 With thése he confrónted
 Mighty Alcides;
 To thése I was used,
 While a frésher blood-cúrent
 Supplied me with vígor,
 And nó yet had óld age
 Énviously sprinkled
 My témples with hóar.
 But if Trojan Dáres
 These weápons refúses,
 And géntle Enéas
 Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor
Acéstes appróves,
Let us máke the fight égal;
I dó not insist
On the gáuntlets of Éryx
(Dismiss thy misgivings);
And thóu, put thou óff
Thy Trójan gloves too."

He sáid, and his dóuble
Threw óff from his shóuld-ers,
His gréat limbs laid báre
And his gréat bones and mús-cles,
And fórth in his might stood
In the midst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchises
Like gáuntlets brought fórth,
And with the matched wéapons
The sire strapped the hánds
Of the óne and the óther.
Upright on their tóes
In an instant both róse;
And undáunted arms high
Lifting úp toward the ský,
And lófty heads dráwing back
Fár from the stróke,
With hánd to hand spárring,
The báttle provóke.

More nimble the óne
In the pride of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,
 And móulded gigántic,
 But trémulous slów
 Are his tóttering knées,
 And his vást limbs shake sóre
 With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów
 They tóss to and fró,
 Áll to no púrpose;
 Mány a blów
 Loud ráttling ríngs
 On hóllow chést
 And sides, redóubled.
 Abóut ears and témples
 Róves the hand fréquent,
 And únder the hárd cuffs
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture
 Entéllus stands héavy,
 And with vigilant eýes
 The pásses avóids
 By ónly inclíníng his bódy.
 His oppónent, like óne
 Who bríngs works of wár
 To béar on a high-seated city,
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,
 On this side tries nów,
 Now on thát the appróaches,
 And the whóle place abóut
 Reconnoítres with skill,

And with various assaults
Ineffectual presses.

Rears himself upright
Entellus, and shows
His right hand uplifted;
The other wares quick
The down coming blow,
And with nimble evasion
Slips out of the way.
Entellus discharges
His strength on the winds,
And to the ground ponderous
Falls of himself
With his vast heavy weight:
As on Erymanth sometimes,
Or on mighty Ída,
A hollow pine tumbles
Torn up by the roots.

All at once and together,
In their interest for either,
The Teucri rise up
And the youth of Trinacria;
To the sky mounts the clamor:
Acestes the first is
Who runs to, and pitying
Lifts from the ground up,
His equal-aged friend.

But, by his mischance
Nor retarded nor scared,
The hero returns

But more kéen to the fight,
 Of válor self-cónscious,
 Wrath róusing his vígor,
 Shame kindling his might;
 And, áll in a glów,
 Drives óver the whóle plain
 DARES héadlong befóre him,
 And nów with his léft hand
 Redóubles his blóws,
 And nów with his right.

There 's nó stop nor stáy,
 But with blóws of each hánd,
 As thick, fast, and fréquent,
 As páttering háilstones
 Down shówering on róof-tops,
 The héro thumps Dáres,
 And knócks him abóut.

Then fáther Enéas,
 Permitting no fúrther
 Their íres to procéed,
 Nor Entéllus to ráge on
 In súch bitter spirit,
 Put an énd to the fight,
 And réscued tired Dáres,
 Ánd with kind, pétting words
 Thús to him sáid:—

“Luckless wíght, what delúision
 So stróng has posséssed thee?
 Percéiv'st not, thou wárrést
 Agáinst a God's stréngth,

And that Héaven 's turned against thee?
 Give wáy to the Gód."
 He sáid, and the báttle
 Decláred to be énded.

But awáy to the véssels
 His fáithful compánions
 Bring Dáres, his crázy knees
 Drágging alóng,
 His héad now to this
 Now to thát side tóssing,
 And clóts of blood mixed with teeth
 Fróm his mouth spéwing;
 Then, súmmoned, the swórd
 And the hélmet recéive,
 And léave to Entéllus
 The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spirits
 And próud of the búll:—
 "Goddess-bórn," says the victor,
 "And yé other Teúcri,
 Behóld both what stréngth
 My yóuthful frame ónce had,
 And from whát certain déath
 Ye have Dáres delivered."

He sáid, and right ópposite
 The fáce of the stéer stood,
 That was bý-standing thére,
 The prize of the báttle;
 And rising bolt-úpright,
 And dráwing back his right hand,

Swúing the hard gáuntlet
 Betwéen the two hórn's,
 And the fróntal bone fráctured,
 And crúshed in the bráin;
 Próstrate the félléd ox
 Lies on the swárd stretched,
 'Sésenseless and quivering.
 Then, óver him stánding,
 These wórd's he put fórh:—
 "With this bétter life, Éryx,
 I páy thee in fúll
 For my nó't killing Dáres,
 And victórious here pút by
 My gáuntlets, and with them
 The árt pugilístic."

Then stráightway Enéas
 Invites to compéte,
 Who háply may wish,
 In the swift arrow cóntest,
 And the prizes sets óut;
 And Seréstus' ship's mást
 With his húge hand erécts,
 And suspénds in a nóose,
 From the tóp of the mást,
 The márk to be áimed at,
 A swift-winged pígeon.

The compétitors méet,
 And ínto a bráss helm
 Their ló't-counters flínging,
 Forth cómes first of áll,
 Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lóť of Hippócoon,
Hýrtacus' són.
Close áfter whom fóllovs
Mnéstheus, just nów
In the ship-race victórious,
Mnéstheus with ólive bough
Gárlanded gréen.
Third comes Eurýtion,
Who cláims thee for bróther,
O Pándarus most glórious,
Thóu that in óld time,
Obédient to órders,
The first wert thy wéapon
To fling midst the Achivi,
And th' ármistice bréak.
Lowest dówn in the hélmet
And lást lay Acéstes;
For hé too had dáred
In the tásk of the yóung man
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out
His sháft from his quiver,
And gállantly évery man
Bénds his strong bów;
And first from the twánging string,
Cléaving the swift air,
Through the ský speeds the árrów
Of Hýrtacus' són,
And cómes and sticks fást
In the frónt of the mást:
The mást thróugh and thróugh quivers,
The fríghted bird flútters,

And fills the place róund
With its clápping wings' sóund.

Bold Mnéstheus next áfter,
With bédend bow stánding,
His áim took on high
With strained sháft and strained eye,
But, álás! the bird míssed,
Though he bróke the lint nóose
In which, tied by the fóot,
From the táll mast it húng:
And awáy to the sóuth winds
And dárk clouds it fléw.

Then in áll haste Eurytíon,
Who for sóme time was hóliding
Bow bént and shaft lévelled,
Made a vów to his bróther,
And únder the bláck cloud
Cóvered and pierced
With his árrow the pígeon,
That in the free ský there
Its glád wings was clápping.
Life léaving abóve
In the stárry ethéreal,
It túbles down sénseless,
And báck to the gróund
Brings the sháft in the wóund.

Sire Acéstes, the ónly
Remáining one nów,
Though the víctory 's lóst,
Yet his science to shów
In twánging the bów,

High into the ský
 His árraw let flý.
 Here méets the eye súdden
 What diviners too láte,
 By the gréat event táught
 To prognósticate right,
 Have decláred was an ómen
 Of import terrific;
 For the réed, in th' untróubled
 Clouds óf the fine wéather,
 Took fíre as it fléw,
 And its páth marked with fláme,
 Then into the thin winds
 Áwáy withdrew spént.
 So óftentimes flý
 Shooting stárs through the ský,
 And draw áfter them swéeping
 Their lóng trail of háir.

Confóunded, astóunded,
 To the Góds pray the Teúcri
 And mén of Trinácria;
 Nor refúses the ómen
 Most mighty Enéas,
 But embráces, and héaps
 With great gifts, glad Acéstes,
 And thús to him sáys:—
 “Accépt this, O fáther;
 For Olýmpus' great king
 By this pórtent decláres thee
 Entitled to húnor
 Apárt and espécial.
 This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchises
 Himself once posséssed,
 Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.
 Thracian Cisseus of óld
 On my párent Anchises
 The gréat gift bestówed
 To be képt as memórial
 And plédge of his lóve."

He sáid, and salúted
 Acéstes first victor,
 And bóund round his témples
 With láurel-branch gréen.
 Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,
 Though 'twas hé alone bróught down
 The bird from the high sky,
 With jéalousy lóok
 On the hónor put pást him.
 For the néxt gift comes in
 He that rúptured the córd;
 Last is hé whose swift árrów
 Stood fixed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,
 Ere énded that gáme was,
 Calls Epytides tó him,
 Compánion and guárdian
 Of béardless lúlus,
 Ánd in his trusty ear:—
 "To Ascánius áwáy quick,
 And if he has with him
 His yóung troop of hórsemen
 All equipped now and réady

To go through their manoeuvres,
Bid him with them come hither
In arms, and parade
To his grandfather's honor.
Out of the long circus
Himself bids depart
The whole influx of people,
And leave the field free.

All glittering alike
On their well-bitted horses,
The lads make their entry
In sight of their sires,
Admired by the whole youth
Of Tróy and Trinácria,
And cheered as they go.
They all wear their hair,
As required by the custom,
Cut close in a round crop;
Two steel-pointed lances
Of cornel each carries,
And some on their shoulders
A smooth burnished quiver;
At the top of the chest
Round the neck goes a collar
Of flexible gold twisted.

Three troops of horsemen,
Distinct and apart,
Perambulate there,
Each troop with a captain;
Twice six glittering youths
Every captain commands.

One yóuthful troop 's léd
 In ovátion alóng,
 By a tiny Priam
 (Called áfter his grándsire),
 Thine illústrious óffspring,
 Polítes, and sóon
 With a nów, vigorous gráft
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.
 The pásterns are white
 Of his píed Thracian chárger,
 And lóftily cárried
 The próud forehead white.

Átys, from whóm come
 The Látin clan, Átii,
 Little Átys is néxt,
 The fávorite boy-friend
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll
 Iúlus comes, móunted
 On chárger Sidónian,
 By fáir Dido given him
 In remémbrance of hér
 And in plédge of her lóve.
 On áged Acéstes's
 Hórses Trinácrian
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pit-a-pat gó their hearts;
 Ás the Dardánidae,
 Gázíng delighted,
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,
Recéive them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle
Of the séated assémbly
They have ridden, with jóy,
In their rélatives' sight,
And to sét out are réady,
Epýtides gives them
The signal from fár
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each trúop then divides
Into twó equal párts,
Which túrn about quick,
And trot óff from each óther;
Then whéel round agáin
At the wórd of commánd,
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chángé,
And in ópposite ránts
Advánce and retire,
And retire and advánce,
And whéel round and róund,
And in intricate ríngs
Intercépting and cróssing
And báffling each óther,
Fight óut their sham báttle;
Sometimes their backs túrning
Defénceless and róuted,
Sometimes spéar grapping spéar,

And thén again, péace made,
Paráding united.

As the intricate blindways
And thóusand turns púzzling
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,
In high Crete of óld,
Where nó clue to guide you
Back, fórdward, or óut,
You wándered for éver
Abóut and abóut:
So púzzled the trácks
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,
So perpléxedly wóven
Sportive báttle and flight,
Like the gámbols of pórhoises
Pláyfully frisking
Ín the sea-wátters
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,
When róund Longa Álba
He dréw his walls' circle,
Re-estáblished this gáme
And these mánege manoeúvres,
And táught the old Látins
How himsélf, when a bóy,
And the Trójan lads with him,
Had been used to perfórm them.
The Álbans their yóuth táught,
From whóm mightiest Róme
In dúe course receíved,
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Preserves to this dáy
The spórt they call Tróy
And the Trójan Battálion.
So múch for the gámes
In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfáithful,
Begán first to chángé;
For whilst at the tímulus
With várious amúsements
The dáy 's solemnised,
Júno Satúrnian,
Mány a scheme póndering,
And nót sated yét
Of her áncient ill will,
Dówn from heaven Íris
On fáir wafting bréezes
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth
Of a thóusand bright dýes,
Down unséen runs the máid;
The great cóncourse survéys,
Round the cóast casts her eýes,
And obsérves the port émpy,
Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,
Wéeping in sécret,
Troy's mátrons were wáiling
The lóss of Anchises;
And áll, as they wépt,
On the déep sea were gázíng:—

"Alás, such a lóng way 's
 Still lýing befóre us,
 And, tired as we áre,
 We have só much sea wáter
 To sáil over stíll!"
 It was thús with one vóice
 They áll were excláiming;
 A city 's their práyer;
 They are sick, sore and sórry,
 And the tóils of the séa
 Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the midst of them,
 Práctised in mischief
 Thérefore she flings her,
 And púts off the figure
 And vést of a Góddess,
 And mákes herself Béroë,
 The áged spouse becómes
 Of Tmárian Dorýclus,
 Who ónce possessed children
 And kindred and náme.

In this guise amidst
 The Dárdan dames míngling:—
 "Wretched wómen," she cries,
 "Whom Acháian hands lóng ago
 Drágged not to sláughter,
 When fierce raged the báttle
 Your nátive walls róund —
 O unfórtunate créw,
 For whát worse destrúction
 Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The séventh summer nów
 See the ráising of Tróy,
 The curse is revólving,
 The lánd and o'er wáter
 Lóndering still;
 The savage rócks,
 The skies are róaming,
 The billows,
 The sea through the great sea
 Itália, that éver
 Befóre us is fléeing.
 In the fratérnal
 Domáins here of Éryx,
 Hére where we 're kindly
 Recéived by Acéstes,
 What hinders from fóunding
 Our city's walls hére,
 And éntering at ónce
 On a cítizen life?
 O my cóuntry, and Ó ye
 Penátes, in váin
 Rescued óut of the fóe's midst,
 Shall there nó, now at lást,
 Be a city called Tróy?
 Am I nó where to see
 A Simois' or Xánthus'
 Hectórean stréam?
 Nay, náy, come alóng,
 And hélp me to búrn down
 These únlucky véssels;
 For prophétic Cassándra's form
 Séemed, as I slépt,
 A lit torch to hánd me;

Here, she sáys, is your hóme,
 In this spót seek your Tróy.
 Opportúny wórks,
 And the great pródigy
 Méets with no hindrance:
 See hére where to Néptune
 Four áltars are stánding;
 With lit brands, with cóurage
 The Gód's self supplies us."
 She sáid, the way léd,
 And the ránkling fire séized,
 And, with right hand uplifted,
 From whére she stood, brándished
 And with might and main flúng.

The spírits are róused
 Of the Ílian mátrons,
 With amázement their héarts struck;
 And óne of the óldest
 Óf the whole númer,
 Pýrgo, nurse róyal
 Óf the so númerous
 Children of Príam:—
 "No Béroë Rhoetéan,
 No spóuse of Dorýclus
 Ye have hére, dames;" she cries:
 "See hów her eyes búrn,
 Mark her beauty divíne,
 Her expréssion, her spírít,
 Her vóice and her gáit.
 I mysélf but just nów,
 When I cáme away hither,
 Left Béroë síck,

And in sád disappointmēt
That shé, only shé,
The great óffice should miss,
And nót pay Anchises
The mérited hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons
At first stood uncértain
And éither way swáying;
Ánd on the véssels
An ill eye were cásting —
On the óne hand sore lóve
Of the lánd that was présent,
On the óther the cáll
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —
When the Góddess her wings spread,
And úp through the ský sped
Her flight the clouds únder,
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy
Smóte with amázeмент,
Impélléd by a fúry,
The mátrons a shóut raise
At ónce and togéther,
Snatch the fire from the héarths,
(While sóme strip the áltars),
And fling bránds with their whóle force,
And léafy twig-fággots.
Through óars and row-bénches
And páinted pine póops
With lóose reins caréers
Raging Vúlcan unbridled.

To the tómb of Anchises
 Ánd to the théatre's.
 Wédge-grouped spectátors
 Eumélus the néws brings
 That the fléet is on fire;
 They look báck and themsélves see
 The dárk, showering áshes;
 And Ascánius the first is
 (Just só as he wás there,
 All jóyous conducting
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)
 Off tó the distúrbed camp
 At fúll speed to gállop,
 Nór can his térrified
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?
 What wóuld ye be át now?
 What wóuld ye?” he cries:
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,
 It is not the fóe,
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,
 ’Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.
 See, Í ’m your Ascánius!”
 And he tóok off and thréw
 At their féet down before thém
 The hélmet he wóre
 In the shám-fight amúsement.
 At the sáme time Enéas
 Comes úp in all háste,
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.
 But the wómen, affrighted,
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,
 And into the wóods steal,
 Or skulk into whatever
 Caves and hóles they can find.
 They repént their attépt,
 They 're ashámed of the light,
 They acknówledge their friends,
 Their whóle temper 's chánged,
 And óut of their bréasts
 They have quite shaken Júnó.

But nót the less ráges,
 For áll that, the fire,
 Nor abáte the flames thérefore
 Their wild, untamed stréngth;
 Benéath the moist timbers
 The cálking tow smóuldérs,
 And slów vomits smóke:
 The élement súpple
 Gnaws slówly the hùlls;
 The pést descends dówn
 Through the whóle of the fráme:
 All the stréngth of the héroes,
 All the flóods they throw ón it,
 Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas
 Tears his vést from his shóuldérs,
 His hánds toward heaven strétches
 And the Góds' help invókes:—
 "O omnipotent Jóve,
 If not yét to a mán
 Thou detéstest us Trójjans,

If thou 'st still some remáins
 Of the pity wherewith
 Thou wast wónted of óld
 To regárd human tróubles,
 Grant our ships now, O Sire,
 An escápe from this fire,
 And rescúe Troy's slénder
 Estáte from destrúction;
 Or compléte thy work óutright,
 And, if súch my desérving,
 With ángry bolt hére
 On this spót overwhélm me,
 Ánd with thy right hand
 To déath send me dówn."

Scárce had he úttered,
 Whén the ráins were let lóose,
 And a dárk tempest ráged
 Beyond précedent fúrious,
 And highlands and pláins
 With thúnderpeals ráttled.
 Down fróm the whole éther
 'Tis óne pour of wáter;
 One thíck, rushing shówer
 Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain.
 The ships fill, and run óver,
 The chárge'd timber 's drénched,
 The fiery glow 's quénched,
 And fróm the pest sáved
 All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Enéas,
 By the sóur mischance shócked,

Weighty cáres in his breást
 With himsélf was revólving,
 And betwéen the two wáys
 To and fró vacilláting:
 Should he settlé down thére
 In the fields of Sicília
 And forgét the fates quíte,
 Ór for th' Itálian coasts
 Máke right ahead.
 Then élderly Náutes,
 Whom Pállas Tritónian
 Had spécially táught,
 And réndered distingúished
 Abóve every óther
 For sóothsaying skill —
 (Her áswers would téll him
 What it wás the great wráth
 Of the Góds was forebóding,
 What is wás the Fates' préordained
 Órder required),
 In consóling words thús
 To Enéas begán:—

“Whither the Fátes
 Do so púll and re-púll us,
 Goddess-bórn, let us fólloiw.
 Let whát will, be cóming,
 No fórtune 's so bád
 But it máy be surmóunted
 By pátient endúrance.
 There 's Acéstes, a Dárdan
 And fróm the Gods sprúng,
 To him impart fréely

Thy plán of procéeding;
 He 's réady and willing
 To hélp and advise thee.
 The créws of the lóst ships
 Hand óver to him,
 And whoéver are sick
 Of the gréat undertáking
 And óf thy concérnments,
 And the véry old mén,
 And the séa-weary mátrons;
 And chóose out the wéak ones
 And súch as are tímíd,
 And hére in this lánd
 Let them fix their abóde,
 And bestów on their city
 (Thou 'lt allów them the privilege
 Of chóosing the náme)
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,
 That, inflámed by the wórds
 Of his élderly friend,
 He was réally distrácted:
 And dárk Night was nów
 Alóng the sky driving
 In páir-in-hand téam,
 When, dówn from heaven gliding,
 Appéared on a súdden
 The fórm of his párent
 Anchises, and séemed
 Words like thése to pour fórch:—
 "O són, once than life
 (When I hád life) more déar;

O s6n by the Ílian fates
Hárassed so s6re;
By that Júpiter, whó
Drove the fire from thy ships,
And from high heaven at lást
Took compássion up6n thee,
I come hither, commáded.
Obéy the advisings
Of élderly Náutes,
That so chármingly fit
With the présent conjúcture:
Y6uths of the stóutest heart
Chóose out and take
To Ítaly with thee;
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople
In Látium to wár down.
But the únder-ground dwélling
Of Dis visit first,
And thr6ugh deep Avérnus
Come d6wn, son, and méet me;
For n6t kindless Tártarus'
Glóomy shades ówn me;
In delightful Elýsium
I w6n with the géntle.
Holy Sibyl, when máný
A bláck sheep has bléd,
Shall hither condúct thee.
Of thine whóle future ráce
And the city vouchsáfed thee
Thou shalt thén be inf6rmed.
And n6w fare thee wéll!
Humid Night has the hálf
Of her j6urney compléted,

And with his pánting steeds
 Féll Morn blows ón me."
 He sáid, and like smóke
 Into thín air awáy fled.

"Whither rúshest thou thén?"
 Says Enéas, "or whither
 Beták'st thyself fróm me?
 Whom flécest? who kéeps thee
 Awáy from my árms?"
 So sáying, he stirred up
 The fire's sleeping émbers,
 And fumigáted
 Pergámean Lár
 And hóar Vesta's shrine
 With a fúll box of incense,
 And óffered the blést meal,
 And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,
 He súmmons his péers
 And, abóve all, Acéstes;
 And Júpiter's órders
 Lays fúllly befóre them,
 And his déar sire's injúnctions,
 And his ówn, formed opiníon.
 Acéstes gainsáys not;
 The vóte 's not long pássing;
 They transcribe to the cíty
 And sét down from trável
 The mátrons and áll who
 To stáy are inclined,
 Minds whóllly devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.
 Themsélves then repláce
 The half-éaten ship-timbers,
 Make nów the row bénches,
 And with óar and rope-táckling
 Rig out afrésh;
 They 're a bráve, gallant créw,
 Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas
 Marks out with plough-fúrrów
 The site of the city,
 And lóts out the dwéllings;
 And hére bids be Ílium,
 And thére bids be Tróy.
 And Trójan Acéstes
 Delights in his réalm,
 And, fixing by édict
 A Fórum, presides
 O'er the Fáthers assémbled.
 On Éryx' high tóp too,
 Not fár from the ský,
 For Vénus Idálian
 A séat is estáblished;
 Ánd to Anchises' tomb
 Ádded a priest;
 And a gróve consecráted,
 With wide-spreading púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys
 All the péople were féasted,
 And ófferings, for nine dáys,
 Were láid on the áltars;

And beneath the mild bréezes
The séa-plain lay lével,
And the stéady and fáir breath
Of Áuster once móre
To the high-deep was cálling —
Then thróugh the bayed shóres
The great wáiling arises;
In mútual embráces
They linger, and dráw out
The dáy and the night;
And the mátrons themsélves
And thóse very mén
To whóm the sea's fáce
But just nów seemed so róugh,
And the wéather a thing
That was nót to be bórne,
Are desirous to gó,
And endúre to the énd
All the tóil of the trável:
Whom with kind, friendly wórds
Good Enéas consóles,
And with téars recomménds
To their kinsman Acéstes;
Then thrée calves commánds
To be sláughtered to Éryx,
And a lámb to the Témpests,
And one áfter anóther
To lét go the cábles.
Himsélf, with a clipped
Olive wréath round his héad,
Stands far óff on the bów,
And into the sált waves
The éntails consigns,

And the flowing wine pours.
 A wind rises aft
 And convóys them alóng;
 And, áll hands with rival oars
 Smíting the déep,
 O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus
 Meanwhile accosts Néptune,
 Ánd from her bréast forth
 Pours this lamentátion:--
 "The sérious and éver-
 Unsátiated ánger
 Of Júnó's breast, Néptune,
 Compéls me to áll
 Sorts of prayers to descend;
 Unsóftened by léngth of time,
 Úntouched by pity,
 Unsubduéd by the Fátés,
 By Jove's mándate unquélléd,
 She néver rests quiet.
 Not enóugh for her hórrible
 Spite to have tórtured
 With áll sorts of tórture
 And óut of the midst
 Of the Phrygian nátion
 Cut their cápital city,
 She must pérsecute stíll
 Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,
 Her bónes and her cinders;
 Best knówn to herself
 The cáuse of such fúry.
 Thou thysélf art my witness,

What a cóil but just nów
 She raised, áll of a súdden,
 In the Libyan sea-wátters;
 How the whóle sea and sky
 She mixed úp in one póther,
 On th' Eólian blasts squállly
 Relýing in váin —

In thy realms she dáred this.
 See too, how she has driven
 Troy's dámes into crime,
 And fóully our ships burned,
 And ón an unknow'n land
 Compélléd us to léave
 Our cómrades behind us.
 One thing, and one ónly,
 Remáins for us nów,
 Ánd for that ónly
 One thing I entréat thee,
 Safe vóyage acróss
 To Lauréntian Týber,
 If the Párcae permit us
 Our city to fix there,
 And if I claim nóthing
 But whát 's been accórded."

Thus spóke then the déep 'sea's
 Saturnian contróller:—
 "Thou 'st all right, Cytheréa,
 To confide in my réalms,
 Since from thém thou art sprúng:
 I desérve it too fróm thee:
 For thee I 've suppresséd oft
 The wild, raging fúry

Both of ský and of séa;
Ánd that I háve not
Óf thine Enéas
Taken léss care on lánd,
Let Xánthus and Símōis
Téstify fór me.
When agáinst their own wáalls
Pursúing Achilles
Dashed Tróy's half-dead squádrōns,
And sléw many thóusands,
And, with déad bodies filled up.
The rivers' beds gróaned,
And Xánthus no lónger
Could find out a pássage
Or ról to the séa,
From mighty Pelides,
For whóm he was nó match
In Góds or in stréngth,
Safe in a cloud's hóllo
I snáched off Enéas,
Though stróng my desire
To o'ertúrn from the bóttōm
That pérjured Troy city
Mine ówn hands had búilt.
Now tóo I 've the sáme mind
Unáltered and stéady;
Fear nót — he shall sáfely
Réach, as thou wishest,
The pórt of Avérnus,
With the·löss, on the déep.
Of a single man ónly,
Whose óne life shall ránsom
The lives of the mány."

The sire, with these wórds
 Having gláddened and sóothed
 The héart of the Góddess,
 Puts the bit in the móuths
 Of his wild, foaming stéeds,
 With their góld harness yókes them,
 Lets rún through his hánd loose
 The whole léngth of the réins,
 And in his dark-blúe car
 Flies lightly alóng
 O'er the fáce of the séa:
 The swollen wátters subside,
 And spréad level únder
 His thúndering áxle;
 Out óf the vast éther
 Away flee the stórms.
 In his móúley cortége
 Was the gréat, monstrous whále,
 And óld Gláucus' chóir,
 And Inóan Palémon,
 And swift-speeding Tritons,
 And Phórcus' whole múster;
 On his léft hand was Thétis
 With Neséa, Thalía,
 Cymódoce, Spío,
 The máid Panopéan,
 And Mélité.

Here thróugh the mind ánxious
 Of fáther Enéas
 Bland jóy in its túrn thrills;
 He commands them to sét up
 Áll the masts quickly,

And the sáils on the yálds spread.
 They unfúrl sail togéther,
 First on the lárboard side,
 Thén on the stárboard side,
 Ánd to the gúnnel
 The cléw-lines brace fást;
 All at ónce they heave úp
 Their yáld-horns on high,
 Then hául them taught áft,
 And befóre the wind scúd.
 Palinúrus, ahéad,
 The dénse squadron léd;
 All the óthers were órdered
 To shápe course by him.

And now dámp Night had réached
 About hálfway her góal,
 And beside their oars strétched
 All alóng the hard bénches
 The sáilors in still sleep
 Their limbs had relaxed,
 Whén from th' ethéreal sky
 Dówn gliding light,
 The múrky air pártíng,
 And scáattering the dárkness,
 Sómnus to thee comes,
 Ó Palinúrus,
 Ánd for no fáult of thine
 Brings thee sad slúmbers;
 And, in figure like Phórbas,
 On the high poop the Gód sat,
 And póured this discóurse:—

"Palinúrus lásides,
 Steády the fléet goes
 Befóre the fair wind;
 'Tis the hóur of repóse;
 Lay thine héad down to slúmber,
 And stéal for thy tired eyes
 A móment of rést:
 I mysélf for a while
 Will take ón me thy dúty."
 To him Palinúrus,
 His eýes scarce uplifting:—
 "And desírest thou mé
 To confide in this mónster;
 As if I knew nót
 What the plácid face méans,
 And the cálm of the sált sea?
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,
 Whom a fáir-seeming ský
 So óften has chéated,
 Give Enéas in charge
 To the tréacherous bréezes?"

He sáid, and kept wátching
 With fixed eyes the stárs,
 And clung clóse to the tiller,
 And wóuld not let gó:
 Then ó'er both his témples,
 Behóld! the God shákes
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe's
 Stygian déw soporífic,
 And reléases his swimming
 And únwilling eýes.
 No sóoner the first touch

Of sléep unexpected
His limbs had reláxed,
Thán with his whole weight
He léans down upón him,
And into the cléar water
Púshes him héadlong,
With the bróken-off hélm
And a párt of the póop,
And óft on his cómrades
In váin for help cálling;
Then úp to the thin air
Awáy soars himsélf.
But the fléet notwithstanding
Sails dáuntlessly ón,
In sire Néptune's word sáfe:
And nów they were néaring
The rócks of the Sirens,
Dúngerous of óld,
And with sáilors' bones white;
Far óff heard the cónstant
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;
When the Fáther, perceíving
The ship drifting wide
For wánt of her hélmsman,
Himsélf steered her ón
Through the midnight wáters,
Much shócked, and láménting
With mány a gróan oft
The ill chánce of his friend:—
“O tóo much confiding
In fáir sea and ský,
On an únknown shore náked,
Palinúre, thou shalt lie.”

VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the ánchor's tóoth tenácious,
The véssels' cúrved sterns líne the cóast;
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:
Fóρθ on the shóre Hespérian léap
The árdent yóung men ín a bánd:
Sóme for the séeds of fire make séarch,
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hidden;
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns
And thicketts óf their wild indwéllers,
Or fínd and shów where flów the rivers.

But kind Enéas séeks afár
The stéep where high Apóllo réigns,
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,
Whóm the séer of Délos fílls
With inspirátions high and mighty,
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trivia
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,
 Fróm the réalms of Minos fléeing,
 Dáred on fóward-béaring pinions
 Tó confide him tó the ský,
 And, bý that únfrequented róute
 Tóward the gélid Ártic sáiling,
 Lightly sét his fóot at lást
 Ón the high Chalcidic stéep.

Hére where he first touched lánd agáin,
 He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,
 And in it cónsécrated tó thee
 The wings with which he hád rowed thither.
 Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,
 Ánd the Cécropidaé compélléd
 To páy away in ánnual múlct,
 Ah woe! seven óf their sóns alive:
 You sée befóre you stánding thére
 The úrn from whénce they 've dráwn their lóts.

And córrespónding, ópposite,
 The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,
 Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion
 Óf Pasiphaë with the búll,
 Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,
 The bíform Minotáur, memórial
 Óf the confúsió between kinds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,
 That máze from which there 's nó escáping —
 But Dédalús, out óf compássió
 Tó the gréat love óf the quéen,
 With a clúe the cáptive's blind steps

Himself guided, and unravelled
The building's cunning roundabouts.

Thou too, O Ícarus, hadst had,
Hád the fáther's grief permitted,
A lárge share in so gréat a wórk —
Twice he essáyed in góld
The disáster to móuld:
Twice the patérnal hands
Pówerless féll.

Bút befóre they cóuld entírely
With their eýes the wórk go óver,
Achátēs, whóm they hád befóre them
Despátched as cóurier, hád retúrned,
Ánd Deíphobe, Gláucus' dáughter,
Phoébus' and Trivia's priestess, with him,
Whó in thése words tó the kíng:—
"This is nó time fór sight-séeing;
Bétter fár it wére to óffer,
Ás demánded bý the cústom,
Séven steers fróm th' unblémished hérd,
Ánd an équal númer chóice sheep
Thát have cút their sécond-yéar teeth."

The pricstess, whén she hád in thése words
Addréssed Enéas (nór were théy
Slów to perfórm the rítual órdered),
Ínto the high fane cálls the Teúcri.

The side of thé Euboéan rók
Ínto a cávern húge is hólloved,
Whither a húndred wide appróaches

Through a húndred bróad mouths léad,
 Whénce the ánswers óf the Sibyl
 Ín a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntance théy had cóme,
 Whén the virgin:— “Tó demánd
 The fátes now is the time,” she sáys:
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,
 Her cóunténánce, all óf a súdden,
 And cólor chánged; intó dísrder.
 Féll her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,
 Sávae and rábid swélled her héart;
 Táller than húman lóoks her státüre,
 Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,
 As clóser still and clóser ón her
 Blóws the Gód's inspiring bréath:—
 “Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,
 Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?
 Néver, until thou hast vówed and práyed,
 Will this astóunded dwélling ópen
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”
 This sáid, she húshed; an icy trémor
 Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,
 And fróm the bóttom óf his bréast
 Poured fórt these práyers the king:—

“O Phoébus, óf Troy's grievous tóils
 Compássionate éver; whó díréctedst
 Stráight agáinst Eácides' bódý
 Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;
 Fólloving whose guídance Í have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing
 So mány widely trénding cóasts,
 Éven to the quite out-óf-the-wáy
 Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds
 That lie behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;
 Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hólđ
 Óf the fugitive shóre Itálian,
 Lét our évil Trójan fórtune
 No fúrtHER gó alóNG with us.
 Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,
 To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,
 And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé
 May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:
 And thóu, most hóly séer prophétic,
 Gránt me — I ásk a débT — the réalm
 My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;
 A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,
 Ánd for Troy's trável-hárrassed Góds.
 To Phoébus ánd to Trivia thén
 I 'll fóund a sólíd márble témpLe,
 And sét apárt days tó be képt
 Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hÓnOR.
 Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits
 A gréat shrine in our réalm; for thére
 A brótherhÓod I 'll cÓnsecráte,
 To táke charge óf thine óracles,
 Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,
 AppÓinted tó befáll my líne.
 Ónly trust nÓt to léaves thy vérses,
 Lést, of the rápid winds the spÓrt,
 Hére and thére they flý disÓrdered:
 Síng them thysélf, I práy."
 No fúrtHER wÓrd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoebus nót yet pátient,
 The séer ramps in the cáve, outrágeous,
 To sháke off, if she máy, the gréat God;
 So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,
 So múch the móre her rábid móuth
 Wórries and wórks, and támes her wild heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors
 Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—
 "O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme
 The mighty périls óf the séa
 (Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismiss —
 Bút they shall ríe the dáy they cáme:
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.
 Néver shalt thóu a Símóis wánt,
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;
 In Látium 's provided fór thee
 A nów Achilles, ánd no léss
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmer;
 And néver will the Teúcrians' bággage,
 Júnó, be ábsent fróm them fár.
 Whére 's the Itálian tribe or city,
 To which in thát thine hóur of néed
 Thou shált not ráise thy crý for hélp?
 Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble
 Shall bé a stránger bride's espousal
 Bý a Teúcrian bridegroom-guést.
 But yield not thóu to évil fórtune;
 Ráther confrónt the ill more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.
 Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee
 Fróm a quárter whénce of áll
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shrine
 Cháunted her frightful rhápsody,
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;
 So cruellý Apóllo chécked
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bit,
 And dúg into her side the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,
 First rest óf her rábid móuth,
 Héro Enéas thús begins:—
 "Néw to mé or únexpécted
 Rises, máid, no fórm of tróuble:
 Í have foreséen and in my mind
 Préviouslý gone through the whóle.
 One thing I bég; since hére, they sáy,
 The dóorway óf the inférnal king,
 And hére the dismal láke that cómes
 From the óverflów of Ácheron,
 Shów me the wáy that Í should gó
 My déar sire's fáce once móre to sée,
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;
 Him from the énýmy's midst I snátched,
 Upón these shóuldérs bóre him óff
 Through flámes and thóusand fólloving weápons;
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,

To yéars declining só unsúited.
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissioned
 To cóme thus súpliant tó thy dwélling.
 Take pity, grácious máid, I pray thee,
 Both ón the són and ón the sire;
 For thine is hére the pówer suprême,
 Ánd not idly Hécate gáve thee
 Dominion ó'er Avérnus' gróves.
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's
 Resóunding strings could súmmon báck
 His spóuse's Mánes;
 If Póllux fór his bróther's life
 Could gíve his ówn life in redémption,
 Ánd that róad pass ánd repáss,
 Life for déath so óften chánging —
 Or néed I méntion mighty Théseus,
 Gréat Alcides néed I méntion?
 Í too am sprúng from Jóve suprême."
 So prayed he bý the áltars hólding;
 And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiades, séed of the Góds,
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —
 Day and night open stánds
 The dóor of dark Dis —
 But thy stéps to the úpper air
 Báck to retráce,
 That indéed is labórious,
 Hard wórk indeed thát,
 By those ráre ones accómplished,
 Whom, bórn of the Góds,
 Just Júpiter fávored,
 Or árdor of virtue

Bore aloft to the éther;
 Wide wóods intervène,
 And aróund with dark bósom
 Cocýtus' stream winds;
 But if twice to sáil
 The Stýgian lake óver
 So stróng be thy pássion,
 If so kéen thy desire
 Black Tártarus to sée twice,
 And thou lík'st at the mád toil
 To táke thy full swing,
 Hear what 's first to be dóne:
 On a dárk shady trée
 There gróws a bough sácred
 To Júnó Inférnal;
 All gólden its léaves are,
 Its tóugh stem all gólden;
 In the dépths of the gróve,
 In the glóomy glen's dépths,
 It lies hidden obscúre;
 Yet máy no one énter
 The underground wórl'd,
 Ere this gólden-tressed shóot
 He has plúcked from the trée.
 This gift as her ówn
 Fair Prosérpina cláims,
 And commánds to be bróught her.
 The first branch off-bróken,
 Anóther gold bóugh
 With líke golden léaves
 Shoots óut in its stéad.
 So explóre the place róund,
 Till the bránc'h thou hast fóund,

And thén with thy hánd
 (With thy hánd it must bé)
 Break it óff from the trée;
 For 'twill gó with thee réady,
 If fór it thou 'rt fáted;
 Else nó strength of thine,
 Not éven with hard stéel's help,
 May aváil to compél it.
 I will téll thee besides,
 Thy friend lifeless lies
 (Ah! little thou dréam'st it)
 And with his dead bódý
 Pollútes the whole fléet,
 Whilst hére thou keep'st hánging
 Abóut my purlieus,
 And for óracles séek'st.
 Him awáy carry first,
 And dúty dispóse
 In his hóme in the tómb;
 Then bring thy black cáttle,
 And máke thy sin-óffering.
 That dóne, the groves Stýgian
 At kíst thou shalt sée,
 And the réalms that no éntrance
 Allów to the living."
 She sáid, and her móuth closed,
 And fúrtHER word spáke not.

Enéas, with fixed eyes and sád,
 In his mind the dark fúture revólving,
 Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátes,
 Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,
 Alóng walking, várious discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,
 Whose déad body wás to be búried;
 When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,
 Misénus they sée lying déad,
 Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:
 Than Misénus Eólide's nóne
 With the sóul-stirring blást of the trúmpet
 Knew bétter the báttle to kindle;
 Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,
 And, distínguished for blówing the trúmpet,
 Distínguished for húrling the spéar,
 In the fight had his státion near Héctor;
 But when Hector's life had becóme
 The préy of victórious Achilles,
 The redóutable chámption attáched him
 To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron
 To Héctor himsélf not inférior.
 But nów as he chanced to be máking
 The séa with his hóllow conch ríng,
 Ánd in his fólly had chálleged
 The Góds to a trial of skill,
 Jealous Triton, if trúe what they sáy,
 Came póunce on his rival and drówned him
 In the midst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,
 And géntle Enéas
 Móre than the rést,
 Raise the lóud shout and cry,
 And áll the while wéeping
 Make háste to perfórm,
 Withóut stop or stáy,
 The commánds of the Sibyl,

And strive toward the ský
 With felled trées to raise high
 The funereal pyre.
 Intó the old wóod,
 Lofty stáble of wild beasts,
 Away they are góne;
 Down tumble the pine trees,
 The évergreen óak
 Rings with their axe stróke;
 The trúnk of the ásh
 With their wédges is rént,
 And split into billets;
 Rolled dówn from the hills
 To the héap the great Órnus.

In the midst of such lábors
 Enéas is fóremost,
 And, girded with like tools,
 Exhórts on his cómrades;
 And, ón the imménse wood
 His lóok forward cásting,
 Ponders thús in his sád heart,
 And thús aloud práys:—

“Might but that gólden bough
 Nów in this gréat wood
 Show itself on its trée,
 Since but tóo true, aláś!
 All the próphetess sáid,
 O Misénus, of thée!”

Scarce hád he the wóords sáid,
 When twó doves, befóre

His véry face, chanced
 From the ský to come fýing,
 And lit on the gréen sward:
 Then the mightiest héro,
 With jóy recognising
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guides be yé,
 If wáy there bé,
 And thróugh the áir
 Befóre me gliding
 Léad me whére
 The rich branch shádes
 The gróve's rank sóil.
 And thóu, thy són,
 O Góddess móther,
 In this his hóur
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,
 The birds' route obsérving,
 And which wáy to gó
 They might give him the signal.
 So fár as the éye
 Of óne coming áfter
 Might still in view hóld them,
 Alóng they went fýing,
 And féeding betwéen times;
 Bút to Avérnus's
 Íll-smelling thróat
 No sóoner they cóme,
 Than úp lightly rising
 They glíde through the cléar air,

And take their perch there
 Where he só much desired,
 Side by side on the trée
 Through whose boughs shone contrásted
 The rádiance of góld.
 You have séen in the wóods,
 How the mistletoe (birth
 Of a trée not its ówn)
 Wraps the taper stem róund
 With its yóung, saffron shóots,
 And puts forth its fóliage,
 And flórishés fáir
 In the cóld of the winter:
 So lóoked the gold bóugh
 On the shády holm óak,
 In the light breezes só
 The métallic leaf crackled.
 Enéas forthwith grasps
 And éagerly bréaks off
 The slów-yielding bóugh,
 Ánd to prophétic
 Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime
 The Teúcri no léss
 Were bewáiling Misénus,
 Ánd on the thánkless
 Áshes bestówing
 The last márks of respéct.
 And first of oak-billet
 And únctuous tórchwood
 They build the huge pýre,
 Ánd with dark fóliage

Its sides intertwine,
 And funereal cypresses
 Set up before it,
 And with arms bright and shining
 Adorn it above.
 And some brazen caldrons
 Of water get ready,
 And boil on the fire;
 Then bathe and anoint
 The cold corpse, and over it
 Raise the loud cry;
 On the couch then they lay out
 The body lamented,
 And over it cast
 The well-known purple quilt.

Some take on their shoulders
 The great bier, sad office!
 Or under the pyre
 The torch hold, and turn
 Their faces aside
 As their forefathers used;
 Or from many a large bowl
 Pour oil on the pyre,
 And huge heaps of viands,
 And odorous gums,
 And burn all together.

But when into ashes
 The burning pyre sank,
 And the flame played no longer,
 They throw wine on the relics
 And bibulous embers;

And in a brass casket
Corynéus collects
And inclóses the bónes.
Thén round the cómpany
Thréé times he cárries
The púre, lustral wáter,
And, ás he goes, sprinkles
With ólive branch lucky
The light dew upón them,
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas
On tóp of him pláces
A gréat mass sepúlchral,
The héro's arms béaring
And trúmpet and óar,
At the fóot of that móuntain
High in the air tówing,
Which nów has from him
The náme of Misénus,
And will through all áges
Perpétuate the náme.
This dóne, he procéeds with,
And éxecutes quickly,
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted
And glóomy woods róund,
There gáped with a vást
Awful yáwn a deep cávern
All rúgged with shingle,
Over which without hárm
Could no flýing thing páss,

Such a stéam from its dárk jaws
 Exháled to heaven's cónvex;
 For which réason the Gráíĩ
 The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess
 Sets fóur black steers stánding,
 Ánd on their fóreheads
 Póurs the wine sideways;
 And plúcking the úppermost
 Háirs 'twixt the hórn's,
 Pláces the firstlings
 On the fire of the áltar,
 And alóud calls on Hécate
 In Érebus poténtial
 As wéll as in héaven.
 And óthers the júgulars
 Incise from belów,
 And in wide, shallow sáucers
 Recéive the warm blóod.
 To the móther of the Fúries,
 And tó her great sister,
 Enéas himsél' slays
 A fléecy, black lám'b,
 Ánd to thee, Próserpine,
 A bárren-wómbed héifer;
 Then tó the king Stýgian
 The night altar ráises,
 And an óx's whole cárcase
 Upón its fire pláces,
 And óver the hót roast
 Póurs the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise
 The ground under their féet
 Is beginning to béllow,
 And the móuntain tops wóody
 To quáke to and fró,
 Ánd through the dárkness
 Dog-bitches are hówling;
 For the Góddess is cóming:—

“Off! óff! ye profáne ones,”
 The próphetess cries:
 “Let not óne of you ánywhere
 Ín the grove línger —
 But thóu, draw thy swórd,
 And set óut on thy róad;
 For cóurage, Enéas,
 Now, nów is the time;
 For firmness the time 's now.”
 These wórds having uttered,
 She plúnged all infúriate
 Ínto the cáve's mouth;
 Hé, with no tímíd step,
 Kept páce with his guíde.

Ye Góds who rule óver
 The émpire of spirits,
 And yé, silent Shádes,
 Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon,
 Régions of wide-brooding
 Stillness and night,
 Be the privilege allówed me
 To téll what I 've héard,
 Your sánction accórded

The things to reveal
That in darkness are sunk
And the dépths of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,
They wént through the sháde,
Through the réalms unsubstántial
And mánshions of Dis,
As one trávels in the wóods
By the créscent moon's twilight,
When Júpiter plúnges
The ský into sháadow,
And múrky night strips
The wórlð of its cólor.

In the véstibule's frónt,
And the véry beginning
And jáw's edge of Órcus,
Remórse has her cóuch placed
With Sórrow beside her,
And thére pale Diséases
And sád Old Age dwéll,
And Pénury vile,
And ill-cóunselling Húnger,
And Féar, Death and Tóil,
Frightful fórms to behóld,
And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,
And the crímal Pásshions;
And in frónt, as thou énterest,
Déath-deáling Wárfare,
Ánd the Euménides'
Íron bedchámbers,
And Díscord insénsate,

With blóody band týng
The snákes of her háir.

In the midst an aged élm
Its wide-branching árms
Huge and shády spreads óut,
Under whóse every léaf,
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,
They sáy, have their dwelling
And néstle in clústers.
Many mónsters besides
Of béastly forms várious
Abóut the doors kénnel;
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,
Flame-bélching Chiméra,
And the thrée-bodied Sháde.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,
In súdden alárm,
And présents the drawn édge
To thém coming ónward,
And séems to be bént
(Were it nót for the wárning
His skilled comrade gives him,
That they 're nóthing but thin
Unsubstántial souls flitting
Under sémbulance of bódies)
To rúsh in upón them,
And, áll to no púrpose,
Cleave the shádowns in súnder.

From hénce the road léads
 Tó where Tartárean
 Ácheron's wáters
 In vást muddy whirlpool
 Rising belch óver
 The whóle of their sánd and lees
 Ínto Cocýtus.

A férryman hórrid
 Has chárge of these wáters,
 Charon, térribly squálid,
 With eýes of flame stáring,
 And gréat grisly béard
 Uncáred on chin lýng,
 And sórdid garb hánging
 Tied óver his shóulder:
 Althóugh somewhat áged,
 The Gód is still hárdy,
 And wéars his years wéll;
 And himsélf with a lóng pole
 The bóat forward scúlling,
 Himsélf the sails ténding,
 Acróss in his rústy craft
 Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd
 Toward the férry was póuring;
 Men and mátrons were thére,
 And magnánimous héroes,
 The tásk of life óver,
 And yóung lads and máidens,
 And yóuths whom their párents
 Saw ón the pile pláced;
 As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the fórest,
 In the first chill of áutumn;
 Or as birds from the high-deep
 Tóward the land shóaling
 When the cóld season róuts
 And to súnný climes sénd them
 Away beyond séa.

Acróss to be férried
 The fóremost were bégging,
 And in lóve with the fúrther bank
 Strétched their hands óut;
 But the bóatman sévère
 Now sóme takes, now óthers,
 And sóme from the stránd
 Removes fár and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder
 And móved by the túmult:—
 “What méans,” says, “O máiden,
 To the river such cóncourse?
 What is it these sóuls seek?
 Or fróm the banks why
 Are sóme of them túrned back,
 While sóme of them óver
 The livid straits rów?”
 To whóm briefly thús
 The áge-stricken priestess:—

“O són of Anchiseş,
 Gods’ óffspring undóubted,
 Of Styx and Cocýtus
 Thou sée’st the deep wátters,

Which nó God may swéar by
 And nó keep his óath.
 Unbúried, forlórn,
 All the crówd thou see'st hére;
 Yon férryman 's Cháron;
 Acróss sail the búried.
 These hórrible bánk
 And this hóarse stream to cróss
 No sóul is permítteð,
 Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.
 A húndred years flitting
 They wánder these shóres round;
 Then at lást are admítteð
 To visit agáin
 The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood stíll
 The séed of Anchíses,
 Pitying their hárd lot,
 And múch within pónðering;
 For thére he saw sád
 And withóut funeral hónors
 Leucásp and the Lýcian
 Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,
 Both togéther by Áuster
 O'erwhélmed in the wáters,
 And súnk with their shíp,
 As from Tróy they sailed óver
 The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére
 Palinúrus the stéersman,
 Who, while wáatching the stárs,

Had fálle*n* overbóard
 From the stér*n*, in the mí*ds*t
 Of the lá*te* Libyan vóy*age*;
 Whó*m* when he ré*c*ognised
 Só*r*rowing thére
 (And not é*as*ily é*it*her,
 So gré*at* was the dá*r*kness),
 He thus prior addréssed:—
 “What Gó*d* snatched thee fró*m* us
 And mí*d* the sea dró*wn*ed,
 Palinú*rus*, come téll me;
 For in this so*le* respó*n*se,
 That thou shó*uld*st to Ausó*nia*’s bounds
 Vóy*age* in sá*f*ety,
 Has Apó*l*lo decéived me,
 Whom á*u*ght but truth-spé*ak*ing
 I fó*und* before né*ve*r.”

“O commá*nde*r,” he á*n*swered,
 “The cú*r*tain that có*ve*rs
 The trípod of Phoébus,
 Has nó*t* played thee fá*lse*;
 Nó*r* in the sé*a*-plain
 Has á*ny* God dró*wn*ed me;
 For w*h*ile to my pó*st*
 At the héli*m* I kept cló*se*,
 And steered sté*ad*y aló*ng*,
 I féll headlong dó*wn*
 And dragged with me, it chá*nc*ed,
 And with gré*at* force á*wa*y
 From its plá*ce* tore, the rú*dd*er.

"By the rought seas I swéar,
 I feared léss for myself,
 Thán lest thy véssel,
 Deprived of its táckle,
 Its stéersman o'erbóard,
 Should nótt prove a máttch
 For so gréat, rising wáves.
 During thrée stormy-nights,
 Over séa-plains imménse,
 Notus bóre me alóng
 Through the rúde dashing wátters;
 Scarce at lást on the fóurth day
 From tópt of the wáve
 Had I view of Itália.

"To the lánd by degrées
 I had flóated, and nów -
 Was júst out of dántger,
 When the nátives, mistáking me
 Fór a rich bóoty,
 Fell crúelly ón me,
 Weighed dówn as I wás
 With my wét clothes, and gráppling
 With my hánds crooked upón
 The cliff's rough projéctions —
 And nów the waves háve me,
 Ánd the winds tóss me
 Abóut on the shóre.

"Bút by the ský's
 Pleasant light and áir,
 By thine hópeful Iúlus
 And thy síre I entréat thee,

O invincible, réscue me
 Óut of these tróubles,
 Ór to the Véline port
 Gó, for thou 'rt áble,
 And thrów earth upón me;
 Or if thou at áll may'st,
 And thý Goddess-móther
 Points óut any wáy
 (For withóut the Gods' sánction
 Thou attépt'st not, I think,
 O'er these rivers to sáil
 And this gréat, Stygian flóod),
 To a póor wretch thy hánd stretch,
 And táke me alóng with thee
 Óver the wátters,
 That in déath I may fínd
 At least sóme place of quiet."

These wórds he had sáid,
 When the próphetess thus:—
 "Whence, Ó Palinúrus,
 This pássion so díre?
 Shalt thóu to the shóre
 Unpermítted go dówn?
 Shalt thóu, unentómbed,
 The sévére Styx behóld,
 The Euménides' river?
 Abándon the hópe
 That the fátes of the Góds
 May be bént by entréaty;
 But héar and remémber,
 And fróm my words táke
 For thine hárd case some cómfort:

Thy néighbours, impélléd
 By pórtents from héaven,
 Shall éxpiate thy déath
 Far and wide through their cities,
 And a túmulus búild thee,
 Ánd at the túmulus
 Rites anniversary
 Perfórm in thine hónor,
 And the pláce shall for éver
 Be cálléd Palinúrus."
 These wórds soothéd his cáre,
 And his héart for a líttle while
 Éased of its sádness;
 That the lánd bears his náme
 Is a pléasant thing tó him.

They procédéd therefore ón
 With the jóurney in hánd,
 And draw néar to the ríver:
 But whén from Styx' wátér
 The bóatman behólds them
 Through the silent wood cóming
 And tóward the bank túrning,
 He thus prior accósts,
 And begins thus to chide them:—

"Halló! whosoéver
 Thou árt, that in árms
 Appróachest our ríver,
 Say whérefore thou cóm'st —
 From that véry spot sáy —
 And stóp thy step thére.
 This of Shádows the pláce is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;
 Live bódies to férry
 In Stýgian boat óver
 Were high mismémánor;
 And smáll cause have í
 To be glád that I tóok
 On the férry Alcides,
 Or Pirithous and Théseus,
 Invincible thóugh they were,
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.
 The one sóught to imprison
 The kéeper Tartárean,
 And drágged him all trémbling
 From the véry king's thróne;
 The óthers Dis' lády's
 Abdúction attépted."

To which the Amphrýsian seer
 Briefly thus ánswered:—
 "No such plótting is hére
 (Thou néed'st not so frét thee),
 Nór by these wéapons
 Dó we mean fórce;
 The huge dóor-watch for ús
 May for éver and éver
 In his cávern keep báking,
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;
 'Cross her úncle's door sill
 Chaste Prosérpina néver
 For ús need set fóot.
 Trójan Enéas,
 The géntle and bráve,
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descéding
 To visit his sire.
 If that picture of ténderness
 Móve thee no jót,
 At léast thou 'lt acknówledge
 This bránc" — and she shówed
 The bránc, that lay hid
 In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his ire
 Subsides from his héart,
 And no móre words there pássed,
 But with wónder regárding
 The réverenced gift,
 The fáted wand, nó
 For so lóng a time séen,
 He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,
 And dráws near the bánk;
 Then máking rough cléarance
 Of the sóuls that were sitting
 Alóng the long bénches,
 Throws ópen the gángway,
 And into the bóat's hull
 Takes gréat-sized Enéas:
 Opprésed by the wéight,
 The stíched wherry gróaned,
 And let in through its léaks
 A gréat splash of wáter;
 But at lást on the fár side
 Sets dówn without dámage
 In the yéllow-green sédge
 And river slob ugly
 Both héro and séer.

In a cáve right in frónt
 Huge Cérberus lies còuchant,
 Uncouth mónster, and mákes
 With his triple throat's barking
 The whóle realm resóund.
 To him the seer flings
 (For she sées on his néck
 The snakes bristling alréady)
 A cáke sweet with hóney
 And drúgged with narcótics.
 Wide ópening his thrée
 Ravening gúllets, he séizes
 The góbbet thrown tó him,
 Then ón the ground strétches
 His uncouth chine óut,
 And húge and reláxed lying
 Fills the whole cáve.
 Enéas, the guárd
 Of the pássage entránced,
 Mákes good his éntrance,
 And with light foot behind leaves
 The bánk of that flóod
 That is néver recróssed.

Immédiately héard
 In the éntrance the vóices
 Of children's souls wáiling,
 Which, ére they had tásted
 Of swéet life their sháre,
 A dark dáy snatched awáy
 From the bréast, and consigned
 To a prémature gráve.

Beside these were those
 Who to die were condemned
 On a false accusation.
 (Nór were the places
 At random appointed,
 Or without judge's sentence;
 But président Minos
 Shakes up in the urn
 The ballots for judges,
 And assembles together
 The stilly souls all,
 And makes inquisition
 Respecting the crimes
 That in life they 've committed.)

Next to these dwell in sadness
 Those who the light loathed,
 And though guilty of no crime
 Laid hands on themselves,
 And their lives threw away.
 How gladly they 'd poverty
 Now bear, and hard toil,
 Above in the éther!
 But the Fates stand opposed,
 The hateful wave binds them,
 And nine times wound round them
 Severe Styx's waters
 Cut off their return.

Not far hence are shown
 On every side spreading
 The Sorrowful Plains
 (For by that name they 're called)

Where, únder the cöver
Of myrtle groves, wánder
In sécret paths hidden
Those whóm unrelénting
And crúel love's plágue
To the córe has corróded;
Not éven in death's sélf
Do their sórrows forsáke them.
Here he sées Eriphýle
Displáying in sádness
The wóunds which her són's
Cruel hánd had inflicted;
He sées here Pasíphaë,
Phédra, and Prócris,
And Evádne, and Láodamía,
And sómetime male Céneus
Now fémale agáin
Ánd to his first sex
By Fáte's will retúrned.

And thére in the midst of them,
Frésh from her wóund,
In the gréat forest wándered
Phoenician Dido:
Whom sóon as Troy's héro,
Not fár from her stánding,
Behéld through the shádw,
And récognised dim,
As óne who the néw moon
Sees thróugh the clouds rising,
Or imágines he sées,
He wépt, and with ténderness
Thús to her sáid:—

"The néws then was true,
 O unfórtunate Dido,
 Thát thou laidst violent
 Hánds on thysélf;
 And Í have, alás! been
 The cáuse of thy déath —
 But I swéar to thee, quéen,
 By the lights of the ský,
 And the Góds above dwélling,
 Ánd by whatever faith
 Réigns undergróund,
 'Twas agáinst my will sóre
 From thy cóasts I depárted.
 Those sáme Gods' commánds,
 Which now fórce me to trável
 Through these shádowly pláces
 Of hóar desolátion
 And this night profóund,
 Impérious compélled me;
 Nor cóuld I have thóught
 Thou hadst félt, at my párting,
 A páng so sévére.
 Stay — withdráw not — whom flée'st?
 'Tis the lást time by Fáte
 I 'm allówed to addréss thee."

Her búrning ire's scówl
 Enéas with súch words
 And súch tears was sóothing;
 But awáy she turned fróm him,
 And ón the ground mótionless
 Képt her eyes fixed,
 And no móre her look áltered

For áll he could sáy
 Than if 'twere a hárd
 Flinty róck that stood thére
 Or táll cliff Marpéssian;
 At lást she turns óff short,
 And flings herself spíteful
 Ínto the shrúbbery's
 Cóvert umbrágeous,
 Where Sichéus, her fórmér spouse,
 Rénders her lóve for love,
 Ánd with her sórróws
 Grieves sympathétic.
 Móved by the sád case,
 And wéeping, Enéas
 Fóllovs her pitying
 For sóme time afár off;
 Ón his appóinted way
 Thén he procéeds.

And nów they at lást reach
 Those distant retréats
 Which brave wárríors inhábit.
 Here he cómes across Týdeus,
 And Adrástus' pale ghóst,
 And Párthenopéus
 That wárríor renówned.
 And déep was his gróan
 When he sáw the long mústér
 Óf the Dardánidae
 Fálled in báttle,
 Whóm in the wórld above
 Hé had so móurned —
 When he sáw Gláucus thére,

And Thersilochus, Médon,
 And Anténor's three sóns,
 And Polyphoétes,
 Céres' priest hóly,
 And Idéus who stíll had
 His cháriot beside him,
 And stíll held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand
 Both on right hand and léft,
 Ánd, not conténted
 With séeing him ónce,
 Love to línger alóngside
 And méasure steps with him,
 And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions
 Ágamemnónian,
 And chiefs of the Dánaĩ,
 When they sée through the sháadow
 The héro's arms gléaming,
 Some in gréat trepidátion
 And féar turn their bácks,
 As tóward their ships érewhile
 Their flight they dirécted;
 And sóme, making éffort
 To ráise a great shóut,
 Scarcely útter a squeák.

Here, with his whole pérsón
 (His fáce both and límbs)
 All crúelly mángled,
 Deiphobus, Priam's son,

Álso he sées:
 Both his hánds they are lópped,
 Both his éars they are crópped,
 Ánd with a wóund
 Ignominious shorn óff
 His nóse from his fáce.
 He knéw him, though hárdly,
 As cówering he stóod there,
 And striving to cówér
 His púnishment díre:
 And óf his own mótion
 Salúted him thús
 In áccents well knówn:—

“O wárrior Deiphobus,
 Teúcer's blood lófty,
 To dó thee this spite
 Who could find in his héart?
 Or whó had the pówer?
 The repórt to me cáme
 That, on thát final night,
 Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself
 Killing Pelásgi,
 Thou hadst pérished on tóp
 Of a gréat heap of sláughter.
 A cénotaph tó thee
 I thérefore erectéd
 On the séacoast Rhoetéan,
 And thrice in a lóud voice
 Cálléd on thy Mánes;
 Thy náme and thine árms
 Mark the pláce for thine ówn.
 In váin I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,
In órder to láy thy bones
Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—
"Thou hast léft nought undóne;
To Deiphobus' ghóst
Thou hast páid, O my friend,
All the fúneral hónors.
My déstiny 'twás,
And the wickedness déadly
Óf the Lacónian,
That in thése evils plúnged me;
These tókens are hérs;
For hów in the midst
Of false jóys we were pássing
That lást night thou knów'st
And must tóo well remémber,
When dówn on high Pérgamus
Cáme with a bóund
That fátal horse prégnant
With ármed men of wár,
She, únder preténce
Of a BÁCchanal dÁnce,
Leading róund in procéssion
The "Évoë"-shóuting
Mátrons of Phrýgia,
And high in the midst of them
Hólding a húge torch,
From the tóp of the citadel
Signalled the Dánaī.
Exháusted with cáres,
And with drówsiness weíghed down,

I hád, at that móment,
 Withdráwn to my lúckless
 Connúbial bedchámber,
 Where ás I lay súnk
 In a déep and sweet sléep
 (Placid déath's very image),
 My nótable spóuse,
 Having first from the hóuse
 Remóved all my árms,
 Ánd from my pillow
 My trústý sword stólen,
 Throws wide ópen the dóors
 And calls in Meneláus,
 Expécting, no dóubt,
 By a bóon so impórtant
 Conférred on her lóver,
 To effáce from his mémory
 Her fórmér misdéeds.

"But whý a long stóry?
 They break into my chámber,
 Eólides with them,
 That incíter to ill —
 Ye Góds, to the Gráii
 Requite like for like,
 If I ásk for no móre
 Than a júst retribútion,
 And nót for revénge.
 But cóme, it 's thy túrn now
 To sáy what chance hither
 Hath bróught thee alive;
 Have the Góds hither wárned thee?
 Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When on the sea sailing?
 Or, what other accident
 Drives thee to visit
 These drear, overcast régions,
 These sunless abodes?"

While thus they conversed,
 Auróra already
 With her rosy four-horse team
 Had made 'cross the sky
 Half her voyage ethereal;
 And they might have perhaps
 Whiled away in like manner
 All the period allotted,
 Had not comrade Sibyl
 Thus briefly admonished:—

"Night comes on apace,
 Enéas, while we
 The hours pass in weeping.
 This is the spot where
 The road into two splits;
 The right hand road 's ours,
 Which by great Dis's towers
 Conducts to Elýsium:
 The left hand 's the pénal road,
 Way of the wicked
 To Tártarus kindless."
 Deiphobus answered:—
 "Be not angry, great priestess;
 I 'll part from ye here
 And to darkness return
 And fill up the number.

On, ón, O our pride,
 And thy bétter fates úse."
 No wórd more he úttered,
 But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,
 Enéas behólds,
 At the fóot of a róck
 On the léft, a wide fórtress,
 Round whose triple wall rápid
 Tartárean Phlégethon
 Its tórrént of flámes púrs
 And lóud rumbling stónes.
 So sólídly built
 Of ádamant pillars
 Its húge gate in frónt,
 That of mórtals no pówer,
 No pówer of immórtals
 To fórcé it wére áble:
 High tó the air rises
 The gáte tower of íron,
 Where, with blóody pall girt,
 Sits Tisiphone sléepless,
 And wátches the véstíbule
 Bóth day and níght.
 Groans are héárd from wíthin,
 And whips' cruel crácking,
 And íron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt
 Ánd to the gréat noise
 Listened affríghted:—
 "What púnishments thése,

O declare to me, máiden,
 Or for what crimes inflicted?
 What gréat wail is this,
 Rising high to the áir?"
 Then the próphetess thús:—

"Renowned chief of the Teúcri,
 Over that wicked thréshold
 Must no blámeless foot páss;
 But Hécate hersélf,
 When óver the gróves
 Of Avérnus she sét me,
 All the pénalties táught me
 Óf the divíne wrath,
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

"Infléxibly rigid
 And ábsolute rúles
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,
 Tries the cáse, and awáreds
 The rógues their chastisement,
 Compélling them first
 To conféss the deeds dóne
 Abóve in the wórld,
 The atónement for which
 (Inly plúming themsélves
 On the silly decéit)
 They had pút off till déath,
 And until 'twas too láte.

"With avénging whip réady,
 Insúlting Tisíphone
 Ínstantly fálls on

And lāshes the cūlprits,
And her twisted snakes at them
Thrusts with her léft hand,
Ánd her fell sisterhood
Cálls to come fóward.

“Then at lást, with a hórrible
Jár of their hinges,
The cursed gates are ópened:
Discérn’st what a guárd
In the véstibule wátches?
Discérn’st at the dóor
What a figure keeps séntry?
More féll within séated
A Hýdra gapes hideous
With fifty dark swállows,
And Tártarus itsélf
With its héadlong abýsm
Down belów the Shades strétches
Twice as déep as the héight.
When from éarth thou look’st úp
Toward ethéreal Olýmpus.

“Here dówn to the bóttom
With thúnderbolts hūrléd,
Roll gróveling the Titans,
The óld brood of Térra.
Here tóo I had sight of
Those bódies gigántic,
The twáin Aloídae,
Who attempéted the gréat heaven
To táke by assáult,

Ánd from his réalrn above
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here too, undergóing
His púnishment crúel,
Salmóneus I sáw,
Who, dívine honors cláiming,
And thinking to ímitate
Júpiter’s líghtnings
And thúndering Olýmpus,
Dróve in ovátion
With tórch round him brándished
In fóur-in-hand cháriot
Through Élis’ chief city,
Ánd through the mídst
Of the Gráian péoples,
Ánd, in his fólly,
Had fáin made the clátter
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,
And cháriot of bráss
On brass-víaduct rólling,
Páss for the unpáralleled
Thúndercloud vólley.
But the Fáther almighty
From amóng the thíc k clóuds
Flung át him his míssile
(No smóky lamp wás it
Nor túrpentine tórch),
Ánd with a hídeous whírl
Dáshed him dówn héadlong.

“Here too to be séen
Was ómni-productíve Earth’s

Fóster-son Tityos,
 Whose bódý lies spréad out
 Over nine entire ácre,
 And housed under whose táll chest
 A húge, hideous vulture
 With hóoked beak sits grúbbling
 For tit-bits his vitals,
 And kéeps ever crópping
 His liver immórtal,
 Which, as fást as cropped, bóurgeons,
 And bréeds him new tórment,
 Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithae whý
 Ór of Pirithoüs
 Néed I make méntion,
 Ór of Ixion,
 Right óver whom hángs
 A dárk, flinty róck
 Ever réady to fáll down
 And, ás it were, fálling?
 On shining gold féet
 Rest the high, genial sófas;
 With magníficence róyal
 Befóre their eyes spréad out
 The sumpúous repást;
 But the chief of the Fúries
 Starts úp from a sófa,
 And, with thúndering vóice,
 And firebrand uplifted,
 Forbids touch the víands.

"Here those who while living
 Have hated their brother,
 Or raised hand against parent,
 Or cheated their client,
 And those who in privacy
 Óver a hóard
 Of sáved money póred,
 And for relatives sét not
 Some pórtion aside
 (And these form the chief crowd),
 Ánd for adultery
 Those who were sláin,
 And those perjured sláves
 Who agáinst their liege lórd's
 Raised árm contumácious —
 All those are shut úp here,
 Abiding their tórmént.

"Ask me nó't to infórm thee
 What tórtures they súffer,
 Or hów in particular
 Éach one is púnished;
 Some a húge rock are rólling;
 To a whéel's upright spókes
 Legs and árms some are tied;
 There sits hapless Théseus
 And thére will sit éyer;
 Ánd from the dépth
 Of his misery Phlégyas
 Calls alóud through the dárkness
 To áll men his wárning:—
 "Take a lés'son from mé,
 And hól'd not too lightly

The Góds who command you
'Be just in your déalings'."

"This óne here for góld
 His fátherland sóld
 And placed únder the thráll
 Of a pówerful máster;
 And ón the walls vénally
 Pósted new láws,
 And fróm the walls vénally
 Óld laws took dówn:
 With a súit against náture
 His dáughter's bedchámber
 That óther inváded:
 Every óne of them dáred,
 And dáring achieved,
 Some enórimity hideous.
 No, nótt with a húndred tongues,
 Nótt with a húndred mouths,
 Ánd voice of iron,
 Cóuld I describe all
 Their crimes' various fórms,
 Or enúmerate the módes all
 In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged priestess,
 And ádded:— "Come, háste;
 Let 's get óver the gróund,
 And pút the last hánd
 To our gift's presentátion;
 For I see plainly yónder
 The Cýclops-forged tówers,
 And ópposite our fáce stands

The gáte-way's arched pórtal,
Where our órders commánd us
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,
They procéed side by side
Alóng the dark wáy
That remáined intervéníng;
And wén to the dóors come,
Enéas goes in,
And with frésh water sprinkles
His bódy, and hángs up
The bránc in the éntance.

These things at last dóne,
Ánd the due cómpliment
Páid to the Góddess,
They réach the delightful
And gréen grassy wóodlands
Where the Bléssed reside.
Here a wider-spread éther
Invésts all the lándscape
With brillianter húes;
They 've a sún of their ówn,
And stars different from óurs.
On the gráss in gymnástics
Some súpple their limbs,
Ánd on the táwny sand
Spórtively wréstle:
And sóme of them síng songs,
And sóme of them dánce;
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the changes melodious
Of Music's seven sounds,
And now with his fingers
Along the chords sweeps,
Now with ivory quill.

Here too are those warriors
In better years born,
That old stock of Teucer
So lovely to see,
Those magnanimous heroes,
Assaracus, Ilus,
And Dardanus, Troy's founder.
On their arms from a distance
And shadowy chariots
With wonder he gazes;
In the ground stand their spears fixed;
Their horses unyoked
Graze all over the plain:
Beneath the earth buried,
They take as much pleasure
In chariots and arms,
And the caring and fattening
Of sleek shining steeds,
As they took when alive.

And lo! he beholds
On the right hand and left
Along the grass stretched
Others nourishment taking,
And singing glad Péans
In chorus amidst
The odorous laurel groves,

Whence Eridanus springs —
 That river which rolls
 Through the upper world's forest
 Such a vast flood of waters.

Here the patriot handful
 That bled for their country,
 And those who were holy priests
 While they were living,
 And those hearts of gentleness,
 Bards whose discourses
 Were worthy of Phoebus,
 And all those who had added
 To civilisation
 By inventions in arts,
 And all those whose deservings
 Had made them remembered,
 Wear round their temples
 The snowy white fillet:
 Whom, as they flocked round them,
 Sibylla addressed thus,
 And chiefly Musæus,
 About whom was standing
 And up to him looking
 A great crowd of persons
 All of whom he o'ertopped
 By the height of his shoulders:—
 "O say, happy souls,
 And thou, excellent bard,
 In what quarter 's Anchises,
 Or where to be found?
 For his sake we 've come,

Ánd across Érebus'
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words
Thus ánswered the héro:—
"No fixed abodes bind us;
We inhábit the gróve's
Shady cóverts, or dwéll
In frésh, watered méadows,
And ón rivers' báńks.
But yé — if so pléase ye —
Cross óver this ridge,
Ánd on the éasy path
Át once I 'll sét ye."
He sáid; the way léd;
And fróm above shówed them
The fáir, smiling pláins:
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chanced, sire Anchises,
Far withín a green válley's
Inclósure, was pássing
Befóre him in múster
Those sóuls who should shórtly
Ascénd to the light,
And a cénsus was táking
Óf the whole númer
Óf his dear óffspring,
And cárefully stúdying
The héroes' explóits,
Their fates, máńners and fórtunes:
But thróugh the grass tóward him
As sóon as he sáw

*He stretched out both hands.
In a transport of joy,
And while tears his cheeks coursed down,
In these words addressed him:—*

“And hást thou at lást come,
And thy filial afféction
(As I wéll knew it wóuld)
The wáy’s hardships cónquered?
And ám I permitted
To lóok in thy fáce, son,
And héar thy known vóice,
And speak with thee as wónt?
So indéed I considered
And thóught it wóuld bé,
Counting óver the time,
And I find I ’ve been right.
Escáped from what dángers,
My són, thou com’st tó me!
After hów many tóssings
On lánd and on wáter
I háve thee here sáfe!
How gréatly I féared
Lest that Líbyan kíngdom
Should wórk thee some hárm!”

“Thy ghóst,” thus he ánspered,
“Thy sád ghost, O sire,
Several times manifésted,
Has híther impélléd me:
My shíps in the Týrrhene sea
Stánd at their móorings.

Give me, O give me,
Thy right hand, O sire,
And from my embracings
Withdraw thyself not."
The tears, as he thus said,
Streamed fast down his face;
His arms round the shade's neck
He thrice strove to throw;
Thrice from his frustrate grasp,
Light as the winds,
As a fleeting dream swift,
The shadow escaped.

In the meantime Eneas
Has seen, in a valley
Indenting the highland,
A woodland secluded,
And shrubberies rustling,
And the river of Léthe
Close gliding along
By the placid abode.
On every side round
Innumerable peoples
And nations were flitting,
As thick as you 've seen,
In the fine summer season,
Bees in the meads thronging
About the white lilies,
And settling down on
The flowers variegated,
And with their buzzing hum
Filling the plain.

*Starts in ignorance,
Starts at the sudden sight,
And asks what the cause is,
What river that yonder,
And who are the people
That fill all its banks
In such thick, swarming numbers.*

Then father Anchises:—

“Those souls to whom due

Second bodies by Fate,

Here, at the care-easing

River of Lethe,

Drink long oblivion

Of their first bodies.

This long time I’ve wished

To point these out to thee

Here in thy presence,

And with thee count over

The tale of my offspring,

That no less than mine

May be thy exultation

That Italy’s found.”

“And can it be thought, sire,

There are any souls

That are hence to ascend

To the sky, and once more

The dull body enter?

What dire yearning is this

Of the wretches for light?”

“I’ll tell thee the whole, son,

And not in doubt leave thee,”

Thus Anchises the wórd took,
And explained all in órder:—
“In the ský and the éarth
And the líquid sea-pláins,
The móon’s shining glóbe,
And the plánets Titínian,
There dwells from the first
An intélligent mind,
A spírit inténal,
Diffused through the mémbers
And sétting in mótion
The whóle, mighty máss.
Hence derived are the líves
Of mán, beast and bird,
And óf the strange mónsters
Produced undernéath
The séa’s marble súrface.
In the émbryo of éach
Is a principle fiéry
Descénded from héaven
Although dúlled and impáired
By a fráil, earthy móuld,
And a frámework of flésh,
And ‘limbs that must pérish?
From this cláyey admixture
Their féars and desires come,
Their páins and their jóys,
Ánd that, shut up
In a dárk prison’s glóom,
They cást no look báck
On the ský’s radiant light.
Not éven with the lást
Closing dáy of their líves

Doès the bád wholly léave them,
 Nor quite depart fróm them
 The plágues of the flésh,
 For múch of the ill
 Has néeds grown invéterate,
 And márvellous déep
 The ingráin of long hábit:
 They are thérefore tormentéd,
 And súffer the páins
 Of their áncient misdéeds;
 Some fórms unsubstántial
 On crósses are spréad out,
 And húng to the winds;
 The déep dye of sín
 Out of óthers is wáshed
 Under vást floods of wáter,
 Or búrnt out with fire;
 And thén when at lást,
 In long prócess of time,
 The deep stáin is expúnged,
 And the éssence ethéreal,
 The éffluence fiery,
 Left púre and unblémished,
 And éach one his ówn
 Special Mánes has súffered,
 Into ámple Elýsium
 We 're sént to range fréé,
 And sóme few to stáy
 And the glád fields inhábit.
 But all thése thou see'st hére,
 When a fúll thousand yéars
 Have complétely rolled róund,
 The Gód summons fórh

In these mighty numbers
 To the river of L  the,
 That of past things oblivious
 They may become willing
 To re-enter the flesh
 And return to the world."

Anchises these words said,
 And into the midst
 Of the crowded and buzzing
 Assembly his son brought,
 And with him the Sibyl,
 And a tumultuous mounted
 From whence he might see
 And have a front view of
 The long array coming:—

"Come now and I 'll tell thee
 What fates shall be thine,
 And what glory shall follow
 The son of the D  rdan,
 What a race of Italians
 From him is to spring,
 What illustrious souls
 Mounting up to the world
 Shall call us forefathers.

"Thou see'st yonder that youth
 On the sceptre-wand leaning;
 He 's the first for the light;
 Of the mixed blood Italian
 He to th' ethereal air
 First shall ascend,

Ánd become Silvius
 (That well-known name Álbán),
 Thy too late begóttén
 And pósthymous són,
 Whom thy cónsort Lavinia
 In thine óld age shall héar thee,
 And in the woods réar up;
 A king he 's himsélf,
 And the fáther of kings,
 And thróugh him descéding
 Our líne shall rule lórdly
 Ó'er Longa Álba.

"And néxt him see Prócas,
 The Trójan stock's pride,
 And Númítor, Cápys,
 And, glórious no léss
 For mártial achievements
 Than for áll gentler virtues,
 Silvius, thy námesake,
 If to Silvius Enéas
 Should éver descénd
 The scéptre of Álba.
 What gállant youths théy!
 See what stréngth they displáy!
 And hów with the pátriot
 Cítizen's óakleaves
 Their témples are sháded!
 These are théy who the cíties
 Fidénæ shall búild,
 And Noméntum and Gábii;
 Who shall pláce, on the hills
 Of Collátia, the cástle;

Ánd of Pométii
 Láy the foundátions,
 And Ínui Cástrum
 And Bóla and Córa;
 All thén noted pláces,
 Now lánds without náme.

“Aye; and Rómulus, Márs’ son —
 Of the blóod of Assáracus
 By Ília his móther —
 Shall accómpany his grándsire.
 See thére on his héad
 How the Sire’s self alréady
 Has sét the twain crésts,
 Has márked him even hére
 With the émbles of hónor
 He ’s’to wéar in the wórld.
 Behóld, son, the mán
 By whose áuspices léd
 That chivalrous Róme
 Shall acquire a dominion
 With Éarth coexténsive,
 A spírit for which
 Not Olýmpus too lófty,
 And enclóse with one city’s wall
 Citadels séven:
 Happy móther of héroes!
 Not móre blest than shé,
 Drives through Phrýgia’s cities
 Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,
 The Góds’ happy móther,
 Whose glád arms embráce
 A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hitherward bénd
Both thine eýes, and behóld
Thine own nátion of Rómans:
'Tis César thou hère see'st,
And the whóle stock of Césars
Who are yét to come fórh
In Iúlus's line,
The great firmament únder.
This, this is the mán,
The prómised man this,
Of whóm thou 'st so óft heard —
That César Augústus,
The Gód Cesar's són,
Who shall bring back to Látium
And tó the fields érewhile
Reigned óver by Sátürn
The éra of góld;
Who his swáy shall stretch óver
Garamántes and Índi,
And whát lands soéver
Lie beyónd the eclíptic
And páth of the plánets,
Where ský-propping Átlas
Spins róund on his shóulder
The firmament stúdded
With bright-burning stárs.
Of the ádvént of this man
Even nów the realms Cás pian
And lánd of Meótis
Héar with a shúdder

In the Gods' answers;
 And with consternation
 Are seized even already
 The seven mouths of Nile.
 Not even Alcides,
 What though he transfixed
 The brass-footed doe,
 To Érymanth's woodlands
 What though he gave péace,
 And with his bow's twang
 Made all Lerna tremble —
 Not even conquering Búcchus,
 Who from Nýsa's high top
 Drove in tiger-drawn chariot
 With reins twined with vineleaves,
 Equal space of land compassed:
 And do we doubt still
 To add to our former deeds
 Fresh deeds of prowess?
 Or shall fear forbid us
 To plant a firm foot
 In the land of Ausónia?"

"But with brows decked with láurel
 Who is that yonder
 I see sacrificing?"
 "By his grey locks I know him,
 And by his beard grisly,
 That king of the Rómans
 Who shall first set the city
 On law's firm foundation.
 To his great government
 From her soil sterile

Diminutive Cúres
Shall sénd him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,
Who shall bréak the ináctive
Repóse of his cóuntry,
And to árms call the wárrior-bands,
Nów for some time
Unaccústomed to tríumphs,
And flágging in spirit.
Close áfter whom fóllows
Rather váin-glorious Áncus,
To whóm to be fánned
By the pópular bréath
Even nów ’s but too pléasing.

“Dost thou wish me to shów thee
The mónarchs Tarquinian,
And the próud soul of Brútus
His cóuntry’s avénger,
And the Fásces he wrúng
From the grásp of the týrant
And restóred to the péople?
This is that Brútus
To whóm shall be fírst
Committed the cónsulship
Ánd the fell áxes —
That únhappy síre
Who for fáir freedom’s sáke
Shall cáll forth his ówn sons
To súffer the pénalty
Dúe to the néw crime
Of wár ’gainst one’s cóuntry.

Let postérity tálk
 Of the déed as they will,
 The pátriot's unbóunded
 Pássion for glóry
 Will béar all befóre it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too
 The Décii and Drúsi,
 And wielding the héadsman's axe
 Rigorous Torquátus,
 And Camillus home bringing
 The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there
 In équal arms brilliant —
 Concórdant souls nów
 Whilst kept dówn under níght —
 Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,
 What múrderous báttle,
 Agáinst one anóther,
 Let them dáylight but réach!
 The fáther-in-láw,
 To confrónt the son, cómes
 From Monoécus' Arx dówn
 And his rámpart of Álps:
 With áll the arráy
 Of his ármament éastern
 The són-in-law méets him.
 But dó not, my yóung friends,
 To só bitter báttle,
 Ah, dó not inúre ye!
 Agáinst fátherland's bówels,
 Ah, túrn not your míght!

And thóu, mine own blóod,
 Be the first to leave óff —
 Thou Olýmpus-sprung scion,
 The swórd from thy hánd
 Fling thóu away first.

“Yonder ’s hé that retúrníng
 All glórious, victórious,
 From the táking of Córínth,
 And róut of the Achívi,
 Shall tó the high Cápítol
 Drive his war-tríumph.
 That óther shall Árgos
 And Agamemnónian
 Mycénae o’ertúrn,
 And fróm an Eácides,
 Líneal descéendant
 Of wárríor Achíllés,
 Exáct retribútion
 For his fóresíres of Tróy
 And the fóul desecrátion
 Of the fáne of Minérva.

“Who ’d léave thee behind him
 Unméntíoned, O Cóssus?
 Or thée, mighty Cáto?
 The stóck of the Grácchi
 Whó ’d leave unméntíoned?
 Or wár’s pair of thúnderbolts,
 Líbya’s misfórtune,
 The Scípiadae twáin?
 Or Fabrícíus, on smáll means
 Commándíng the déference

Páid to the rich?
 Or thée, O Serránus,
 The plóugh-furrow sówing?
 But whither awáy
 So húrri me tired,
 Ye fáily Fábian?
 O Máximus thóu 'rt he,
 That single one thóu,
 Who by prócrastinátion
 Restór'st us our lóst state.

"Other nátions, I dóubt not,
 Will wórk brass with sófter,
 More bréathing expréssion,
 And óut of the márble
 Draw féatures more life-like,
 Will pléad causes bétter,
 Ánd with the trácing rod
 Dráw more corréctly
 The gréat heavenly circles,
 And the rising stars márk —
 But, remémber it éver,
 'Tis thý part, O Róman,
 To góvern the nátions;
 To spáre the submissive,
 To wár down the háughty,
 And impóse upon áll
 Modes and hábits of péace."
 So sáid sire Anchíses,
 And as wóndering they lóoked on,
 These wórds besides ádded:—
 "See hów with the *Spólia*
Opima distinguished,

And áll overtópping,
 Victórious Marcéllus
 Comes márching on yónder!
 In the midst of the gréat
 Gallic túrmoil and túmult
 This mán shall the Róman state
 Hóld firm and stéady,
 And únder his hórse's hoofs
 Tréad Carthaginian
 And rébel of Gául;
 And to fáther Quirinus
 Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,
 The third that were éver
 By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —
 For he sáw with him góing
 A yóuth of rare beauty
 And brilliantly árméd,
 But his brów far from chéarful,
 And dówncast his eýes —
 "Who 's that yónder, O sire,
 That goes with him as cómráde?
 His són perhaps is he?
 Or óne of the gréat stock
 Óf his descéndants?
 How his cómrades buzz róund him!
 What a hóst he 's himsélf!
 But abóut his head flitting
 Dark Níght spreads her sád shade."
 Then with gúshing tears thús
 Replied fáther Anchíses:—

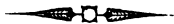
“Ínto thy fá mily’s
Gréat grief, my són,
O máke not inqúiry;
The Fátes shall but shów
This young mán to the wórld,
And thén away béar him.
Too pówerful, ye Góds,
Had becóme in your eýes
The bréed of the Rómans,
Had ye given them for góod and all
Présents like this.
How that Cámpus shall gróan there
Beside Mars’ great city!
What funéreal rites, síre
Tiberine, thou shalt sée,
Ás by that néwly-raised
Túmulus thou glídest!
Néver of Ílian stock
Bóy shall be bórn
That shall ráise in his Látin
Grandfáthers such hópe;
Of nó other són
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus
Máke so loud bóast.
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!
Had he lived, he ’d been géntle,
A mán of his wórd
Like the mén of old times,
With éver uncónquered
Right árm in the báttle.
What fóe had unpúnished
Withstóod his footchárge,
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!
 Ah! find but the méans
 To break through thy hard fâtes,
 O yóuth to be pitied,
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lilies in hándfuls;
 Let me scátter aróund
 Flowers púrpling and bright:
 What though váin be the óffice,
 I 'll with a profúsiön
 Of súch gifts at léast
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In the bróad, airy láwns
 So they wánder abóut,
 And scrútinise évery thing
 In the whole régión:
 All which to his sön
 When Anchises had shówn,
 And póinted out tó him
 Each séparate óbject,
 Ánd with a lónging
 For th' óncoming glóry
 Had kindled his sóul,
 He describes next the wárs
 To be wáged by the héro,
 And abóut the Lauréntian
 Péoples infórms him,
 And Latínus's city,
 And hów to avóid best
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are twó gates of Sléep,
 The one hórny, they sáy,
 And affórding free pássage
 To réally true visions:
 Through the óther, of white
 Glossy ivory wróught,
 The Mánces their fálse dreams
 Send úp to the wórld.
 Toward the ivory gáte
 Anchíses his són
 Condućts as he spéaks,
 And with him the Sibyl,
 And léts both out thróugh it.
 To the ships and his cónrades
 Enéas retúrns;
 Then alóng the shore cóasts
 To Caiéta's port stráight.
 From the prów they cast ánchor:
 The stérns line the shóre.



CORRIGENDA.

- Sign. 76. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thón, read thou
 Sign. 77. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our
 Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read
 impóstor

- Page 1. Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read
 Mars' bristling arms and Him whom first
 And léader fróm the cóasts of Tróy
 Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée,*
- Page 3. Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read
 Which shé had been fóremóst
 To wáge against Tróy
 On behálf of dear Árgos — *
- Page 4. Line 15 from top, instead of I, read Í
- Page 16. Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's
- Page 20. Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,
- Page 32. Instead of line 14 from bottom, read
 For ús — we have nóthing to féar;
 And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee *
- Page 59. Instead of line 8 from bottom, read
 And ~~on~~ on the principal móver,*
- Page 90. Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read
 For while, dívérging fróm the ród's
 Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,
- Page 143. Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read
 Í acknówledge Í 'm one
 Óf that créw of Dánaï
- Page 152. Last line, instead of knéw, read knów
- Page 157. Instead of line 3 from top, read
 Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.*
- Page 168. Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér*
- Page 176. Line 11 from top, instead of Ílian, read Ílian

* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis.*





